

Hot Box

Bobby Brackins

Made another hit for the radio station

Turn it up in the hot box
Light it up in the hot box
Pour it up in the hot box
Let's fuck in the hot box
I brought my bruhs they down to ride, they down to ride
I brought my bruhs they down to ride, they down to ride
Yeah all my niggas down to ride, they down to ride
I brought my bruhs they down to ride

Took her to the east coast where Brooklyn at
Then we chillin on the west where Oakland at!?
Young niggas be wildin', and we smokin' that
Anywhere that we feel bro we holdin' that
Can't sit still bruh, yeah we rollin' that
Ooh wee, burn it on down for real
Poppin from the window to the wall to the ceiling
No homicides but I'm about to make a killing
Stay mobbing, is you with it?
You talk heat bruh, but we live it
Your girlfriend wanna visit
Boppa chose up when we lit it

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Light it up in the hot box
Light up baby
Pour it up in the hot box
Pour it up pour it up pour it up right now
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Roll up with the windows up
I'm still sippin' whiskey from the solo cup
She down for whatever cause she know what's up
I'm like, "Roll another one", she said "Oh yeah, yup"
Yeah, lookin' out for the rollers
Pass it to the left, I'm looking over my shoulders
Always had a chip, guess it's more so a boulder
I'm always 2 on, you don't never see me sober
Yeah, from the bay to the universe
I'll race you to a million, bet I'll do it first
Rap money stackin lots of yayper
I feel like '06, hot box the scraper, yeah
Yeee!

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We're gonna party and get on in this smoke
We can go roll baby, get faded and blow
I'll take you places never thought you would be
Baby let's hotbox; bring the drink and the trees

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