

# Hot Boy

Saweetie

(Daddy, what did you get me today?  
What's in the bag?  
It better be some ice  
Hahaha...  
For real, quit playing with me (Icy)  
Like, I want all that shit  
Give it to me)

Hot boy  
Throwin' signs out the top, got the drop on the block, boy  
Too soon, don't shoot when I'm ridin' on top, boy  
I'm a cold bitch, so you know I need a hot boy  
Let's make the block hot, boy  
Hot boy, hot boy, he be on the block  
Keep the buzzer on him 'cause the game don't stop  
Hot boy, hot boy, tell me what you want  
I love them, I love them hot boys  
I'm a cold bitch, so you know I need a hot boy  
Let's make the block hot, boy

Bad bitch from the Bay with a ratchet side  
He pull up with that stick, let that ratchet ride  
My side baby in some Prada, know he gotta take me out  
But he don't even drop me off when it's trappin' time  
Move the rock like Beyoncé, on the Kardash' like he Kanye  
Welcome to the good life  
If he playin' with me, 808 and heartbreak  
Treat me right, he gon' get that good-good all night  
Money on his head, I could raise that price  
When you ridin' with Saweetie, they gon' want your wife  
Keep the rake just in case somebody wan' bite  
He wish a nigga would, but a bitch just might  
I'm icy with the curve, icy with the curve (Ice)  
We gon' keep it low-key like he flip a bird (Hella low)  
He would leave the game behind if I said a word  
But I love the way he look when he with the work

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My hot boy keep it hot with the ice on (Yeah)  
Got the buffalo tusk with the mink coat (Uh-huh)  
He move that white girl to the rich white folk  
That the rich white kids put inside they white nose  
Rich black girl ridin' in his white ghost  
We throw fifty racks cash at the ice store (Hoo)  
His jeweler know he only choose it if it's froze  
That's why he chose the icy girl with the white toes (Ice)

Burner in his glovebox, givin' me a rush  
Top down through the hood, all eyes on us  
Keep his chains on when he beat it up (Uh)  
And when he do, it's like we fuckin' with the lights on us  
Paparazzi flash, he might let the nine bust  
But he wanna make it last, tried not to act up (Nope)  
Fuck me like he hate me 'cause he know I like it rough  
I said "Make it hot, boy," "Comin' right up"

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(So what are you 'bout to do? Uh, yeah)  
I hate the things you do, I hate the things you say  
You always call my phone and find a way into my place  
We argue all day long, password not to my phone  
I wish you would quit, but you went and figured that I'm with that someone e  
lse  
I (Uh), I can't deny (Uh), woodgrain the ride (Uh)  
You're not the one, I jumped the gun, I can't decide (Uh)  
Sleepless nights (Uh), start to fight (Uh)  
Darling, be, just lie to me, I don't mind  
I don't (Uh), mind