

Brisport Trevor

"Hot Girlz On Fire"

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[First Verse - K.C. Redd]

K.C. Redd in here
Anotha hit
Rampage, Take Fo, Hot Girlz!!!!
My hot boy and yo hot boy was sittin' by the fire
My hot boy told your hot boy we gonna set this place on
fire
Talkin' bout hot boys, hot boys, representin' Take Fo
Jubilee, Willie Puckett, 2 Sweet, and Ramp, K.C. Redd in
here fa sho

You bout yo paper? You on top? Handlin' business?
Doin' swell? Down with yo old man to the finish?
When he in jail, or doin' time in Angola,
Know how it is, stay on top, be a soldier
Can you do the time? Without yo man wit yo kids?
Your house is led, you got no plans for makin' kids
You sport them slugs? Got much love from thugs
When you in the club, and represent for yo hood
You bounce wit K.C. Redd?, boy don't take no triflin'
Shop-hop rappin' with them hot girls on the map
Like a fire hot boy, with them gangsta ass toys
Not goin' too far, now can you twerk with yo ward?
You wanna elevate, you on an ignorant trip?
Got twenty thousand in your pocket and you sure will
get flipped
You got a G, wanna spend it
You keep your hair fixed paired with your ree tennis?
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl

[Chorus - K.C. Redd & Bigg Ramp]

The Hot Boys, the hot boys they on fire!
(The Hot Boys, the hot boys they on fire!)
The Hot Girls, the hot girls they on fire!
(The Hot Boys, the hot boys they on fire!)
The Hot Boys, the hot boys they on fire!

(The Hot Boys, the hot boys they on fire!)
The Hot Girls, the hot girls they on fire!
(The Hot Boys, the hot boys they on fire!)

[Second Verse - K.C. Redd]

Now what's happenin' with you?
You doin' what'cha old man do?
You down servin' a quarter bird and you servin' them
birds too?
You a paper chaser? Ain't no time for bein' broke
Your man down bad, so you put him on top boy
You don't like Vanessa,
You gone handle her when you catch her
Put her on a stretcher,
You got butcher knives on your dresser
Like a man's big chain, with the hoop ear rings
A tattoo on your chest, with yo baby Daddy name
You down with shake em up girls? Like to twerk it and
pop it
You gotta, work it and pop it cuz you can't handle our
chopper
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl

[Chorus]

Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl

[Chorus]

My hot boy and yo hot boy was sittin' by the fire
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[Bridge One - D.J. Jubilee & Bigg Ramp]

[D.J. Jubilee]

Yo Ramp! Wanna get on this GANGSTA track?

[Bigg Ramp]

Fa sheezie, off top love

[D.J. Jubilee]

So what'cha wanna do?

[Bigg Ramp]

Man check it, I'ma play it how it go, that's how we do it
Uptown

[D.J. Jubilee]

Well let's do this!

[Bigg Ramp]

Count me off with the fingers!

[Third Verse - Bigg Ramp]

Bout doin' bad?
Shoot it up you actin' bad?
Throwin' up yo rag?
Them Southern soldiers ain't no fad
You'z a wartime vet?
You bout earnin' yo respect?
Or cashin' checks?
Or hustlin' for a Lex?
All night flightin', keep ya game on swole?
Bout spittin' game? So you can run it in the hole
You buy expensive clothes?
You are a baller with them clothes?
You bust girbauds? Look, fine opthimals
You represent ya ward? Look, ya down with Charlie
Whop?
Your block is hot, so we'll do the doggy hop
You'z an Uptown soldier?
You'z a Downtown G?
Look I represent my ward, I'm from the wild one three
You'z a hot boy? You suited up for yo city?
There's a hot girl, she fitted up, she actin' pretty
You done got high pumps, but that's all on them senses
Look, it's the Ramp, it's the Ramp buck wit me

[K.C. Redd]

Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl

[Chorus]

You a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl
Then you a hot girl, then you a fire girl

[Chorus]

[Willie Puckett]

Oh the game is cold, and the streets is just that way
Hot boys be representin', but can't wreck K.C. Redd
They be straight from H.O.C. on a sharp Take Fo track
I can sing and rap and dance and do it and represent
like that
Puttin' down with the Shake 'em ups, ha?
Puttin' down for the H.O.C. look,
We be representin' fo life look,
I'm from the U.P.T. baby, ugh
We on fire!
We on fire!
We on FIRE!

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