

# Hot Sauce

## Young M.A.

[Intro]

Straight off the top  
M.A bring them hoes out  
Redlyfe bring them poles out[Verse]  
Pull up to the club with a bottle on me (that Henney)  
I'm already sipping  
Got five voicemails, I just left the brib  
And my bitch, she already tripping  
Blu just rolled a blunt, he like, "bro you good?"  
I'm like, "nah bro, let me hit it"  
Puff puff drink, I don't wanna think  
Groupies want a picture, groupies gotta wait  
I'm in another zone, I'm in another zone  
My girl getting on my nerves, I ain't going home  
Ain't got time for this shit (I don't got time for this shit)  
I ain't got time for this bitch (I don't got time for this bitch)  
Throwing ones like money grow on trees  
So when I look down all I see is green  
Never look for love in the strip club  
Where all the bartenders give me big hugs, wait  
Hold up, turn around, tssk, girl  
Where you think you going with that big butt?  
Brown water sippin' in that big cup  
My nigga Bottle only rolling big blunts  
Chill dude, you are not a tough guy  
Not the only one with a gun, guy  
My hitters like shootin' shit for fun, guy  
Head shot, hit the boy one time  
Do not come to Brooklyn with that nonsense  
I used to bag the work in them apartments  
Now I get a bag for a walkthrough  
If you want to book me, Big Savage who you talk to  
While they making disses I'm just making hits  
'Cause if it don't make dollars it don't make no sense  
This is chess, not checkers, learn the game dude  
But I just can't relate 'cause that's what lames do  
Big brown bone, she look like Babe Ruth  
She let me hit it out the park like I'm Babe Ruth  
Then I hit my dougie, ooh I'm pretty though

Bring that Hilfiger back and I'm jiggy though  
Niggas know I'm hot but they envy though  
Oh well, at least my bitch is with me ho  
This her favorite song, this her favorite song (OOOUUU)  
She get in her Birk when they put this on  
Owww, that's the thot call  
OOOUUU, shawty got that hot sauce  
My guys don't talk, they just pop off  
If a thot tryna front, she'll get dropped off  
My homie Sav in that Porshe with the top off  
I'm in that Audi with some slippers and some socks on  
Doin' 95 just to piss a cop off  
Then I pull up to your hood and piss your block off (skrt skrt)  
Bitch I got that hot sauce  
So NY with these Timbs on  
And shoutout to the girls who don't wear sew-ins  
Cause it's all about my bitches with the wigs on, OOOUUU  
You don't got no hot sauce  
You are not hot, you a knockoff  
Fuck around boy and get your top knocked off  
Hear them hoes, yeah they quick to really pop off  
And them Redlyfe niggas, yeah they pop off  
And you know this the beat I can bop on  
Yeah we bop on, New York City bop on 'em  
Yeah we bop, I'ma bop, I'ma bop on 'em  
OOOUUU  
Yeah we got that hot sauce  
But you niggas got no hot sauce  
This the type of beat I can bop on  
I need a quick thot that can top off  
This the year that I really get my guap on  
And you know the whole game, I got a lock on  
It's Young M.A, Redlyfe, got that hot sauce  
Redlyfe got that hot sauce  
Shawty you don't got no hot sauce  
Nah, you don't got no hot sauce  
You don't got no hot sauce  
Them Redlyfe niggas got that hot sauce

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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