hot damn

Clipse

Now, they saying we're too hot
New verses please, c'mon MaliceHot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money man
Uh-huh of course, 'fore you say what you say, hot damnMy, how the boys roam, from roaming,
Loc and come home, to homes of his own
No catching up he's in a whole 'nother zone
Still true to his roots, stay close to the chromeHaters stay clear of him, y'all stand cheer for him
Got up out the game and overcame, let's hear it for him
Keep a new toy, so, I wonder how could
I not enjoy life, I'm re-living my childhoodBig chain monsta, whip game bonkas
Monster truck remind him of Tonka
Diamond F color, plush gold still gutter
My dealer's in the mills motherfuck' and I ain't studderBitter sweet, my life's a musical
From holding those to Bose gold, the Lord's beautiful
Before him I'm too shamed to show my face
But shit's so, mean I can't help but to fall from grace, motherfuckerHot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money manHot damn, when the white hit the pan it
Twists and it tumbles it, flips and the fumbles
I mix it like Gumbo, I pitch it so subtle
I keep hustlers puzzled, Feds I got em wondering
(Wondering)'What Happened To That boy'
Six maneuver, how'd I slip into that toy
Is it the pimp, the crook, the hustling thing
The man, the music that making a kingI'm simply building my Ming
A million men marchin' like condom [unverified]
I'm the King Kong, my verse making the world sing
My heart's on the sleeve forYour face is just like mine
Peeking from bars hoping the sun shines on 'em
But, you still got to watch the phonies
Watch your homies, we got you homieHot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money manUhh, handle the rock like none other
Grits over the stove, head under the cupboard
In the kitchen till the fume make me feel smothered
The way it melt fiends, can't believe it's not butterThe way it melt he won't cop from none other
The he who holds O's like Krispy Kreme's oven
Or easy bake, pink divvies make
The presidential should look like strawberry shortcake, PImagine that Rolls Royce crashed in, me unscratched in
That millionaire boys club fashion
Uh, you niggas is clones

I hand out styles like ice cream cones, the fuck outta hereThat's Pha real, my gats is real
The SL5 is lookin' like the Batmobile
Chrome lids with the matching wheels
Uh, both chains probably match ya deal
Y'all dudes is an act fa real, PushaHot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money manNeither the sun or death can be looked at
That's what an O.G told me
That was the exact moment I decided to take a pact
And if you owe me and if I decided to take it backIt wasn't nicely expect Rosco to put you back, in place
I'm what you call a destructive warpath
It'll be a shell shower in today's forecast
You a gangsta? I can't tellYou diamonds don't glimmer when the light hit it
Those jewels aren't genuine, 'cause if they was I'm nice with it
I woulda' been took that
That skinny stack in your pocket, I woulda' been shook thatIn this world you gotta watch it, I'm hear to warn ya
Cats turned informant, over snow wrapped in wax
My son's home crying, don't give me no slack
Just put the motherfucking money in the bagThese words are being said as I hide behind glove and mask
Coat change not your typical crook
I'm being watched look at the camera lens in the bushHot damn, it's a new day
Hot damn, but them boys want the money man

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