

# Hotbox

Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro]

Ride for my niggas on site  
Ride for my niggas on site  
Ride for my niggas on site

[Verse: Joey BADA\$\$]

The flows is acidic  
Cruising in a slow-ass Civic, I got gas, hit it  
Hold up, cops passed, I stop, laugh, hit it  
Jakes is snake lizards, if they smell they won't come hither  
Nigga, I hisses at your misses  
Slither down her throat, spit her up, (mmm) delicious  
I'm too malicious, this one for my mistresses  
In distress, cause positions that I put 'em in could stretch  
Can't contest him, get the rude boy vexed  
True shotta give him two shots, rude bwoy fi dead  
Boom, bye bye in a batty man head  
The sooner I die, sooner them gets ahead  
So you do the math  
Put the pieces to the puzzles like Voodoo in the trap  
No strings attached  
In fact, it's all connected in the sense, neglected in the  
Cents, plus well collecting my respect

[Hook] X2

They say we too loud, we need to turn it down  
I copped a pound, now I'm 'bout to burn it down  
Hotbox in this bitch know I'm burnin' out  
And what I'm learning now is still more trees to go around

[Verse: NYCk Caution]

Pick the weapon up and use it  
Deceptive tactics never get between me and my music  
Reason for that livin' condition you livin' a witness, a god with his mic  
Starry nights ain't never come, cause they don't go where it's bright  
So how the fuck can I go shine, when my constellation dim  
I conversate with momma just to know where I begin  
Then condensate yo' armor so it's weaker by your limbs  
Blast the speakers when you speak up cause you bleak in measurement  
Stay relentless if you get it  
Second place is ours we're clocking in any minute (Alright)  
Cause first is not imagined  
They got me cursed with this new apparent future  
That I will never reinsert my fuckin' balance  
I'm a frog, you a cricket - once was just a tadpole  
And I'm still a tad poe' trying to fix it  
They ballin' with no limits, reckless in the Rari's  
So how the fuck you expect me to be civil in Civics

[Hook] X2

They say we too loud, we need to turn it down  
I copped a pound, now I'm 'bout to burn it down  
Hotbox in this bitch know I'm burnin' out  
And what I'm learning now is still more trees to go around