

Hot Box

Big Yavo

Skrirt
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Skrirt
Bitch-ass nigga, dumb-ass nigga
I'm loaded, look, ayy

Back in the day, used to pull up in hotbox
Now I pull up in a drop-top
Pull on the opp block, drop somethin', then
Pull up to the mall and go cop somethin', hold it
I ain't have shit, Yavo got a lot now
The bitch used to diss me, she givin' me top now, ayy
Good drank, bitch, I'm sippin' Wockhardt
I'm in the Scatpack dodgin' the cop cars

Stick like guitars, we pull up like rockstars
At the door with the stick, let it knock hard
Ayy, lil' niggas can't stand me, so they need a big chair
I'm slammin' P's like Ric Flair, ayy
I catch an opp and I'm gettin' at him, hittin' at him
Talkin' 'bout hundreds, I been had 'em
Ayy, and them fifties and twenties, I been stackin', gettin' at it
Back in high school, bitch, I been havin'
Ayy, and she told me before all the money, I been handsome
Police ask questions, don't get answers
Ayy, on the block for so long, startin' to feel like a stop sign
'Fore I turned ten, had a Glock 9, gang
My niggas robbin', I'm feelin' like Batman
I got paper and work in my backpack
Sellin' P's and Q's like math class
Bitch, I stay with four nines like San Fran
Baby, how high can you get? Feel like Meth Man
Glock stay with me, I call this bitch best friend
Glock stay with me like Spongebob and Patrick
I'm from the 'partment, this shit get Jurassic
Bullet bald head like O'Neal at the Magic
Cougar bitch and she hate when I'm saggin'
Still callin' me daddy 'cause she know a young nigga havin'
Glock 21, yeah, you know I'm a savage (Let's go)

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Stick like guitars, we pull up like rockstars
A Zae Production, we pull up and shoot somethin'
Money like plants, my nigga, I grew some
Ride with birds in Seattle, I feel like Lynch now
Get him knocked off for cheap in the hood, I got discounts
I'll get an opp drafted, look, I'm havin' real scouts
Big booty bitch eat the dick on the lil' couch
Too much money to fit in a lil' pouch

Too much money, gotta get me a SPRAYGROUND
Nigga play stupid, now you hear the K sound
My niggas slidin', they don't need no playground
No Scooby, on the road, my dogs like Greyhound
I say the bitch got glasses like Velma
I'm on the road with bags in the Mystery Van
Put rounds in his ass like the Michelin Man
Ayy, bitch, you play with my dog, then I'm siccin' his ass
Too much work in the bag, couldn't even get in the class
Ain't workin' shit out, put a bag on his ass
Sellin' birds like Tweetie, Jugg spinnin' like Taz
Like tight-ass pants, we gon' get on your ass
I ain't friendly like Stella, bitch, get off my grass
I ain't friendly like Stella, bitch, get out my yard
Got punch, no tonk, bitch, I'll pull your card
These niggas small fries, bitch, I'm goin' large, ayy

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