Hot Boys And Girls

Master P

Where the real niggas at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real bitches at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real niggas at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real bitches at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real niggas at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Nigga, I'm the buzz in your weed and the bubbles in your beer
M Y S T I-kal it's the man right chea
I ain't the '90 through the '94 Buffallo Bills
I ain't Dennis Rodman's hair and I ain't Holyfield's ear
I ain't that damn man you see standin' at the Apollo
I ain't that 298 dollar 60 cent check from McDonald's
Bitch I'm the line through the T and the dot on the I
I'm the motherfuckin' crocodile tears when you cry
I'm the lightning in bad weather
I'm that nigga in that picture on your girlfriend dresser
I ain't no ho, I ain't no punk, I ain't no bitch, I ain't no fag
I ain't no sucker, I ain't no trick, I ain't no snitch, I ain't no rat
I'm that 20,000 dollar a pop every stop when I'm tourin'
I'm that fire, on that last verse of Make 'em say "uhh"
I ain't that same ol' same ordinary, everyday rapper
Bitch, I killed Kenny, so I guess I'm that bastard
Where the hot boys at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there
Where the hot girls at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there
Where the hot boys at
Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there
Where the hot girls at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
I'm the bitch that say "bring it on if you want to"
From the city where we known, baby, for what we goin' do
I'm the lady alligator so you can come in that water
I'm the migrane in your head thumping harder and harder
I'm the Boss Hogg ho nigga that cops the squat
Dead smack on your face like that infrared dot
I'm the index finger on the trigger, don't move
Woops, saw you blink your eyes now you goin' make the news
If I catch you in the club and you start to trippin'
I'm the fist in brass knuckles that's goin' hit your chin
All the snitchers sitting down with the feds to yap
I'm the loud hard on the rat trap
I'm the drama in your heart when your people get killed
I'm the feeling in your stomach when you get your last meal
I'm the hardcore undisputed hip-hop diva
I'm the lady on report card day, I'm Mama Mia
Where the real niggas at
Where they at, where they at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where the real bitches at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where they at, where they at
I'm the past that always seems to come back and haunt ya
I'm the four five carrier, mister grenade launcher

I'm the nigga with the gun, that reacts where the dollar at
I'm the nigga with the six hundred everybody's tryin' to holler at
I be the bully that you pay niggas to keep off your ass
I be the reason why you didn't pass, the reason why you cut class
I be the reason why they buried ya, and carried ya
I be the nigga that put the wood in your fianc

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