

Master P "Hot Boys & Girls"

Visit "[Hot Boys & Girls](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[master p]

Uhhhhhh, ha ha

Where the real niggas at

Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there, over there

Where the real bitches at

Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there, over there

Where the real niggas at

Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there, over there

Where the real bitches at

Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there, over there

Where the real niggas at

Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there, over there

[mystikal]

Nigga, Im the buzz in your weed and the bubbles in
your beer

M-y-s-t-i-kal it's the man right chea

I aint the 90 through the 94 buffallo bills

I aint dennis rodmans hair and I aint holyfields ear

I aint that damn man you see standin at the appollo

I aint that 298 dollar 60 cent check from mcdonalds

Bitch Im the line through the t and the dot on the i

Im the motherfuckin crocodile tears when you cry

Im the lightning in bad weather!

Im that nigga in that picture on your girlfriend dresser

I aint no ho, I aint no punk, I aint no bitch, I aint no fag

I aint no sucker, I aint no trick, I aint no snitch, I aint no

rat

Im that \$20,000 a pop every stop when Im tourin

Im that fire! on that last verse of make em say uhhh!

I aint that same ol same, ordinary, everyday rapper

Bitch, I killed kenny, so I guess Im that bastard!

[master p]

Where the hot boys at

Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there, over there

Where the hot girls at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there x2

[mia x]

Im the bitch that say bring it on if you want to
From the city where we known, baby for what we goin
do
Im the lady alligator whos the calm in that water
Im the migrane in your head bumping harder and
harder
Im the floss hard hoe nigga that cocks the squat
Dead smack on your face like that infrared dot
Im the index finger on the trigger, don't move
Woops, saw you blink your eyes now you goin make the
news
If I catch you in the club and you start to trippin
Im the fifty brass knuckles that's goin hit your chin
All the snitchers sitting down with the feds to yap
Im the loud hard chhh on the rat trap
Im the drama in your heart when your people get killed
Im the feeling in your stomach when you get your last
meal
Im the hardcore undisputed hip-hop diva
Im the lady on report card day Im mama mia

[master p]

Where the real niggas at
Where they at, where they at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where the real bitches at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where they at, where they at

[silkk the shocker]

Ahhhhhhh!

Im the past that always seems to come back and haunt
ya
Im the four five carrier, mister grenade launcher
Im the nigga with the gun, that reacts where the dollar
at
Im the nigga with the six hundred everybodys tryin to
holler at
I be the bookie that you pay niggas to keep off your ass
I be the reason why you didn't pass, the reason why
you cut class
I be the reason why they buried ya, and carried ya
I be the nigga that put the wood in your fiance
The reason why she didn't marry ya

I be the nigga that trying to keep round, and hang
around your sister
I be the nigga they call silkk the shocker, you might call
me mister!
Now I got a drop top, Im a ghetto wise guy
Military minding, front lining, all up for a drive by
Case over like the last don, like all the cash gone
Answer wrong, cause Im the little brother of the last
don
? ? ? ? can't mix, flip shit, loose licks aint shift
Plus I gotta pair of seamans shoes, can I make fit, your
a fake bitch
Keep my ice wrist, keep her tight bitch, between the
trigger
Keep a tight grip, infared on my shit so I don't miss
Now Im that razor that cuts the dope, it aint nothin but a
504
Member the one they call vito, yeah that's me (you
know)

[master p]
Where the hot boys at
Where they at, where they at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where the hot girls at
Where they at, where they at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there

[kane & abel]
Im the enemy behind, so watch your back
When the live brown hit the chamber, Im the click clack
When you run, Im the danger, Im the smack and the
pimp slap
Im the shit that bubble up when you cook that crack
The nigga that fucked up the party when I pull my strap
The nigga that fucked all the hoes I'll be trying to mack
I was scarface, sniffing with his nose in coke
The nigga that taught your little brother
How to cook that dope (kane & abel)
The first nigga on the block that make your momma
deep throat
Im the hustlin ass nigga with the watches and the cold

[master p]
Where the real niggas at
Where they at, where they at
Where the real bitches at
Where they at, where they at
Where the hot boys at

Where they at, where they at
Where the hot girls at
Where they at, where they at
Where they at, where they at, where they at, where they
at
Where the hot boys at
Where the hot girls at

[master p]

Im the balls on your cell, Im the fire down in hell
Im the ice cream bells, Im the gas you pump at shell
Nigga, Im the wheels on the tank, ha ha
Im the million dollars that you want from the bank
Im a diamond on a ring, Im your brains when you think
Im your bartender when you drink, Im oj without the
shank
Nigga, Im the m in fuckin mob (mob)
Im the clothes that you wear when you wanna jump
shob
Im the super in dome, Im the c in chrome
Im the hurricane that knock down your motherfucking
home
Im the k in killer, Im the d in drug dealer
Im the g in gangsta nigga, Im the realest nigga
That you ever wanna meet when you walking on the
street
Im the gold on your teeth, Im the nikes on your feet
Im the nigga that moan when he rap (uhhhhhhhh)
Im the nigga that ran through your fucking hood and
bust caps
Im the nigga with these rhymes, Im the last don
And Im a end this motherfucker cause it aint no more
time

Visit [Master P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.