

Hot Boyz

Missy Elliott

This is for my ghetto motherfuckers, uhUh, forty side felony
Felony, misdemeanor
The charge is murder
Escobar CB on bikes
I'm switching gears
Headlights, shine so bright
Bitches freeze like deers
Them fiends want that deep boy
Feds send in a decoy, pack that heat boy
Push ya where ya rest in peace boy
Get your mama's house shot up
Bodies all chopped up
When them bodies pop up, I ain't getting' locked up
My Bentley cruise the block, with the sun roof top
Hood rats jumpin' on my jock cause I blew up the spot
Crushin' your Benz, crushin' your Navigator system
My QB piece make y'all niggas tuck you're shit in
It's Nas in your area, Queens 'bout to tear it up
Braveheart y'all scared of us, real niggas, they be usWhat's your name, cause I'm impressed?
Can you treat me good, I won't settle for less
You a hot boy, a rock boy
A fun toy, tote a glock boy
Where you live, is it by yourself?
Can I move with you, do you need some help?
I cook boy, I'll give you more
I'm a fly girl, and I like thoseHot boyz
Baby you got what I want
See cause y'all be driving Lexus jeeps
And the Benz jeeps, and the Lincoln jeeps
Nothin' cheaper, got them Platinum Visa's
Hot boyz
Baby you got what I want
See cause y'all be driving' Jaguars
And the Bentley's, and the Rolls Royce
Playin' hardballs with them Platinum Visa'sIs that your car, the SK-8?
Are you riding alone, can I be your date?
Come get me, get me, don't diss me, don't trick me
Got some friends, can they come too?
Can you hook them up wit' some boyz like you

A hot boy, a rock boy, on top boy
And I like those Hot boyz
Baby you got what I want
See cause y'all be driving Lexus jeeps
And the Benz jeeps, and the Lincoln jeeps
Nothin' cheaper, got them Platinum Visa's
Hot boyz
Baby you got what I want
See cause y'all be driving' Jaguars
And the Bentley's, and the Rolls Royce
Playin' hardballs with them Platinum Visa's Yo only take 'em thugged out
Slightly bugged out, fuck with his tongue out
Know the job ain't getting done, until the body getting drugged out
Hot boy, keep me right
Play your part and I'll keep it tight
Where else you gonna be in the middle of the night
But up in the sheets with me aight
Gangsta, true to your gang, street master
You the one I need when there's beef, street blaster
Ain't afraid to stop a cat, plus pop a cat, huh
Soldier, cash money, rule your world
What's topping that?
Huh, S-4-3-0 keep me on my toes
Get a tingle in my spine, wet spot only he knows
He's a hot boy, Missy sing it out and I'm gon' spit it
Ruff Ryders scream it loud, daddy is you with it
If your team can't handle my bitches then we gon' ride
Brickhouse stallions, keep thugs open wide, huh
'Tilladelph's best E-V-E stay committed
Mess with many, but if he ain't the realer
I ain't with it, with it Yo, mommy what the deal?
Ain't no heat fuckin' hotter than the heat a nigga hold
I think you really should be told that I deal with long shafts
That keep a long blast (blast)
Now look at a nigga and peel off fast (come on)
Word you got your girlfriend
Word, she can get it too
Fuck it though, I'm honest yo
I'm saying though, let's play it through
Getting cinematic with it
Niggas if you got it, hit it
Fuck the dumbness
Hit it till its numbness Hot boy
Baby you got what I want
Won't you really come and satisfy me

I be lovin' you like endlessly
(Everyday all day)
Hot boy
Baby you got what I want
Won't you really come and satisfy me

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