Help

Hot Boys

What's up man?
These Hot Boy$ back at it again, ya heard me?
Oh and it's Guerilla Warfare time
We got these ol' bitch ass niggaz scared
Look here
Luxury cars on chrome, I play that
Five figure bonds on charges, I'd paid that
Ounces of coke at a young age, look I weighed that
My click done blewed up you know haters, they hate that
Come around me with a bad bitch, you know I'mma take that
Put a chopper in my hand, and watch how quick I sprayed that
Drop a track watch how quick I go and lace that
Cash Money I don't think y'all niggaz could really faze that
Beef with me, I don't think you ready to face that
Put money in front of me and watch how quick I chase that
Nigga give me the weed and I'm ready to blaze that
I'mma man and if its my charge, I gotta take that
Mouth off yo brains, and I'mma have to waste that
K bullets burn, you talk and watch you taste that
I'm so large, I gotta phone, the fedz can't trace that
You gotta respect I'mma fool, how you love that
Hook:
Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP
Them Hot Boy$ coming please somebody HELP
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP
Please somebody HELP
Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP
Them Hot Boy$ coming please somebody HELP
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP
Please somebody HELP
Got these bitch niggaz hollering' HELP
Nigga, my click raw, play it us we blow shit
We was trained for war, believe we act a fool bitch
We take situations fo, we don't play no games bitch
We put on sound to talk aloud, the kids claim shit
We on another level you stuck on the same shit
CMB came through now we done rearranged shit

We got the game locked these wannabe soldiers ain't shit
Y'all ain't from uptown, can't come homebound and say the flow, you bitch
We don't wear the suit, we wear tee's, fro's and reez
We think absolute, got bigettes on our rollies
Y'all know we drive fine cars, Lexus and Benzes
I don't know what women think they could fuck wit B.G.
Not in a million years, you could come and top this
I wonder who goin do my beats, Fresh rock shit
Give him five or ten minutes, he goin drop a hot hit
Fuck that other nigga, them Hot Boy$ come in and shot shit
Hook:
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Them Hot Boy$ coming please somebody HELP
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP
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Please somebody HELP
Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP

Them Hot Boy$ coming please somebody HELP
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP
Please somebody HELP
Got these bitch niggaz hollering' HELP
These Hot Boy$ on top trained for drama
No way you goin run, try to hide, we goin find ya
I you forgot its my job to remind ya
We bust twos, playa haters we misuse
I don't give a fuck, I bruise nigga
If you ain't know, Cash Money straight fools nigga
Now Baby got the 'tillery duct off fo' sho'
Me and Lil' Weezy, jumpin' out the two do'
Lexus coupe with the combat boots on
Soldier fatigue, ready to get our shoot on
Niggaz goin bleed
You heard of us, we murderers, and dangerous
Ain't no serving us, we creep silent like burglarers
We busting our bang, that's off top we trill
We don't fuck with the lame, we all real
And we about our motherfucking change
We do or die for life
We represent to the fullest, and we ride tonight
Hook (2x):
Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP
Them Hot Boy$ coming please somebody HELP

They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP
Please somebody HELP
Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP
Them Hot Boy$ coming please somebody HELP
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP
Please somebody HELP
Got these bitch niggaz hollering' HELP
(during the last time the hook is said)
It's like that ya heard me?
We told y'all niggaz need help right now
We steal and fuck shit up ya heard me?
Just like that man, not all everybody goin be Hot Boy$
But nigga know who the original Hot Boy$ is
Ya heard me?
It ain't no secret
Them Cash Money millionaires
Man that's the motherfucking real, original Hot Boy$
Everybody wanna be Hot Boy$
Boy that's cold, that's sorry
Niggaz know they sorry fo' that too
But it's all gravy
Can't strip 'em
Ya heard me?
We laying it down
And it ain't no secret
You need to get yo' own shit
Damn, why you have to run with our shit
We put this shit together
We the originators
Yea

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