

The Neptunes Present Clones

"Hot Damn (Clipse Ft. Ab-Liva, Pharrell & Rosco P. Coldchain)"

Visit "[Hot Damn \(Clipse Ft. Ab-Liva, Pharrell & Rosco P. Coldchain\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Pharrell]

Malice saying we to hot
New verses please
C'mon!

[Chorus - Pharrell]

Hot Damn, it's a new day
Hot Damn, but them boys want the (money man)
Hooooo, hooooo
Hooooo, Hot Damn

[Verse 1 - Malice]

My how the boys grow?
From roaming low into homes
To homes of his own
No catching up he's in a whole nother zone
Still true to his roots
Stay close to the chrome
Haters stay clear of him
Ya'll stay in cheer for him
Got up out the game and over came
Lets hear it for him
Keep a new toy so I wonder how good
Im not enjoying life im reliving my childhood
Big chain monster, whip game bonkers
Monster truck remind him of tonka
Diamond M colour plush gold still gutter
My deal is in the mills,
Motherfucker and I aint stutter
Bitter sweet, my lifes a musical
From holding nose to roles gold
The lords beautiful
Before him im to shame to show my face
But she's so mean can't help but to fall off the race
Motherfucker

[Chorus - Pharrell]

Hot Damn, it's a new day
Hot Damn, but them boys want the (money man)

[Verse 2 - Ab-Liva]

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
(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
Ya'll basically just like my opinion
The bars hoping the sun shines on them
But you still gotta watch the phonies
Watch your homies, we (*gunshots) got you homie

[Chorus - Pharrel]

Hot Damn, it's a new day
Hot Damn, but them boys want the (money man)

[Verse 3 - Pusha T]

Ugh... Handle the rock like none other
Wrist over the stove, head under the cubbard
In the kitchen 'til 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?

[Pharrel]

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

[Pusha T]

That's for real, my gats is real
SL5 is looking like the batmobile
Chrome lips with the matching wheel, ugh
Both chains probably match a deal
Ya'll dudes is a act for real
Pusha

[Chorus - Pharrel]

Hot Damn, it's a new day

Hot Damn, but them boys want the (money man)

[Verse 4 - Roscoe P. Coldchain]

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

Im what you call a destructive war path

It will be shell showers in todays forcast

You a gangsta? I can't tell

Your diamonds don't blimmen when the light hit it

Those jewels arn'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, im here to warn ya

Cats turn informa, over snow wrapped and wags

My sons' home crying don't give me no slack

Just put the mutherfucking money in the bag

These words have been said as I hide behind glove

and mask

Coldchain's not your typical crook

Im being watched, look at the camera linens in the
bush

[Chorus - Pharrel]

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Hot Damn, but them boys want the (money man)

Hooooo, hooooo

Hooooo, Hot Damn

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