

Hot Nigga

Problem

My nigga, Jus
Oh my God, I'm fuckin' focused
Chach'

Young Chachi be that hot nigga
Even my sister's with the shits, I seen her sock niggas
D. Cole, fiends suck it up like Popsicles
Young gunnas pull up busting off a tricycle
Clear the scene, turn your block into a ghost town
They all gone, all you talkin' to is ghosts now
No losses, nigga, all we know is victories
Need a pound? I had him meet me right on Century
He said, "How much you got?" I told him, "Barry Bond"
Loud and it's boomin', shit is cherry bomb
Do my stuff, take a flight, I'm on American
First class, three ounces in the carry-on
Bitch, I been the nigga since the fifth grade
When I ran up on Big Jason with the switchblade
He scared to death, bro bro, you can smell the shit stains
Not 'cause I'm hard, I had to prove his ass was bitch-made
I'm hungry, I wonder what your bitch made (She cooking)
Key word, we ain't bothered by the shift change
Diamond Lane Republic, all in NY, thuggin'
My guys, Jeezy and Young and Mase swoop up in something foreign
Hop up in them 'Raris then we smash out
Just see your bitch behind, she got her passed out
Five figure discount before I take a handout
Park the 'Raris, we about to pull the Lams out
Free Miller, though, young cracking my nigga, Hoota
Release date coming soon, I pray you see it sooner
Young Nick rollin' up J's, my nigga, lucky sleep
My new bitch push a Jeep, I fuck her twice a week
No, we don't do Felice, my meals is takeout
Stash rules, put more in than what you take out
We out here clocking Feragamos with the lace out
Bitches watching like the police on a stakeout
Yo, nigga, you's a mark like Sanchez
Cali king, I ain't talking 'bout no mattress
And your bitch a ho, I treat her like a sneaker show
Had her on the king, coming like a week ago

I'm Chewy, I'm some hot nigga
Like I talk to Shyste when I shot niggas
Like you seen him twirl then he drop, nigga
And we keep 'em nine millis on my block, nigga
And Monte keep it on him, he done dropped niggas
And Trigger he be wildin', he some hot nigga
Tones known to get busy with 'em Glocks, nigga
Try to run down and you can catch a shot, nigga
Runnin' through these checks 'til I pass out
And shorty give me neck 'til I pass out
I swear to God, all I do is cash out
And if you ain't a ho, get up out my trap house
I been sellin' crack since like the fifth grade
Really never made no difference what the shit made
Jaja taught me flip 'em packs and how to maintain
Get that money back and spend it on the same thing

Shawty like the way that I ball out
I be gettin' money 'til I fall out
You talkin' cash, dog, I goes all out
Shorty love the way that I floss out
Free Greezy though, let all of my dogs out
Mama said no pussy cats inside my doghouse
That's what got my daddy locked up in the dog pound
Free Phantom though, let all of my dogs out
We gon' pull up in that hooptie, like we cops on 'em
With M16's, we gon' put some shots on 'em
I send a lil thot to send the drop on 'em
She gon' call me up and I'm a sick the hots on 'em
Grimey savage, that's what we are
Grimey shooters dressed in G-Star
GS9, I go so hard
But GS for my gun squad
And bitch if it's a problem we gon' gun brawl
Shots poppin' out the AR
I'm with Trigger, I'm with Rasha, I'm with A-Rod
Broad daylight and we gon' let 'em things bark
Tell 'em niggas free Meeshie, ho
Some way, free Breezy, ho
And tell my niggas, Shmurda teamin', ho
Mitch caught a body about a week ago
Fuck with us and then we tweakin', ho
Run up on that nigga, get to squeezin', ho
Everybody catching bullet holes
Niggas got me on my bully, yo
I'm a run up, put that gun on 'em
I'm a run up, go dumb on 'em
Niggas got me on that young shit
Got me on that go dumb shit

Got me on that go dumb shit, man
Trap mode in this motherfucker, hotter than a bitch
Ayo, pour up, I need some more drank