

HOT ONE

Denzel Curry

I can make money fro—
I can make money fro—
I can make money from the comfort of my sofa (Yeah, ho)
So much drive (Yeah), so much drive (Yeah)
So much drive, now I gotta get a chauffeur
(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath)
(Sixty-six thousand real folks strapped to bust yo' ass)
(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath)
(Sixty-six thousand real folks strapped to bust yo' ass)

I can make money from the comfort of my sofa
So much drive, now I gotta get a chauffeur
One day I'll be big, but I know I'm gettin' closer
Call me Denzel, AKA Big Ultra
The wo—, the world in my hands 'cause I took it off ya' shoulders
Marni on my fit, you know I got this shit from lower
I'm balling like Mike when you see him on the poster
Like Yachty, gotta keep one in my holster, strike

(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath) (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, woo)
Fuck around and catch a hot one to yo' temple, ho
(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath) (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)
Ain't shit changed but the number on my front door
(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath)
Fuck around and catch a hot one to yo' temple, ho
(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath)
Got a new chain, what you think I brought the strap for?

Ain't no beatin' me, I'm blessed in life
Money, dick, and dollar signs
Know you ain't gon' say it
Blow your top, let's see what's on your mind
Ex nigga, let him go 'cause how you broke like every time?
Fifty on my chest, I got like forty on my panty-line
If he said I did him dirty, sorry, but I needed mine
Ain't doin' crimes, he gon' do it for me 'cause I'm super fine
Out your mind, cookin' bitches up, I'm eatin' every time
Get on your grind, you bitches couldn't see me if you all combined

(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath) (Yeah-yeah, huh, yeah-yeah, woo, yeah)
Fuck around and catch a hot one to yo' temple, ho
(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath) (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)
Ain't shit changed but the number on my front door
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Got a new chain, what you think I brought the strap for?

Fuck a new chain, I got a new house
Oh, that's your boo thang? She need a new mouth
I flash the gold fangs, that's just my root canal
Every time I get dreads, I gotta move my bowels (Shit on niggas)
No kizzy, ain't feelin' them niggas

My bulletproof vest is made out of chinchilla
Walk through the trenches, no need for the hitters
I flip a lil milli', I copped me a villa
Diamonds is silly, more ice than Vanilla
Got on Ricky with Bottega Veneta
Walk in my section, you need an umbrella
Got this shit lit and we never gon' let up

(Fuck you, you gon' catch a hot one, too, feel my wrath) (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, woo)

Fuck around and catch a hot one to yo' temple, ho

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