Hot Boys & Girls

Master P

Where the real niggas at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real bitches at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real niggas at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real bitches at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Where the real niggas at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
Nigga, I'm the buzz in your weed and the bubbles in your beer
M Y S T I-kal it's the man right chea
I ain't the '90 through the '94 Buffallo Bills
I ain't Dennis Rodman's hair and I ain't Holyfield's ear
I ain't that damn man you see standin' at the Apollo
I ain't that 298 dollar 60 cent check from McDonald's
Bitch I'm the line through the T and the dot on the I
I'm the motherfuckin' crocodile tears when you cry
I'm the lightning in bad weather
I'm that nigga in that picture on your girlfriend dresser
I ain't no ho, I ain't no punk, I ain't no bitch, I ain't no fag
I ain't no sucker, I ain't no trick, I ain't no snitch, I ain't no rat
I'm that 20,000 dollar a pop every stop when I'm tourin'
I'm that fire, on that last verse of Make 'em say "uhh"
I ain't that same ol' same ordinary, everyday rapper
Bitch, I killed Kenny, so I guess I'm that bastard
Where the hot boys at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there
Where the hot girls at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there
Where the hot boys at
Right chea, right chea

Over there, over there, over there
Where the hot girls at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there, over there, over there
I'm the bitch that say "bring it on if you want to"
From the city where we known, baby, for what we goin' do
I'm the lady alligator so you can come in that water
I'm the migrane in your head thumping harder and harder
I'm the Boss Hogg ho nigga that cops the squat
Dead smack on your face like that infrared dot
I'm the index finger on the trigger, don't move
Woops, saw you blink your eyes now you goin' make the news
If I catch you in the club and you start to trippin'
I'm the fist in brass knuckles that's goin' hit your chin
All the snitchers sitting down with the feds to yap
I'm the loud hard on the rat trap
I'm the drama in your heart when your people get killed
I'm the feeling in your stomach when you get your last meal
I'm the hardcore undisputed hip-hop diva
I'm the lady on report card day, I'm Mama Mia
Where the real niggas at
Where they at, where they at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where the real bitches at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where they at, where they at
I'm the past that always seems to come back and haunt ya
I'm the four five carrier, mister grenade launcher
I'm the nigga with the gun, that reacts where the dollar at
I'm the nigga with the six hundred everybody's tryin' to holler at
I be the bully that you pay niggas to keep off your ass
I be the reason why you didn't pass, the reason why you cut class
I be the reason why they buried ya, and carried ya
I be the nigga that put the wood in your fiance
The reason why she didn't marry ya
I be the nigga that trying to keep 'round, and hang around your sister
I be the nigga they call 'Silkk the Shocker', you might call me mister
Now I got a drop top, I'm a ghetto wise guy
Military minding, front lining, all up for a drive by
Case over like the last don, like all the cash gone
Answer wrong, 'coz I'm the little brother of the last don
[Incomprehensible] can't mix, flip shit, loose lips sank ships
Plus I gotta pair of cement shoes that I make fit, your a fake bitch

Keep an ice wrist, keep her tight, bitch, between the trigger
Keep a tight grip, infared on my shit so I don't miss
Now I'm that razor that cuts the dope, newest member of the 504
Man, you the the one they call Vito? yeah, that's me
(You know)
Where the hot boys at
Where they at, where they at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
Where the hot girls at
Where they at, where they at
Right chea, right chea
Over there, over there
I'm the enemy behind, so watch your back
When the live round hit the chamber, I'm the click clack
When you run, I'm the danger, I'm the smack and the pimp slap
I'm the shit that bubble up when you cook that crack
The nigga that fucked up the party when I pull my strap
The nigga that fucked all the hoes I'll be trying to mack
I was scarface, sniffing with his nose in coke
The nigga that taught your little brother how to cook that dope
The first nigga on the block that make your momma deep throat
I'm the hustlin' ass nigga with the watches and the coat
Where the real niggas at
Where they at, where they at
Where the real bitches at
Where they at, where they at
Where the hot boys at
Where they at, where they at
Where the hot girls at
Where they at, where they at
Where they at, where they at, where they at
Where they at, where they at
Where the hot boys at
Where the hot girls at
I'm the bars on your cell, I'm the fire down in hell
I'm the ice cream bells, I'm the gas you pump at shell
Nigga, I'm the wheels on the tank
I'm the million dollars that you want from the bank
I'm a diamond on a ring, I'm your brains when you think
I'm your bartender when you drink, I'm OJ without the shank
Nigga, I'm the M in fuckin' mob
(Mob)
I'm the clothes that you wear when you wanna jump shop
I'm the super in dome, I'm the C in chrome

I'm the hurricane that knock down your motherfucking home
I'm the K in killer, I'm the D in drug dealer
I'm the G in gangsta nigga, I'm the realest nigga
That you ever wanna meet when you walking on the street
I'm the gold on your teeth, I'm the Nike's on your feet
I'm the nigga that moan when he rap
I'm the nigga that ran through your fucking hood and bust caps
I'm the nigga with these rhymes, I'm the last don
And I'm a end this motherfucker 'coz it ain't no more time

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