

# Too Hot

Tom Scott, Paulette McWilliams

I took off, fuck the law lookin' for B.G.  
Sayin' that I killed a nigga around the club last week  
Left the scene ridin' in a big body  
So I flip and scrip now I'm in da EF three  
Playin' by different bitches 'cuz my face in the paper  
Profile done although she couldn't describe me, I got the eraser  
I don't discriminate I flip a bitch too  
She got to be eliminated I kill a bitch too  
She her hair fixed by my sister she lost she gonna get her  
To let me drop her off by this nigga across the river  
She ridin' with me thinkin' that it's cool and shit  
She don't think I know that she let her live loose and shit  
I'm gonna pull over pull her out and pop some slugs in the bitch  
And leave her pussy stinkin' 'cuz I don't love a bitch  
But I was smart comin' up, never trust a bitch  
And don't hesitate for a minute to chug the bitch  
She was tryin' to get me locked up  
It was a must that the hoe get cocked up  
Fuckin' with me best believe that I'll do ya lots  
Got ya sayin' them Hot Boy niggas too, too hot  
Too, too hot  
What do ya call a nigga that be duckin' the law  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be playin' it wrong  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball  
(Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)  
'Lil one and gone, 'lil one was stuck in this shit  
'Lil one say he gonna bust a nigga head if you fuck with his bitch  
'Lil one got the court hot  
'Lil one got the dough bar in front of your mama house up in your block  
'Lil one got the 44 cocked, 'lil one [unverified] even no pops  
So 'lil one don't give em no props 'lil one make em timber  
'Lil one got a bad temper, 'lil one killed that boy in November  
'Lil one be hustlin', 'lil one be thuggin'  
'Lil one doesn't wanna come up from nothin'  
I know 'lil one ain't gonna stop

I know 'lil one ain't gonna let a nigga run him off the block  
'Lil one kind of remind me of me  
Man 'lil one a G, 'lil one runnin with the big boys  
'Lil one fuckin' these hoes, 'lil one got some of these old niggas drove  
'Lil one makin' his G's, 'lil one runnin' them Keys  
'Lil one four-hundred degrees, 'lil one be shy  
'Lil one got twenty inches on his ride  
'Lil one got two chrome four fives  
'Lil one don't give a fuck if he die or not  
'Lil one said to Jumball he gonna ride on his block  
What do ya call a nigga that be duckin' the law  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be playin' it wrong  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball  
(Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be duckin' the law  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be playin' it wrong  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball  
(Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)  
Hot Boys we on fire they don't gotta nigga who could outshine us  
Cash money records will there be nothin' nice the rolex be werlin'  
Full of ice we get our spark on nigga through the week  
Me, Wayne, Juve, and the B.G.  
How you luv it now boy you drove ha

'Cuz you're cold and we're hotter than a stove ha  
Fuckin' hoes, after shows  
Tag-teamin', in them hoes my wee be shooting semen  
Gots sports cars on chrome realla  
B and slim get out of the house and walk the tone realla  
Hot boys we livin' legends hope ya heard the word  
Duckin' the law runnin' through ports with a flock of birds  
We too hot  
What do ya call a nigga that be duckin' the law  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be playin' it wrong  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are

(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball  
(Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be duckin' the law  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be playin' it wrong  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball  
(Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)  
I have you burning up cuz I be  
(Hot, hot)  
Like a firecracker I'm Pow  
(Tss, tss)  
See these niggas can't take me  
'Cuz they know they takin' care of my baby  
Don't get mad, just follow me now wodie  
We the real hot boys  
All of them other fake niggas need to stop boy  
I got diamonds and gold and I tote my strap  
Got my Reeboks and baus and I ride on platinum  
Hot Girls who I'm after from the UTP  
Wodie I got that fire, so holla at me  
Now look deep into the holes you see 8 in the half  
Put them things up in they like a stake in the grass  
(Ugh)  
I'm a real hot boy I'm shakin' the deck  
If you a real hot girl you can take it in half  
'Lil Wayne playboy can't put the fire out for a nigga  
Stop tryin', I be too too hot  
What do ya call a nigga that be duckin' the law  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be playin' it wrong  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball  
(Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be duckin' the law  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that be playin' it wrong  
(Hot, hot)  
What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are  
(Hot, hot)

What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball  
(Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot)  
The Hot Boyz, the Hot Boyz  
Niggas is the Hot Boyz, the Hot Boyz  
Them niggas is the Hot Boyz, the Hot Boyz  
Them niggas is the Hot Boyz, the Hot Boyz  
On fire  
Grab the maggy lever then the boys wouldn't step  
Grab the 8010 then the boys wouldn't step  
Grab the 223 then the boys wouldn't step  
Young Turk, Juvenile, 'Lil Wayne are real hot boys

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>