

Hot Rod

"Freeze *Remix*"

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(f/ 50 cent, hot rod, lloyd banks)

(intro: ll cool j (50 cent))

queens!!!! (g-g-g-g-g mix! g-g-g-g-g remix! it's the unit!!!)

t-t-t-t todd smith!! ll!!

(chorus: ll cool j (50 cent))

now when you see me in the club (you can bump this)
you ballin out doin it up (you can bump this)
the champagne won't buss (you can bump this)
you wanna do it like us (you can bump this)
now mama after my show, come on and let's roll
i got places to go, and money to blow
i got the shorty so i just keep it on the low
shhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!! i said keep it on the low

(verse 1: ll cool j)

you better check your broad her nips get hard when
they play this
just like a can of peaches in her draws whan i say this
i got the recipe i'll leave your bird marinatin
now you want beef cause her onion just keep shakin
my six pack alone cause grief, cats hatin
but i'm still in the oldsmobile sittin on dayton's
still keep the fiber optic trunk vibratin
packed in the club like sardines the youg things is
faintin
fillin the dancefloor like a carpenter
that's why i keep greener thumbs than a gardener
serious with my pimpin i'm a monster bruh
when i spit they kneel down like larsengers
now mama after my show you wanna guzzle twurve oh
in the range rove
skins is like rims you gotta spin 'em on the low hit the
big bumps slow
and most of the time they ain't worth the dough

(chorus: ll cool j (50 cent))

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(verse 2: lloyd banks)

hey! you love it when it sounds like this
that's why the club crowded better find you a bitch
she heard my name and she shouted this is me and my
fifth
and we both bout it bout it in a brand new six, with a
smoke cloud around it
near the square anywhere, no sneakers on the rug
and my system knockin, like the speakers in the club
look ma, drop the lame and spend a weekend with a
thug
i'll have you back at the cuzzi geekin of the bud
when i come through i come through sparklin
six car garage in you in the apartment, and starvin
i walk and talk, like i was raised around macks
new york native, there's a razor in the hat
smooth as fillmore slim with gators on the track
i hit 'em, quit 'em, and dish 'em off like that
i'm a bring her all of the jewelry cause i don't play the
back
and give less to spray now or later on the lac

(chorus: ll cool j (50 cent))

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(verse 3: hot rod)

man i'm poppin my collar, if you drop that ass
and i'm droppin them dollars, you hopin on that cash
i'm on that catwalk shorty make that ass drop
bottom like a apple won't you come sit on my laptop
you know you love it mama won't you make that ass
pop
the unit drop hot shit welcome to jamrock
man you know my cash hot i got a stash box
bar hog legal money no need to pass rocks
turn it up and then bump it in yo' hood
you see me with yo' bitch then i'm up to no good

you wanna come to the team you knowin that you
should
cause we hangin up them placks and you hangin up yo'
wood
my roof stay on whenever i cruise up in that two door
bent
with a chick and we couped up
now get ya money up homey you a loser
sittin on them eighteens nigga pull yo' shoes up

(chorus: ll cool j (50 cent))

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(outro: 50 cent)

you can bump this, you can bump this, you can bump
this, you can bump this

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