## **HOT BOY**

## Blaqbonez

Badman need no thermometer

Hot from spring to the summertime

What your girl needs is a BBC

So I chop her clean like a cannibal (Yeah, yeah)

In case you don't know I be Blaq to the bone
I no be the guy wey the girls go dey jonze
In case you don't know, I don dey smoke igbo
Think oh, think oh, 'fore you play for my zone, yeah
In case you don't know I be Blaq to the bone
I no be the guy wey the girls them dey jonze
In case you don't know, I don dey smoke igbo
Think oh, think oh, 'fore you play for my-

Knack am, knack am, knack am teach her carpentry
When I choke her neck she call me majesty
Me no like to chop another person thing
But if she come around I give her BBC
Bomboclaat me spread her leg like gymnastics
Me part it, eat that booty me nah care if it's plastic
Long as she looks like Nancy Isime, I put that booty in the air

Badman need no thermometer
Hot from spring to the summertime
Your girl needs this BBC
So I chop her clean like a cannibal (Yeah, yeah)

## Yeah

In case you don't know I be Blaq to the bone I no be the guy wey the girls them dey jonze In case you don't know, I don dey smoke igbo Think oh, think oh, 'fore you play for my zone

I keep many hoes, my life a large acre

You know what you need? A nice hard fuck, that will bring you back to your fucking senses
Jesus Christ

## Ayy, uh

They told me toxic music is sellin' But this one no be sales, this is real life, tell em' Share my pain then I count my blessin' One track on the album fit be about your girlfriend Shit is real I don't cuff nobody Shit that I seen, I don't trust nobody, love nobody Just need a girl with a bangin' body Diana Eneje come touch this body I watch her IG with sound off 'Cause man don't want no distractions Thinkin' about how she look takin' backshots A lot of girls hate me though but I be in the stu' pennin' daily flows I told her don't love me too much, but you know these hoes (Fuckin' asshole) Maybe it's abandonment issues Might need therapy someone to see too My dad left me mum had to hustle Let love in the mornin' just before breakfast Many thing life taught me before eight sharp

Never put a bitch before paper

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