Now, they saying we're too hot New verses please, c'mon Malice Hot damn, it's a new day Hot damn, but them boys want the money man Uh-huh of course, 'fore you say what you say, hot damn My, how the boys roam, from roaming, Loc and come home, to homes of his own No catching up he's in a whole 'nother zone Still true to his roots, stay close to the chrome Haters stay clear of him, y'all stand cheer for him Got up out the game and overcame, let's hear it for him Keep a new toy, so, I wonder how could I not enjoy life, I'm re-living my childhood Big chain monsta, whip game bonkas Monster truck remind him of Tonka Diamond F color, plush gold still gutter My dealer's in the mills motherfuck' and I ain't studder Bitter sweet, my life's a musical From holding those to Bose gold, the Lord's beautiful Before him I'm too shamed to show my face But shit's so, mean I can't help but to fall from grace, motherfucker Hot damn, it's a new day Hot damn, but them boys want the money man Hot damn, when the white hit the pan it Twists and it tumbles it, flips and the fumbles I mix it like Gumbo, I pitch it so subtle I keep hustlers puzzled, Feds I got em wondering (Wondering) 'What Happened To That boy' Six maneuver, how'd I slip into that toy Is it the pimp, the crook, the hustling thing The man, the music that making a king I'm simply building my Ming A million men marchin' like condom [unverified] I'm the King Kong, my verse making the world sing My heart's on the sleeve for Your face is just like mine Peeking from bars hoping the sun shines on 'em But, you still got to watch the phonies Watch your homies, we got you homie Hot damn, it's a new day Hot damn, but them boys want the money man Uhh, handle the rock like none other Grits over the stove, head under the cupboard In the kitchen till the fume make me feel smothered The way it melt fiends, can't believe it's not butter The way it melt he won't cop from none other The he who holds O's like Krispy Kreme's oven Or easy bake, pink divvies make The presidential should look like strawberry shortcake, P Imagine that Rolls Royce crashed in, me unscratched in That millionaire boys club fashion Uh, you niggas is clones I hand out styles like ice cream cones, the fuck outta here That's Pha real, my gats is real The SL5 is lookin' like the Batmobile Chrome lids with the matching wheels

Uh, both chains probably match ya deal Y'all dudes is an act fa real, Pusha Hot damn, it's a new day Hot damn, but them boys want the money man  $\,$ Neither the sun or death can be looked at That's what an O.G told me That was the exact moment I decided to take a pact And if you owe me and if I decided to take it back It wasn't nicely expect Rosco to put you back, in place I'm what you call a destructive warpath It'll be a shell shower in today's forecast You a gangsta? I can't tell You diamonds don't glimmer when the light hit it Those jewels aren't genuine, 'cause if they was I'm nice with it I woulda' been took that That skinny stack in your pocket, I woulda' been shook that In this world you gotta watch it, I'm hear to warn ya Cats turned informant, over snow wrapped in wax My son's home crying, don't give me no slack Just put the motherfucking money in the bag These words are being said as I hide behind glove and mask Coat change not your typical crook I'm being watched look at the camera lens in the bush Hot damn, it's a new day Hot damn, but them boys want the money man