

Hot Sauce

Bizzy Banks

What? Uh (Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
Uh uh, get money

Look

Plug told me hit him when the work done
Lil' booties matter, told that lil' bitch to twerk some
I ain't tryna fuck, told her hit me when the purse come
When it's time to spin, niggas know I be the first one
We could turn them to a hole though, we could shirt some, uh
You ain't no killer, you ain't merk none
Out of all my friends, niggas knew I was the worse one
You ain't never had a gun, you ain't even burst one

Nigga, I was trappin' for a honey bun
You was out snackin', eatin' honey buns
Talkin' like a shooter, you ain't shooting none
I need two bitches, I ain't choosing one
I was in the trap, hitting two up on the one
Skipped music class, but I always kept a drum
I was told to re-up on the pack before it's done
Tryna keep up with my life, that'll leave you looking dumb
'Cause bitch, I'm spending top dollar
If you can't Prada me, then who the fuck you proud of?
If you ain't my bitch, then you ain't getting nada
Only Runtz up in this bag, I ain't got sour
No, I ain't got sour

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You ain't never shoot shit, nigga why you cap?
I ain't see you on your block, nigga where you at?
Had to find a wave on my own 'cause I ain't have a map
Shawty said she want me, tell that bitch that I ain't having that
Look, baby if you want me get my name tatted
How you jack that boy's gang, I heard that man ratted
Niggas always tough up on the net, but they don't want static
Niggas always jackin' gang 'til it's beef, they don't jack it
Why you tryna act like you Kobe? You gon' pass it
If your grip is dirty then the floor is where I'm ashing
I used to go sleep up in the trap, they had no mattress
How you broke with all this money around you, you got no passion

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