

# Hot Wheels (feat. Travis Porter & Young Dro)

## T.I.

TP: Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
YD: Okay. Aye they ain't gon like this shit right here  
TP: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
YD: Aye Tip, check this out, aye, push it. Travis Porter what's hannin', push it! I'm in at Hot Wheel and I'm  
driving real fast  
And I'm smashing on the gas, I'm tryna do the dash  
Hot Wheel: got 200 on the dash  
Man I'm driving real fast, I'm tryna do the dash  
Push it! (hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey)  
Push it! (whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)  
I'm in a hot wheel til I light this here  
Tap my bitch she switch my gear  
Diamond shining they all clear  
PHMG they all here  
Tattoos they all over me  
She see me kissin all on my tip  
He say I'm a rookie nigga, I been doing it for years  
Better take a look at me, better check my booking fee  
I been cooking shit off in the kitchen but I ain't Lil' B  
Pull up in a Hot Wheel, bitch need a green card  
All-red candy paint, nigga this your dream car I'm that muthafuckin nigga all the bitches scheme for  
When she with me, she be hoping all her girlfriends seen her  
She suck a dick so good, but why you think she on my team for  
I got her dancing slow, in slow mo like she on lean or something  
Smoking on that dro, got that ho drinking semen  
Hear me coming down the street: 'Rari, screaming  
Pinky ring doing numbers, shining, blinging  
Ink all on my body and I'm hotter than a demon  
I'm in at Hot Wheel and I'm driving real fast  
And I'm smashing on the gas, I'm tryna do the dash  
Hot Wheel: got 200 on the dash  
Man I'm driving real fast, I'm tryna do the dash  
Push it! (hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey)  
Push it! (whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa) Hold on let me rip this ho  
Car so fast I flipped that ho  
Tell them boys don't play with Dro  
Pause that bitch, skip that ho  
Black coat let my coupe in here  
Decapitate my roof in here

The reason why they ask for Dro cuz they wanted the truth in here  
Just like Star, I'm rockin ya? I'm poppin ya  
I knew something was fishy going on like tilapia  
You ain't fuckin with pimpin though  
My wrist blow up like indigo I like a model bitch but I would rather Oprah Winfrey though  
The richest bitch up in this bitch  
My paint flop and then flip in this  
My Glock it got a clip in it  
My car so wet it's drippin shit  
They copy me like Kinko do  
Diamond chain, one pink one blue  
Car so fast, my speakers on blast  
Don't race me boy, I'm shittin on you  
Hold up they can't take this shit  
I spaz out with no brakes and shit  
I'm Bosco with this cake and shit  
Congo dro, ape and shit  
I saw yo broad and took that bitch  
Wassup with all that liquor shit?  
You see these horses on my car  
'Rari bitch I'm pushin it I'm in at Hot Wheel and I'm driving real fast  
And I'm smashing on the gas, I'm tryna do the dash  
Hot Wheel: got 200 on the dash  
Man I'm driving real fast, I'm tryna do the dash  
Push it! (hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey)  
Push it! (whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa) I'm mindin mine, in 599s  
New Ferraris, know that I'm ballin ho  
400, 000 in public housing,? blunt of dro  
Through Atlanta station I'm pushin  
Every corner I'm hookin  
Bad bitches just lookin  
Tryna throw me that pussy  
Say what happened baby I can't  
Cause them niggas cool, but they ain't shawty  
Wrist froze and I can't thaw it  
Hundred mil well that ain't hard, I'm hard  
As a muthafucka, swear to God, I'm God  
To the trap niggas and dope boys... pause  
Blow a half a mil just cause, ball  
Money ain't a thang, not at all  
Drink the lean and get kool-aid  
Get high on pills for like 2 days  
Fresh to death in that?  
Diamonds clearer than Blu-ray  
Aye! Ain't no fugaze, I'm too major, I'm super paid

Say 30 mil, better double that  
That money short then we double back  
Got rubber bands around 30 racks  
I'm trouble man so where the trouble at?  
I got a truck load of them hood rats  
I push through, where your hood at? I'm in at Hot Wheel and I'm driving real fast  
And I'm smashing on the gas, I'm tryna do the dash  
Hot Wheel: got 200 on the dash  
Man I'm driving real fast, I'm tryna do the dash  
Push it! (hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey)  
Push it! (whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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