

Hot Commodity

Trina

Yeah, that's that, real shit, feel me
(Feel me)

Lay back Maybach, ugh
Up in this pussy feel better than the lottery
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity
Six figures from the nigga 'cause he got to be
Don't lie to me, I'm what you try to be
I'm a big girl not a little girl
I had a real man moving real girl
We was real close, he had real money
All he ever asked, "Never steal from me"
That was real shit, I'm a real bitch
He told me stay real and I'm a make you real rich
Back to reality, Is this real?
Big house on the hill far from Lincoln Field
(Ohh)

I'm so hood, yet I wouldn't stay
Couldn't name a price that the nigga wouldn't pay
Snap my fingers he'll be over here today
If I asks, he'll rub my feet for days
'Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity
Six figures from the nigga 'cause he got to be
Don't lie to me, I'm what you try to be
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the baddest of them all?
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the baddest of them all?
There was a rubble, tubble, 5 minutes it lasted
You the bitch in the flyest fashions
Pull up to the crib, park on the grass
The boy so trill, spark up the grass
She's so real with all kind a ass
And 6 inch heels with LV bags
The g's in the G's
So G's on the g's
She's so high class

I need nor steeze
Cover girl centerfold got me spendin' doe
I ain't trippin' tho 'cause ya boy dealin' dope
Before I heard, I didn't kiss to much
But right now I need a bitch to crush
Crib so plush
Bitch don't blush
20 stacks outta town
Just yo luck
'Cause up in that pussy feel better than the lottery
Don't lie to me, yeah, you a hot commodity
Six figures I give ya just to ride with me
Why fly coach? Baby girl, ride with me
'Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity
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There was a rubble, tubble, 5 minutes it lasted
You the bitch in the flyest fashions
Smell the fragrances, it's unforgettable
Had a hoes haten, daten back to middle school
Apple Bottom jeans, boots with tha fur
Might cause a blur so is it really her?
Leave ya man like mmm, I'm done when I cum
'Cause up in this pussy feels better than the lottery
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity
Dada county, up to Tallahassee
Atlanta these nigga be getting at me
Philly, D.C., NY to Chi Town
Quick stop in New Orleans and damn near drowned
But a bitch so fly
I don't need no front, I live in tha sky
Deal with big money, can you deal with a dime?
I'm lookin' in ya eyes, betta not tell a lie
'Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity
Six figures from a nigga cause he got to be
Don't lie to me, I'm what you try to be
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