

# Hot

Young Thug

Wheezy outta here  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
Hot, hot, hot, hot

Everything litty, I love when it's hot  
Turned up the city, I broke off the notch  
Got some more millis, I keep me a knot  
I created history and made me a lot  
He tried to diss me and ended on Fox  
We call them chopsticks 'cause they gonna chop  
Took her out of Follies 'cause her pussy pop  
I run it like Nike, we got it on lock

Cartier eye  
I'm the bossman in a suit but no tie  
I can't be sober, I gotta stay high  
Pour me some syrup in a Canada Dry  
Ridin' in the spaceship like Bonnie and Clyde  
Don't worry, baby, I keep me some fire  
Shenenehs and Birkins, she cannot decide  
The latest Mercedes her go-to surprise  
Don't sleep on miss lady, her pussy a prize  
Dick in her back while I'm grippin' her sides  
Bigger Maybach, this ain't regular size  
We really fly, we like pelican glide  
Bitch, you ain't slick, I can tell the disguise  
Upgraded my wrist, put baguettes in that Sky  
She sing, I might sign her and change her whole life  
I told her to gargle and work on her highs

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Cash, money, checks, cash  
Addy, Birkin, brand new extendos  
I just wanna fuck the bitch by myself  
I just passed her to the dawg like my Sprite

I took the Bentley coupe back, then I hopped in a Cayenne (Skrtrt)  
I put the bitch in the front of the Bentley, in front of the driver (Skrtrt)  
Ayy, man, this synthetic weed you can't smoke in the Rolls Royce, woah, woah  
(Yeah, yeah)  
I'm still double cupped up, I'm drinkin', I shoot off your tires, huh (Doo-  
doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)  
I'm in the coupe by myself  
I had to kick a door when I was 5  
Keep the awards on the shelf  
Whole sixteen round in the fire  
I'm sick and tired of these young niggas act like they firin', they tellin'

these lies

Actin' like they the ones created this and they get all the drip from my guys

Yeah, Cartier eyes

Cartier coat, Cartiers the watch

Cartier love, Cartier the thot

Cartier specs, buffalo on the side

Princess cut diamonds, they Cartier, yeah

Cartier bag for the Cartier thot

Sky Wrangler coupe with two hundred the dash

Cartier jeans, ain't no way I can sag

Ain't no way I'ma ever gon' go out bad

I can't go out, no way I'ma go out

I just grip on her ass and I show out

I sit like a champ and I wait on a hold-out

I just whip up a new Chanel Patek

I whip with the wrist and I don't break the door out

Turn the whole top floor to a whorehouse

Hundred racks in ones, dude brought the flood out

Hot, hot, hot, hot

Hot, hot, hot, hot

Hot, hot, hot, damn

Hot, hot, hot, hot