

Hot Rod

"Hot Girl"

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Cause she's a hot girl
She make me wanna, make me wanna say
Cause she's a hot girl
She make me wanna, make me wanna say
[x2]

Now she's my private girl and I'm a Gucci Mane
Now she's my freaky girl, no she don't play no games
She got her money right, top down late night
She got her hair down, Louie heels, dress tight
She got a lot of friendses, they're rollin' business
Don't f*ck with nothin', but don't take about her lenses
I bet them kisses taste so delicious
Next time I see her I am going on a mission

She just walked up in the club
Now she's doing her thing upon the dance floor
Now all of these n*ggas is coming up to her runnin'
their game
But she don't hear em no.

Cause she's a hot girl
She make me wanna, make me wanna say
Cause she's a hot girl
She make me wanna, make me wanna say

Now just break it down baby, break break it down baby
Now shake it down baby, shake shake it down baby
Now hop in my Mercedes, and won't you be my lady
And can take it back to the mid-eighties
And they get mad when we show up, every time that we
roll up in the room
Cause we're set to say it down
And they get mad when we show up, every time that we
roll up in the room
Cause we're set to say it down

She just walked up in the club
Now she's doing her thing upon the dance floor
Now all of these n*ggas is coming up to her runnin'
their game

But she don't hear em no.

Cause she's a hot girl
She make me wanna, make me wanna say
Cause she's a hot girl
She make me wanna, make me wanna say
Cause she's a hot girl...

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