

# Hot Boy Bling

French Montana

Welcome to 1st Class

Oh, lord, Jetson made another one

Ayy, mm, I hot boy bling-bling-bling (Bling)

Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Huh)

Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Mm)

Mm, ayy, ayy, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Mm)

Hot boys in the building

Ching-ching-ching, mm (Ayy)

Bad bitch pull up (Pull up)

Ting-ting-ting, mm (Ayy)

Whole team full of captains (Mm)

King, king, king (King)

We the best in the game, go and put him in the ring, baby

Ding-ding-ding (Ding)

Ball like Telfair, Sebastian ('Bastian)

Got a 'mil for every word in your caption (Caption)

I left them brown bag under the mattress (Mattress)

Got the thing tucked, came through the back with it (Ooh)

Everybody rich, started from the trap with us (Ooh)

Shawty bad, might pick her, no cap with it (Mm)

Run it up, came back to the trap with it (Trap)

20 years in the game, still that nigga (Hah)

Ayy, mm, I hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

Mm, ayy, ayy, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

Yeah, that boy high (High)

I'm that motherfucker that they try and boycott

Heard you was speakin' on me, boy, stop (Stop)

Crank this song, she was like "Oh, yeah" (Yeah)

French got big whips sittin' in the garage

Smells like money in the damn foyer

Got two pools and it got four yards

Big ass trees, sequoias

Fuckin' around with us, I'm sick for you (Ooh)

Range Rover, wasn't Explorer (Yeah)

Remember them girls used to ignore us

Now, she wanna be my señora

Is that your girl? (Girl) Shit, sort of

I got one in Georgia, in Florida

All she wanna do is hit Sephora

French went and got another hit chorus

Ayy, mm, I hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

Mm, ayy, ayy, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)

My first case was juvie

Hot boy, nigga, like Juve (Yeah)

Love a bad bitch hand out coochie

Ooh-wee, diamonds in the face be crushed up usually

Pop a Percocet, turn to a dog, Scooby

You can tell a nigga if he real from his jewelry  
Goggles from Gucci, my eyes is blurry  
Run up the check and I bribe the jury  
Hot boy bling-bling ride the Urus  
Blow a bag, when I go to Paris, I'm a tourist  
Shot a video on your hood, no security  
Glock twenty-three with a clip on Curry  
Got a lil' bitch from ATL  
Ass for some cash like, "Durk, you hear me?"  
Run up that check, check, check, check  
Go and go get, get, get, get, yeah, yeah

Ayy, mm, I hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)  
Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)  
Mm, hah, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)  
Mm, ayy, ayy, hot boy bling-bling-bling (Yeah)