

# Hot Commodity (Feat. Rick Ross)

Trina

Yeah, that's that, real shit, feel me  
(Feel me)  
Lay back Maybach, ughUp in this pussy feel better than the lottery  
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity  
Six figures from the nigga 'cause he got to be  
Don't lie to me, I'm what you try to beI'm a big girl not a little girl  
I had a real man moving 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 and I'm a make you real rich  
Back to reality, Is this real?  
Big house on the hill far from Lincoln Field  
(Ohh)I'm so hood, yet I wouldn't stay  
Couldn't name a price that the nigga wouldn't pay  
Snap my fingers he'll be over here today  
If I asks, he'll rub my feet for days'Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery  
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity  
Six figures from the nigga 'cause he got to be  
Don't lie to me, I'm what you try to beMirror, mirror on the wall  
Who is the baddest of them all?  
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity  
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodityMirror, 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 bagsThe g's in the G's  
So G's on the g's  
She's so high class  
I need nor steezeCover girl centerfold got me spendin' doe  
I ain't trippin' tho 'cause ya boy dealin' dope  
Before I heard, I didn't kiss to much  
But right now I need a bitch to crushCrib so plush  
Bitch don't blush  
20 stacks outta town  
Just yo luck'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

Why fly coach? Baby girl, ride with me '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  
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity 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 fashions Smell the fragrances, it's unforgettable  
Had a hoes haten, daten back to middle school  
Apple Bottom jeans, boots with tha fur  
Might cause a blur so is it really 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 But a bitch so fly  
I don't need no front, I live in tha sky  
Deal with big money, can you deal with a dime?  
I'm lookin' in ya eyes, betta not tell a lie '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  
Don't lie to me, I'm a hot commodity 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 fashions

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / CASTILLO, TONY Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>