

Hot Nigga

King Tat

uh, bitch you ain't no hot nigga
you was never pushin rocks on the block nigga
I've chopped blocks with hot shots I'm top notch

you a snitch, you the hands on a cops watch
hot niggas low key cause the twelve watch
i get paper every day like a mailbox
we was ballin bitch niggas playin hop scotch
third too was five grand what a hot shot
in the bed with young vine we was in with swag
bitch i be in the game so i never lag
coppin shit that these hatin niggas never had
bitch i got a gucci belt i ain't gotta sag
i ain't tryin brag I'm just doing me
a free ticket I'm a movie that you wanna see
to have some competition i would need another me
girl what we got in common yeah we doin me
fuckin metaphor, I'm a matador
got one hoe, got seven more
got a bad bitch from equador
(Spanish)
I'm so galore, go door to door
i got scythe like the grim reaper nigga
got balls of life and I'm yellin out
I'm free nigga

Lyrics Submitted by Ventus Ramirez

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