

Hot Steppa

Ruff Ryders

Wake up, wake up in the mornin and I get on my bullshit
Get on my bullshit, get on my bullshit
Wake up in the mornin and I get on my mob shit
Get on my fly shit, get on my live shit
The, hot steppa, number one hot steppa yeah
Hot steppa, number one hot steppa yeah
Hot steppa, number one hot steppa yeah
Hot steppa (number one, one, one!)

People always talkin but they ain't sayin nothin
Get a lil' paper then they go straight to somethin
I ain't gotta talk about the bottoms that's on my heels
Ask your man about it, he be up on my heels
I be up on my wheels, the four-door for real
Fuckin up the traffic, the rap heat is ill
Damn... by all means jackin [?] chic
Back at it, it's E-V-E

Yo, I keep hearin questions, when I'm comin they keep askin
I be in the cut in all black like an assassin
People stay hungry so I gotta feed the masses
Never really left, though I be everlastin
Superstar status, gettin pedi's on the jet mayne
Worldwide traveller, hot, call me blue flame
Damn right, you know the girl name
Wake up in the mornin and I'm back up on my shit again

Yeah, she fresh off the plane, from Siberia
Where it's colder than a hoe's heart nigga!
She just gettin started
And this ain't even on the album
Y'all last on the finish line
You the turtle, I'm the rabbit nigga!
We still smackin y'all around
Yeah! E-V, Eve
This ain't even the album cut
She's still on your heels man... uhh