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 Henny)
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 Porsche 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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