

Hey  
Hey I know I'm hot  
And you not, hah

All these niggas say they hot, shit you must not heard of Glock  
Mister pull up let it pop, mister don't play 'bout his guap  
And ever since a tot I been playin' 'round with them blocks  
Close your legs, ho give me top, and my coupe cruise like a yacht  
Pipe down lil nigga, you ain't hot  
I just left the lot, yeah you know I gets a lot  
Very large amounts, yeah you know what I'm about  
No we don't play around, get 'em in and get 'em out

Goddamn all this water got me drowning  
VVS's, forty thousand my medallion  
I been fly bitch, I don't need no pilot  
Every time I'm Gucci'd down, I be styling  
Racks for my shirt, belt, and shoes, I'm fresher than you  
Just pulled up in the coupe, had the kids like ooh  
No I don't wear no Trues, but my pockets on Buddha  
My chopper got a cooler, pull up, we bust your medula  
Goddamn Lil Glock, you too hot  
How you rack your bands and get another drop?  
How you put all of them diamonds in your watch?  
Why the fuck you go and get another charm?

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Same young nigga riding 'round with them rounds  
You just the same nigga riding 'round talking down  
Naw we don't play around, turn your smile into a frown  
Make my niggas clear the crowd  
Run in when them guns sound (gang shit)  
Ah shit, breaking news, he got hit with the tool  
They came up on the block and then they popped him and got loose  
They came up on the block and then they swepted it like a broom  
I came up off the block then turned all my rocks into jewels, bitch

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