

# Hostess

## Rudimental

I'm your motherfuckin' hostess  
Hot Benz, all tens, got the most-est  
Raise a motherfuckin' flute for the toast, yeah  
Locked in, tell your friends where we posted, uh  
I'm your motherfuckin' hostess  
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You can pop bottles if you want  
Givin' off charm, hangin' bitches from your arm  
So you think you've got style, but you don't  
You're not comin' in, even with your Gucci coat  
I'm a-lookin' at the ice on your throat  
Talkin' so big, boy, I hope you don't choke  
And you got a little somethin' on your nose  
You ain't comin' in, it's a broke-free zone  
Yeah, I know you're leasing your Lambo  
Arms so jacked like you're Rambo  
Yeah, I know you never seen a bankroll (Ah, ah)  
Yeah, I know you're leasing your iPhone, yeah  
Play the bad boy, but you're Santo, yeah  
Really think you're Rocky, but you're Fat Joe  
Scaramouche, do the Mitch fantango

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What you gon' do with these?  
Double digits, six figures, ice earrings  
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See me in my story in my villa, uh (Uh, yeah)  
I be by the cupboard with the liquor, uh (Uh, yeah)  
Queen of the desert like Priscilla, uh (Uh, uh)  
No pre-game, no mixer, yeah  
Did your mama tell you all the dos and don'ts?  
It's a girls night, shoulda stayed at home  
Man, I could really do without your cheap cologne  
You could empty out a room with your pheromones  
Did your mama tell you all the dos and don'ts?  
You can't even touch me in my Saint Laurent  
Tryna catch a bag, but you can't get stoned  
Brag about your boys, but you're all alone

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