

# Hot (Remix) [feat. Gunna and Travis Scott]

## Young Thug

Wheezy outta here  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
Hot, hot, hot, hotHot, hot, hot, hot  
Hot, hot, hot, hotEverything 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, it goes through 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  
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 lockCash, money, checks, cash  
Addy, Birkin, bring the bitch sandals  
I just wanna fuck the bitch by myself  
I just passed her to the dawg like my SpriteI took the Bentley coupe back, then I hopped in a  
Cayenne (Skrrt)  
I put the bitch in the front of the  
Bentley, in front of the driver (Skrrt)  
Haven't had a sip

That that weed you can't smoke in  
The Rolls Royce, woah, woah (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm strapped up, I'm 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 five  
Keep the old ones 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 spread, 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  
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  
Hundreds racks in ones, dude brought the flood out Hot, hot, hot, hot  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
Hot, hot, hot, damn  
Hot, hot, hot, hot

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>