

H.O.T. Ones

"Good Morning America"

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(feat. Cam'Ron)

[Don]

I dont fuck no more
Yeah nigga huuh? huuh?
Killa Cam, H.O.T. Ones huuh?
Flame thrower yeah yeah
Uhh

Niggas remind me of slappin a bunch of words
Darkness swirls, it's 20 niggas brushin curbs
Got the blocks on off nigga cautious style
Yeah you hot but I'm ??? now
Put up the gun in your mouth no more talking now
Shell drips in the back, no more walking now, you
cough for pound
Hitmen, slickmen cant bang with us
Clips & spit 10 nigga aim & bust
Cant discuss, the facts just clutch your mac
Hope your mans got enough heart to bust back
Cant touch you with the words, I'ma let my gat do it
Strap with the clark, infrared attached to it
Long-out scoop see if you can dash through it
Cause when the burner split I'm burning the strip
Through the closeup from my waist, the ? burn on my
hip
What you know about that? 20 deep swormin with gats
Whaaat!?

[Cam'Ron]

Killa Killa uhh
Yo, yo, yo
I know exactly what's wrong with you
And it made me so mad I won't do that song with you
All them niggas over there, they look strong to you?
Guns look long to you?
In fact, give me your change, no longer belongs to you
Or do you stop flirting? Dip the clip in the bar, nigga
pop something
Nigga outside the club you wanna pop something
Now a nigga drive through I got the pop something

Spin out the black gunning, no nigga we not running
Killa got first to count 9 mil', my gun and my
bankaccount
I'm God Divine, im hard to find
I got a gutter mouth its listed nigga
From my baby mothers house
I know you loved her out, dugged her out
I wanna harden your spouse, nigga borrow my mouth
???, bangin for my gun, slangin with my gun,
remaining on the run
RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN RUN
RUN RUN Killa Killa

[Lil' One]

I dont play y'all niggaz, I spray y'all niggaz
Leave bodies roasted, flame y'all niggaz
I dont game y'all bitches, I tame y'all bitches
D-1 told me aim for the riches
A cool kid scared of the big, i heard stories
Locked up in jail, that aint nothing for me
Now you gotta be gunned down to be a legend
One vest, two gats just for protection
Never was a showoff, my guns go off
Kept it in the closet, damn it got to go off
Took it outside, blazed it in the sky
It wasnt just me, it was booze in my house
I feel thugged out, me & you can slug out
Bullets in the field now they coming in the dug out
Shut down the club-house, lock out like NBA
Ya'll niggaz shine cause One been away
Bust out the barrell of a ?? ashtray
So dont ya'll get it wrong
Shots hit your mind & body
Watch the soul drip on when the clip on
Niggaz better get long
Lil' One Nigga

[Floss]

Aiyo you niggas that i get yo dough
Bag yo' wife might hit cha hoe
Niggaro, who split the flow
How make it hot when the the six blow?
Floss get inside again
Harlem Niggaz be all the same
Playa Haters you bought you lock the chain like
bulletflame(?)
5 Platinum overseas
Over here goes close to 3
Niggaz wanna get close to me
Rob me put that toast to me
Never that dont let me spit 11 at cha head & back

Take that cat, go 100's in you coffin
Nigga rest with that, you easy to match
Its plain to see, that there is nuttin but floss in me
There is nuttin but game in me
Dart, from six rangers three
Playaz keep on playin on
Hataz keep on hatin on
That player with that blazer on
Iced out with them gaters on
Vacant Lot, we make it hot
To your ?? to yo block
Take your guns its fo your shots
To faking niggaz that fake alot
Why u poppin brand new boots with trees on em
My niggaz cop brand new coupes with beeps on em
Floss, Floss, Floss, Don, One

Yeah Yeah (chikachika)
99 Nigga, 99 What the fuck
Vaca, Vaca, Vacant Lot, nigga nigga Hot

EXPLOSION
[Cam'Ron] LIVE ON LENOX!!!

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