

Plies "Who Hotter Than Me"

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Who hotter than me?
Who hotter than me?
Who hotter than me nigga?

Who hotter than me?
Who hotter than me nigga?
Who hotter than me?
Who hotter than me?

Gotta a question for the streets, who hotter than me?
Who hotter than me nigga, who hotter than me?
Gotta a question for the streets
Who hotter than, who hotter than me?
Nigga who hotter than me?
(Ha, ha)

How you feel hater's, ya hatin' didn't work?
Thanks to ya'll I'm the hottest thing on Earth
Got the bitches and the goons but I'm the first
Rose a couple mil and still in the verve

Catch me flushin' through the city shawty, no shirt
I don't fall gonna come on the first
Blew life in the streets had 'em rebirth
See me on fire hater, I know it gotta hurt

I'm so hood classic words
Wanna talk business, what's in the purse?
Am I gon' die? Won't get murked
Who hotta than me? Nobody sir

Gotta a question for the streets, who hotter than me?
Who hotter than me, nigga, who hotter than me?
Gotta a question for the streets
Who hotter than, who hotter than me?
Nigga, who hotter than me?
(Ha, ha)

Gotta a question for the streets, who hotter than me?
Who hotter than me, nigga, who hotter than me?
Gotta a question for the streets
Who hotter than, who hotter than me?

Nigga, who hotter than me?
(Ha, ha)

Bet 'cha can't name a hoe who don't want me
Like ya can't name a city I ain't hot in
Make you rich but by 30 grand
On fire, dawg, where my fans

Tell you what to call me, promoter, best friend
Put yo money on me if you want win
Lot of rappers sittin' home on the weekend
Got a waitin' list, shawty, put ch'all off in

Can't move me dawg from 130 grand
Try ta give me 29 if ya think I'm playin'
Who runnin' the streets where all the moats end?
Streets done spoke, shawty, I'm the man

Gotta a question for the streets, who hotter than me?
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(Ha, ha)

Somebody put me out, I'm on fire
Please tell dem Fed's I'm retired
Know a lot of rappers for hire
Streets don't fuck with you, you a liar

Plies' real, you preaching to the choir
Yo budds in the streets expired
Count a 100 grand, I'm kinda tired
Keep your hoe from 'round me 'fore I buy her

Goons love me, I'm they supplier
Street cred don't get no higher
Got the 40 homie 'cause it's lighter
Sincerely yours, Mr. Pliers

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