I'm Hot

Hodgy Beats

I'm hot, it's my turn
I wouldn't touch me 'cause my hand might burn
I'm cold, you already know
You can go by what you heard depending on what they told you
Man, I knew it would be a day, some bitch ass nigga crossed
And let whatever fuck him up could come and fuck with the boss
What you think savage done lost? Now you done laid 'round and loss it
And came across to the vaulter, now that shit just gonna cost ya
Time to kidnap some children, time to shoot up some houses
Girl, it's all about Webbie, 2007, I'm out there
And I'm too little to hit and I'm too big to forget
And I'm too slippery to hold and I'm too out of control
I'm a phantom, you lac, I'm a choppa, you mac
I'm too fast off the casket, I wipe my ass with a stack
And ain't nobody fresher gon' wipe that out 'cause I'm on
Should've left this bitch on the dresser 'cause if they catch me I'm gone
My fro too fresh for the throne, I shook the world like a drone
In the heat of the moment I give the streets what they want
That's why my cake lookin' long, I hate face lookin' 'lone
Apologize to my people for havin' waitin' so long, bitch
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Man, this shit gotta work for all my people in the dirt
I'm gon' be bigger den jigga if dey don't hit me up first
Man, ya'll must got me confused, I take niggaz by two
I break niggaz in two man, ya'll fake niggaz is through
I hear ya album is poo, I'm just tellin' the truth
If it wasn't for heavy promotion, I don't to what you do
Now if I slap ya in ya face then bitch, what ya do?
Probably nuttin', be surprised but then depend on ya crew
I'm straight tellin' ya, don't mess with me
Put ya'll, whole crew in jeopardy
Niggaz sweat when they next to me

Can't let dis shit get the best of me
Ya'll been waitin on my single 'cause I'm cold and I'm freezin'
I been countin' big money, lightin' big blunts with my finger
I'm no longer a dreamer, now that shit's all in the past
Focused on cash, use to kick hoe niggas all in dey ass
Collaborate with everybody
Time to get in some trance
And if you think
I'm talkin 'bout ya, fuckin' nigga, I am
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You just ain't understandin', you's a fat crumb, I'm candy
Boy, I'm simple, you Bambi, plain and simple, I'm jammin'
And I wasn't made for these cameras, bitch, I get paid for these cameras
If it wasn't for that you could've have 'em but I gotta make some happen
My money good like it look, I keep it hood like it look
I'm in the hood, you can look, man, Baton Rouge, off the hook
Man, what's a thief to a crook, don't let the pills get you whooped
You gon' let that kid get you killed, my savage life album killed
Bein' a gangsta I'm guilty, I get my chain over women
I'm hot like fresh biscuits, they just wanna lick tittys
Evisues or dickes, 22s or 6s
I mean, they both hot but which one's the sickest?
Every city I visit, they be like they gotta get it
Well, here it is for a week I'm tryna do a half million
But if I don't, to me it don't really mean nuttin'
'Cause until you seen the savage, you ain't really seen nuttin'
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