

Hot

Young Thug

Wheezy outta here
Hot, hot, hot, hot
Hot, hot, hot, hot
Hot, hot, hot, hot
Hot, hot, hot, hot

Everything litty, I love when it's hot
Turned up the city, I broke off the notch
Got some more millis, I keep me a knot
I created history and made me a lot
He tried to diss me and ended on Fox
We call them chopsticks 'cause they gonna chop
Took her out of Follies 'cause her pussy pop
I run it like Nike, we got it on lock

Cartier eye
I'm the bossman in a suit but no tie
I can't be sober, I gotta stay high
Pour me some syrup in a Canada Dry
Ridin' in the spaceship like Bonnie and Clyde
Don't worry, baby, I keep me some fire
Shenenehs and Birkins, she cannot decide
The latest Mercedes her go-to surprise
Don't sleep on miss lady, her pussy a prize
Dick in her back while I'm grippin' her sides
Bigger Maybach, this ain't regular size
We really fly, we like pelican glide
Bitch, you ain't slick, I can tell the disguise
Upgraded my wrist, put baguettes in that Sky
She sing, I might sign her and change her whole life
I told her to gargle and work on her highs

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Cash, money, checks, cash
Addy, Birkin, brand new extendos
I just wanna fuck the bitch by myself
I just passed her to the dawg like my Sprite

I took the Bentley coupe back, then I hopped in a Cayenne (Skrrt)
I put the bitch in the front of the Bentley, in front of the driver (Skrrt)
Ayy, man, this synthetic weed you can't smoke in the Rolls Royce, woah, woah
(Yeah, yeah)
I'm still double cupped up, I'm drinkin', I shoot off your tires, huh (Doo-
doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)
I'm in the coupe by myself
I had to kick a door when I was 5
Keep the awards on the shelf
Whole sixteen round in the fire
I'm sick and tired of these young niggas act like they firin', they tellin'

these lies
Actin' like they the ones created this and they get all the drip from my guy
s
Yeah, Cartier eyes
Cartier coat, Cartiers the watch
Cartier love, Cartier the thot
Cartier specs, buffalo on the side
Princess cut diamonds, they Cartier, yeah
Cartier bag for the Cartier thot
Sky Wrangler coupe with two hundred the dash
Cartier jeans, ain't no way I can sag
Ain't no way I'ma ever gon' go out bad
I can't go out, no way I'ma go out
I just grip on her ass and I show out
I sit like a champ and I wait on a hold-out
I just whip up a new Chanel Patek
I whip with the wrist and I don't break the door out
Turn the whole top floor to a whorehouse
Hundred racks in ones, dude brought the flood out

Hot, hot, hot, hot
Hot, hot, hot, hot
Hot, hot, hot, damn
Hot, hot, hot, hot