

The Neptunes

"Hot"

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Malice saying we too hot
New verses please, c'mon

Hot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money man
Hoo, hoo, hoo, hot damn

My how the boys grow?
From roaming low into homes to homes of his own
No catching up he's in a whole another zone
Still true to his roots, stay close to the chrome

Haters stay clear of him
Y'all stay in cheer for him
Got up out the game and overcame
Let's hear it for him

Keep a new toy so I wonder how good
I'm not enjoying life I'm re-living my childhood
Big chain monster, whip game bonkers
Monster truck remind him of Tonka

Diamond M color plush gold still gutter
My deal is in the mills
Motherfucker and I ain't stutter
Bitter sweet, my life's a musical

From holding nose to roles gold
The Lord's beautiful
Before him I'm to shame to show my face
But she's so mean, can't help but to fall off the race,
motherfucker

Hot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money man

Hot damn, when the white hit the pen it
Twist and it tumbles, it flips and it fumbles
I mix it like gumbo, I pitch it so subtle
I keep hustle so pother feds I got 'em wondering

What happened to that boy?

Six maneuver, how to slip into that toy
Is it the pimp, the crook a hustler thing?
The man, the music, the making, the king

Constantly builded by me
A million men marching like calling them the King Kong
The verse making the world sing
My hearts on the sleeve-a

Y'all basically just like my opinion
The bars hoping the sun shines on them
But you still gotta watch the phonies
Watch your homies, we got you, homie

Hot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money man

Ugh, handle the rock like none other
Wrist over the stove, head under the cupboard
In the kitchen till the fume make me feel smothered
The way it melt fiends can't believe it's not butter

The way it melt, he won't cop from non-other
The he who hoes O's like crispy creams oven
Or easy bake, pink D.V's make
The presidential look like strawberry shortcake P?

Imagine that Royals Royce crashed it
We unscratched in, that billionaire boys club fashion,
ugh
You niggas is clones, I hand out styles like ice cream
cones
Get the fuck out'a here

That's for real, my gats is real
SL5 is looking like the Bat Mobile
Chrome lips with the matching wheel, ugh
Both chains probably match a deal
Y'all dudes is a act for real pusha

Hot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money man

You either salute deaf, 'cause you looked at
That's what a old G told me
That was the exact moment I decided to take a pact
And if you owed me and if I decided to take it back

It wasn't nicely expect Roscoe to put you back in place
I'm what you call a destructive war path
It will be shell showers in today's forecast

You a gangsta? I can't tell

Your diamonds don't blimmen when the light hit it
Those jewels aren't genuine, because if it was
I'm nice with it, I would have been took that
That skin stacked in your pocket, I would have been
shook that
And this world you gotta watch it, I'm here to warn ya
Cats turn informal, over snow wrapped and wags

My son's home, crying, don't give me no slack
Just put the motherfucking money in the bag
These words have been said as I hide behind glove
and mask
Coldchain's not your typical crook
I'm being watched, look at the camera lenses in the
bush

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