

Hot Commodity (feat. Rick Ross)

Trina

Drum Major...
Yea its that real shit (feel me x2)
Laid back, lay backUp in this pussy feel better than a lottery
Don't lie to me
I'm a hot commodity
Six figures from a nigga cause he gotta be
Don't lie to me I'm what you tryna be
I'm a big girl
Not a lil' girl,
I had a real man, move a real girl
We was real close, he had real money
All he ever asked never steal from me
That was real shit
I'm a real bitch
He told me stay real, I'm ma make you real rich
Back to reality is this real?
Big house on the hill far from Lincoln fieldI'm so hood yet I wouldn't stay
Couldn't name a price that a nigga wouldn't pay
Snap my fingers he'll be over here today,
If I ask he'll rub my feet for days[Chorus]
Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity
Six figures from a nigga cause he got to be
Don't lie to me; I'm what you try to be
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the baddest of them all?
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity [Repeat x2]
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the baddest of them all?
There was a rubble tubble 5 minutes it lasted
You the bitch in the flyest fashionsPull up to the crib, park on the grass
The boy so trill, spark up the grass
She's so real with all kind a ass
And 6 inch heels with LV bags
The g's in the G's
So G's on the g's
She's so high class
I need nor steeze
Cover girl centerfold (fold) got me spendin' doe (doe)

I ain't trippin' tho
Cause ya boy dealin' dope (dope)
Before I heard, I didn't kiss to much (naw)
But right now
I need a bitch to crush (come here)
Crib so plush (plush)
Bitch don't blush (blush)
20 stacks outta town
Just yo luck (boss)
Cause up in that pussy feel better than the lottery
Don't lie to me yeah you a hot commodity
Six figures I give ya just to ride with me (ride)
Why fly coach? Baby~girl ride with me[Chorus]Smell the fragrances, it's unforgettable
Had a hoes hatin' datin' back to middle school
Apple Bottom jeans, boots with the fur
Might cause a blur so is it really her? (is it her)
Leave ya man like Mmm...
I'm done when I cum
Cause up in this pussy feels better than the lottery
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity
Dada county, up to Tallahassee
Atlanta these nigga be getting at me
Philly, D.C., NY to Chi Town
Quick stop in New Orleans and damn near drowned (ugh)
But a bitch so fly
I don't need no front
I live in the sky
Deal with big money
Can you deal with a dime?
I'm lookin' in ya eyes, better not tell a lie[Chorus]

Songwriters
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