

# The Neptunes Present Clones "Hot"

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[Chorus: Rosco P. Coldchain] + (Pharrell)

Hey 'Rell this beat is.. (HOT!.. HOT!)

You know I keep a chrome, under seats and in the home

Without speaking you'll give me your chain

I'm Da Vinci, don't make me draw ya pain

They call me 'Sco, short for Rosco P. Coldchain

Hey 'Rell this beat is.. (HOT!)

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

It go hot waist - Desert taste

Four pounds of metal, triangle face

Hesi-tate - never, I'll put hole in whoever

Don't make Push' Russian Roulette ya

Gamble wit ya life

Change came from cocaine I've measured

White was the treasure, comfort was the steel

I pedal to the corner like a child on a big wheel

Flow more sicker, so much shake in the street

They measure my weight in Richter

Make no mistake, I rhyme for the public

But still I push weight that make the ghetto's quake

By all means I've seen I've lived

By 22 years old, 50 thousand dollar vehicles I rimmed

{\*scratches\*} My dreams start over the stove

I ran over the globe and back again

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Rosco P. Coldchain]

Y'all niggas really ain't got a pot to piss in

Or a window to throw it out of

I'm filthy but you better believe I got over a stack in my pocket though

Iceberg on the seams of jeans? no!

I'm a Dickies and Timbs man, I'm not no Benz man

Delta '88 on rims man, wit mirror tint

And four of my most militant men whose trying to stay sucka free

That's why they hang around me, cause I ain't print

Left em for diamonds and pearls, I'm not no bitch

I choose a mack before that attached 100 shot clip

I scare the shit outta bank tellers so I can become rich  
That's how I make my living, I give em encouragement,  
"you're doing great!"  
Keep chillin while I'm flashing the glock in their face  
I show em I can be appreciative, I tell em thanks for  
giving I'm sinning!  
But the Lord knows I have three children  
Now I'm somewhere in +Utah+ relaxing to +Jazz+ with  
a broad  
Quarter mill in a stash, avoiding the law from far!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Boobonic]

I'm starting wit the man in the mirror  
Mask need to make that change  
That real doe, that point something paper  
Like a 4.6 on a Range, new shit {\*scratches\*}  
Look 'Bonic really been through shit  
Pay close attention when Boo' spit  
Uh, lack 'a that'll get you hit  
And don't care who you'll come back through with,  
been around  
Nigga front like he want his car spun around  
Window drop block pop spin around  
Niggaz stand up looking for 'em sit em down  
And ya see em laid out  
That's why when I was young I stayed out  
And plus being pussy ya niggaz is played out  
I made means to get that cream  
We all playas all they say is how you get that team

[Chorus]

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