

Hot

Meek Mill

(KJ, what you got goin' on, man?)
(Eza on the beat, he cooked that shit)
Fourth quarter
I ain't even gon' lie, man, I've been on some shit, lately
For real
(Yo, Nick Papz, make it slap)

I walk in the spot (Steppin')
I got what it takes to get to the top
The money I make, these niggas cannot compete
They know that I'm gettin' a lot
She give me the twat (Give me that)
Been countin' that pussy, I'm gettin' a lot
I know she a thot, still give her a shot
I fuck from the back 'til it's twistin' my sight
You know that I'm hot (Hot, hot, hot)

Yeah, this that city boy shit (Real city)
This shit crazy, we ain't even kiss, I put some shit on her wrist (Let's get it)
Shit was amazing, welcome the Lord's magic, flick of the wrist (Brr)
Pocket a chop' right next to the drop, you can't even pick up the shit
I gotta take a flick of this shit (Let's go)
I know my haters be sick of this shit
I put a bitch on a bitch (On a bitch)
Wake in the morning, I look in the mirror, it's crazy, I'm really this rich (Shit crazy)
Feedin' my children and makin' my millions, I'm really as real as it gets (For real)
Poppin' them wheelies and shit
I got a Glock with a ten on that shit and a switch on that shit, know we been on that shit
You know my niggas be sendin' that shit, we be goin' to war, we be pullin' that shit
We be spinnin' that shit, we be bendin' that shit, we be gettin' that money and spendin' that shit
Fives and tens and twenties, we never don't count 'em, we give 'em to women and shit
I be drummin' on jet with my members and shit, everybody in my hood gon' remember this shit (Yeah)
Swear to God that my hood gon' remember this shit
We can go back and forth like it's tennis lil' bitch, I don't go back and forth with no women and shit
Yeah, if we start it, you know we gon' finish it, yeah

I walk in the spot (Ooh)
I got what it takes to get to the top
The money I make, these niggas cannot compete
They know that I'm gettin' a lot
She give me the twat (Mmm, mmm)
Been countin' that pussy, I'm gettin' a lot
I know she a thot, still give her a shot
I fuck from the back 'til it's twistin' my sight
You know that I'm hot (Hot, hot, hot)

Hmm, hotter than juvie in '99 (Bah)
Drippin' Dior to my heel, pull up and hop out the whip to a lot of eyes (On

me)
I put this shit on, for real, mixin' top dollar designer with Jordan 5s (Ghetto)
Really like fuck these niggas, I gave 'em a couple tries, now I'm cuttin' ties (Fuck)
This my life, your entertainment, I want the money, fuck bein' famous
Why is you fifty-three, still bangin'? (Huh?) Sick of these niggas, put me in containment
Umbrella in the Rolls case it rain, goin' wherever the money take me (Grr)
All this forever, don't it never change, don't think about it but I miss her brain (On God)
Hit the switch, let the stick blow, to ride this wave, you need a big boat
Poppin' shit 'cause I was piss poor, hotter than grandmama Crisco (Go)
I taught my niggas to move a lil' smooth (Why?), you can't even tell what the feds sayin' (Spy)
I'm in DC with a red skin, big FN

I walk in the spot (Steppin')
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