

# Like A Hott Boyy

## Kid Ink

Metro Boomin' wants some more niggal just pull up to the spot boy  
Like I'm fresh up off the lot boy  
Niggas say I do a lot boy  
'Cause I'm spending cash money like a Hott Boyy  
Stop thinking you the man, 'cause you not boy  
You be looking like them cops boy  
See you bitch and I bet she getting copped boy  
'Cause I'm spending cash money like a Hott BoyyBig time, big time, I'm feeling fresh as Mannie  
Ever since I told them bitches put aside your panties  
Show me somethin', it' ain't nothin' but a couple grams  
Sippin' on this champagne, smack her with my other hand boy  
I just pull up on the scene and never seen shit  
But I still feel like a bum  
'Cause ain't no place and ain't no ceiling in here  
Side niggas hating bitches blocking like Kareem and him  
Rolling with this nigga here, everything you dream is real  
Please believe me we do this shit for no reason  
Baby welcome to the fast life, switch gears now I'm spinnin'  
In my lane, Ruff Rydin' like the LOX boy  
Stop drop, shut 'em down, open up shop boyI just pull up to the spot boy  
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Like they pancakes in the kitchen  
See me dripping, see me pourin'  
Cut the gas then I floor it, pull up to the spot  
They aiming for the target, I'm Kennedy in the dropEverybody get your roll on, smash smash nigga  
Cash money, cash money, talkin' fast fast bitch  
Guerilla warfare but Juveniles gon' smash nigga  
Pull up to the spot with 200 on the dash, damn  
The AP done nearly broke my wrist  
I whip it fast, whip it fast, I gave my wrist a ticket  
When you hear that "brrr brrr", know I got no chickens  
I took some bands on your head and then you meet my crewI just pull up to the spot boy  
Like I'm fresh up off the lot boy

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'Cause I'm spending cash money like a Hott BoyyCash money, Young gettin' that cash money  
Supercharger on the 'Vette now I look like a crash dummy  
\$50,000 On a Porsche, she ain't said nothin'  
Hey, yeah nigga I became a breadwinner  
I've never said nothing for the fatty, can I rub ya?  
Foreign shoes they give me bunions  
I blowin' O's like a Funyun  
Abc, all about cummin'  
Nigga cannot act tough, know he not boy  
You my target, with a dot on your eye boy  
I'ma buy, I'm not leasing it  
I though my dick gon' feature it  
I'm in Memphis, no Bleek, lil bitch  
Hammer, I don't want keep the bitch  
I'm screaming the tech game  
And I got birds you know my wrist game, rap gameI just pull up to the spot boy  
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Songwriters

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