

Hot

BlocBoy JB

The streets (hot, hot)
The hood (hot, hot)
The block (hot, hot)
The haters (hot, hot)
They mad (hot, hot)
Fasho (hot, hot)
I know (hot, hot)

I know that these niggas hot cause I'm getting guap and they really not
Whippin up the pot running up a knot if you owe me some cash give me all that you got
I'm in the trap with a glock 33 shots aim it at your top never miss a opp
When I let it pop the whole crowd get to running like ants off a rock
I'm your resident president bitch I'm Barack
My lil bitch she intelligent smart on the cock
If you mad at me why would you punch on the clock?
Before I punch on a nigga I point with the glock
You a snitch go to court and go point at your pops
Never told on a nigga bitch go check my docs
Where I'm from nigga we catchin bodies for props
Shoot that boy in the head make his whole body drop
I'm connected I feel like a layover
I smoke a blunt to the face get my day over
Opps in the hood and they think they gon take over
But we come in all colors like Crayola
It's hot in the streets and you know it
You say you got heart lil nigga come show it
He shot at me miss hit the back of the board
When I shot I didn't miss he in back of my Ford

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