

# Hot Out

## Troy Ave

Look at the degrees, it say 90 but it feel like 100  
I'm hot boy, to it, who you think they talk to  
The bad bitches, the mad niggas, that's who my gun for  
Blast stitching and blast thinner, they both down for  
Five on the hippie, five in the whippy  
Me and seven in the seven cities, would you bet me  
And two friends yelling no new friends  
Giving them D, breaking in dope, cool love end for the week shift  
Barbeque on the block, too dope for beaches  
My ' features sun kiss, orange G shit, pull back top when the ill black jock  
Oh, that's my homey J, yo, put away that Glock  
My shooters be ready and deadly, I trained them well  
My women be plenty and friendly, they kiss, don't tell  
The fish gonna fry itself in the kitchen, we moving on up  
Free all my niggas from they cells, boy on commission  
Ball players, swag, inside out, bunch of fly bitches outside when it's hot out  
90 degrees, only right I bring the drop out, slipping please  
You know I'm here with the black out  
Moving on white like Jesus, ice, no freezers  
Niggas can't see us and the girls wanna freak us  
Summertime trill, yeah, I'm coming out the speakers  
Out there, find me on the block, getting mine up I made it, classic moves and classic shoes  
With a Cuban linked on, that's some classic jewels  
My homie Yankee pulled the red Porsche on the boat up  
And the girls want the call, yeah, we like, show, show  
But we got all sorts, black, white, Asian and Spanish girls  
At the la marina look amazing, the navy gazing, we blazing  
Playing, spazzing, and johnny pump open, hold it down, don't spray her  
Mammy with the polka, water gun, see her soaked up  
But only we her hair if you paying to do it over  
'Cause chicks get mad and trip like six flags  
High rollers, no coasters, fill the cups, place cash on the floor  
Dice games for twenty or more  
No ass bet, just ice cheddar, it's the allure of the streets  
Mixed in with the heat in this jungle of concrete I got soul for cheap, word  
Ball players, swag, inside out, bunch of fly bitches outside when it's hot out  
90 degrees, only right I bring the drop out, slipping please  
You know I'm here with the black out  
Moving on white like Jesus, ice, no freezers  
Niggas can't see us and the girls wanna freak us  
Summertime trill, yeah, I'm coming out the speakers  
Out there, find me on the block, getting mine up Summertime, summer grind, some will know,

some will shine

I'm just getting money representing for the streets  
Summertime, summer grind, some will know, some will shine

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>