

T. Rex

"Hot Wheels"

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[Intro: Young Dro & Travis Porter]

TP: Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

YD: Okay. Aye they ain't gon like this shit right here

TP: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

YD: Aye Tip, check this out, aye, push it. Travis Porter
what's hannin', push it!

[Hook: Travis Porter]

I'm in at Hot Wheel and I'm driving real fast

And I'm smashing on the gas, I'm tryna do the dash

Hot Wheel: got 200 on the dash

Man I'm driving real fast, I'm tryna do the dash

Push it! (hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey)

Push it! (whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)

[Verse 1: Strap (of Travis Porter)]

I'm in a hot wheel til I light this here

Tap my bitch she switch my gear

Diamond shining they all clear

PHMG they all here

Tattoos they all over me

She see me kissin all on my tip

He say I'm a rookie n-gga, I been doing it for years

Better take a look at me, better check my booking fee

I been cooking shit off in the kitchen but I ain't Lil' B

Pull up in a Hot Wheel, bitch need a green card

All-red candy paint, n-gga this your dream car

I'm that muthaf-ckin n-gga all the bitches scheme for

When she with me, she be hoping all her girlfriends
seen her

She suck a dick so good, but why you think she on my
team for

I got her dancing slow, in slow mo like she on lean or
something

Smoking on that dro, got that ho drinking semen

Hear me coming down the street: 'Rari, screaming

Pinky ring doing numbers, shining, blinging

Ink all on my body and I'm hotter than a demon

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Young Dro]

Hold on let me rip this ho
Car so fast I flipped that ho
Tell them boys don't play with Dro
Pause that bitch, skip that ho
Black coat let my coupe in here
Decapitate my roof in here
The reason why they ask for Dro cuz they wanted the
truth in here
Just like Star, I'm rockin ya
? I'm poppin ya
I knew something was fishy going on like tilapia
You ain't f-ckin with pimpin though
My wrist blow up like indigo
I like a model bitch but I would rather Oprah Winfrey
though
The richest bitch up in this bitch
My paint flop and then flip in this
My Glock it got a clip in it
My car so wet it's drippin shit
They copy me like Kinko do
Diamond chain, one pink one blue
Car so fast, my speakers on blast
Don't race me boy, I'm shittin on you
Hold up they can't take this shit
I spaz out with no brakes and shit
I'm Bosco with this cake and shit
Congo dro, ape and shit
I saw yo broad and took that bitch
Wassup with all that liquor shit?
You see these horses on my car
'Rari bitch I'm pushin it

[Hook]

[Verse 3: T.I.]

I'm mindin mine, in 599s
New Ferraris, know that I'm ballin ho
400, 000 in public housing, ? blunt of dro
Through Atlanta station I'm pushin
Every corner I'm hookin
Bad bitches just lookin
Tryna throw me that pussy
Say what happened baby I can't
Cause them n-ggas cool, but they ain't shawty
Wrist froze and I can't thaw it
Hundred mil well that ain't hard, I'm hard
As a muthaf-cka, swear to God, I'm God
To the trap n-ggas and dope boys... pause
Blow a half a mil just cause, ball
Money ain't a thang, not at all

Drink the lean and get kool-aid
Get high on pills for like 2 days
Fresh to death in that?
Diamonds clearer than Blu-ray
Aye! Ain't no fugaze, I'm too major, I'm super paid
Say 30 mil, better double that
That money short then we double back
Got rubber bands around 30 racks
I'm trouble man so where the trouble at?
I got a truck load of them hood rats
I push through, where your hood at?

[Hook]

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