

Hot Box (feat. G-Eazy & Mila J)

Bobby Brackins

[Intro: Bobby Brackins]

Made another hit for the radio station[Hook: Mila J]

Turn it up in the hot box

Light it up in the hot box

Pour it up in the hot box

Let's fuck in the hot box

I brought my bruhs they down to ride (x2)

Yeah all my niggas down to ride

I brought my bruhs they down to ride[Verse 1: Bobby Brackins]

Took her to the east coast where Brooklyn at

Then we chillin on the west where Oakland at!?

Young niggas be wildin', and we smokin' that

Anywhere that we feel bro we holdin' that

Can't sit still bruh, yeah we rollin' that

Ooh wee, burn it on down for real

Poppin from the window to the wall to the ceiling

No homicides but I'm about to make a killing

Stay mobbing, is you with it?

You talk heat bruh, but we live it

Your girlfriend wanna visit

Boppa chose up when we lit it[Hook: Mila J]

[Verse 2: G-Eazy]

Roll up with the windows up

I'm still sippin' whiskey from the solo cup

She down for whatever cause she know what's up

I'm like, "Roll another one", she said "Oh yeah, yup"

Yeah, lookin' out for the rollers

Pass it to the left, I'm looking over my shoulders

Always had a chip, guess it's more so a boulder

I'm always 2 on, you don't never see me sober

Yeah, from the bay to the universe

I'll race you to a million, bet I'll do it first

Rap money stackin lots of yayper

I feel like '06, hot box the scraper, yeah

Yeee![Hook: Mila J]

[Bridge: Mila J]

We're gonna party and get on in this smoke

We can go roll baby, get faded and blow

I'll take you places never thought you would be

Baby let's hotbox; bring the drink and the trees
[Hook: Mila J]

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