

Missy Elliot "Hot Boyz Remix"

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Missy]

This is for my ghetto motherfuckers, uh

[Nas]

Uh, forty side felony

Felony, misdemeanor

We're charged with murder

Escobar C-V-R fights

I'm switching gears

Headlights, shine so bright

Bitches freeze like dears

Them fiends want that deep boy

Feds send in a decoy, pack that heat boy

Push ya where ya rest in peace boy

Get your mama's house shot up

Bodies all chopped up

When them bodies pop up, I ain't getting' locked up

My Bentley cruise the block, with the sun roof top

Hood rats jumpin' on my jock cause I blew up the spot

Crushin' your Benz, plush in your Navigator system

My QB thieves make y'all niggas tuck you're shit in

It's Nas in your area, Queens about to tear it up

Braveheart y'all scared of us, real niggas, they be us

[Missy & Lil' Mo]

What's your name, cause I'm impressed?

Can you treat me good, I won't settle for less

You a hot boy, a rock boy

A fun toy, tote a glock boy

Where you live, is it by yourself?

Can I move with you, do you need some help?

I cook boy, I'll give you more

I'm a fly girl, and I like those

1 - [Missy & Lil' Mo]

Hot boyz

Baby you got what I want

See cause y'all be driving Lexus jeeps

And the Benz jeeps, and the Lincoln jeeps

Nothin' cheaper, got them Platinum Visa's

Hot boyz

Baby you got what I want

See cause y'all be driving' Jaguars

And the Bentley's, and the Rolls Royce

Playin' hardballs with them Platinum Visa's

[Missy & Lil' Mo]

Is that your car, the SK-8?

Are you ridin' alone, can I be your date?

Come get me, get me, don't diss me, don't trick me

Got some friends, can they come too?

Can you hook them up wit' some boyz like you

A hot boy, a rock boy, on top boy

And I like those

Repeat 1

[Eve]

Yo only take 'em thugged out

Slightly bugged out, fuck with his tongue out

Know the job ain't getting done, until the body getting
drugged out

Hot boy, keep me right

Play your part and I'll keep it tight

Where else you gonna be in the middle of the night

But up in the sheets with me aiight

Gangsta, true to your game street master

You're the one I need when there's beef

Street blaster ain't afraid to stop a cat

Guts, pop a cat, huh

Soldier, cash money, rule your world

What's topping that?

Huh, S-4-3-0 keep me on my toes

Get a tingle in my spine, wet spot only he knows

He's a hot boy, Missy sing it out and I'm gon' spit it

Ruff Ryders scream it loud, daddy is you with it

If your team can't handle my bitches then we gon' ride

Brickhouse stallions, keep thugs open wide, huh

'Illadelph's best E-V-E stay committed

Mess with many, but if he ain't the realer

I ain't with it, with it

[Q-Tip]

Yo, mommy what the deal?

Ain't no heat fuckin' hotter than the heat a nigga hold

If you really should be told that I deal with long shafts

That keep a long blast (blast)

I look at a nigga and peel off fast (come on)

Word you got your girlfriend

Word, she can get it too

Fuck it though I'm honest yo

I'm saying know let's play it through

Getting cinematic with it

Niggas if you got it, hit it

Fuck the dumbness

Hit it till its numbness

[Missy & Lil' Mo']

Hot boy

Baby you got what I want

Won't you really come and satisfy me

I be lovin' you like endlessly

(Everyday all day)

Hot boy

Baby you got what I want

Won't you really come and satisfy me

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