

## Die Emsperlen

### "Hot Girlz On Fire"

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(K.C. Redd)

K.C. Redd in here  
One more 'gin  
Bigg Ramp, Junie B.  
Take 'Fo  
Remiiiiiiiiiiix

Bridge One (K.C. Redd):

My Hot Boy and your Hot Boy was sittin' by the fire  
My Hot Boy told your Hot Boy we gonna set this place  
on fire

First Verse (K.C. Redd):

You bout your paper? You on top? Handlin' business?  
Doin' swell? Down with your old man to the finish?  
When he in jail, or doin' time in Angola  
Know how it is, stay on his side, no exposure  
You doin' the time, without your man, with your kids  
Your house is laid, you got no place to make it big  
You sparkin' them clubs, you got more love from thugs  
And you hit them clubs, and represent for your hood  
You bounce with K.C. Redd, on a Take 'Fo track  
And this shive, fire rap, put them Hot Boys on the map  
Like them fire Hot Girls, with them gangsta ass cars  
That go off the wall, now can you twerk with your ward?  
You on that Alize'? You on an ignorant trip?  
Now \$20,000 in case your old man get slipped?  
You got a "G", you wanna spend it  
You get your hair fixed every week with your AirMax  
tennis?

Chorus (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  
The Hot Boys, the Hot Boys they on fire

The Hot Boys, the Hot Boys they on fire  
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The Hot Boys, the Hot Boys they on fire

Second Verse (K.C. Redd + Junie B.):

(K.C. Redd)

Now what's happenin' with you?  
You doin' what your old man do?  
He down servin' them quarter birds and you servin'  
them birds too?  
He a paper chaser, ain't no time for bein' broke  
Your man down bad, so you put him on child support  
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 that matching chain  
With them hoop earrings  
A tattoo on your chest, with your Baby Dad name

(Junie B.)

Now see I'm quick and bout it, ain't no fakin' what I'm  
bout to do  
I got that niener heated, and surrounded by the other  
team  
Now Baby what you do? Are you ballin' and stackin'  
G's?  
Do you stack some G's? In your Rover and Cherokees?  
You know who I be, that lil' soldier from the 1-2-3  
I represent that Nolia, to the fullest, ya feelin' me?  
Look if you got beef, we could take it up in the streets  
Take off the Tommy boots, throw on the solja Rees

Chorus

Third Verse (Junie B.):

You know I'm strictly hot  
Ain't no fakin' it's non-stop  
When I grab the mic, I be makin' them eyes pop  
Makin' them heads bop  
Makin' them legs rock  
Makin' your braids knot  
Makin' your head knock  
Now tell me this? Are you pissed cuz I can flow?  
Now tell me this? Do you think my head grows?  
Now really chick, you be hatin' cuz you'z a clown  
Cuz when I spit, they all know I throw it down

Respect my mind, when I say I do as I please  
And don't waste your time, I ain't killin' I'm runnin' deep  
Are you feelin' me? Ain't no pity I'm actin' bad  
Baby hit your brakes, you goin' fast, you bound to  
crash  
I know you speak, but you hatin' me on the low  
You say I'm your round, and tellin' your partners I'm a  
hoe  
But that's how it go, I respect it because I'm grown  
If you fake Wodie, don't pretend, just leave it alone

Chorus

Fourth Verse (Bigg Ramp):

Well respect my mind, thought I'd say what I wanna say  
If you hatin' Ramp and Take 'Fo, best get out the way  
They rap like what? Stop hatin' boy, what?  
Better be bout that in all black or you stuck  
Them Hot Girls shake it up at the top of the charts  
Hot Boys, solja rees, girbauds or fatigues  
Wild thirteen, U.P.T., dogg Valence Street  
Respect it or check faw, I'm H-O-T  
Tell me "Pay me", never boy that ain't happenin'  
That boy right here too clever dogg, I'm rappin', he's  
scrappin'  
Caught Flack like Roberta, for my last verse  
Went number one with it dogg, so now the remix hurts  
They can't take me, a million dollar H.B.  
Me, Tec, Lil' Ya, lil' riders, and Junie B.  
Picture me buckin', look, the whole crowd duckin'  
Cuz they bucked up, cuz Jubilee played somethin'

Chorus

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