

# Hot Box (feat. Method Man & Joey Bada\$\$)

JID

Oh yeah  
DJ Drama I'm trapped in my mind, I need help (I need help)  
I'm still going, gangster  
I sit back and recline, and inhale (And inhale)  
Bitch I'm back on my grind, you can't tell  
(You can't tell)  
When I hit the spliff, only time we face L's Uh, okay, I stepped in this bitch like  
I stepped in some shit  
Right, left, right, left, left, hop, dip, skip  
J.I.D, dipshit, the spliff lit, I'm lifted  
I'm finna hit the zip lick for zip-lock bags  
So keep your lip zipped  
Shit poppin' like ten zits, I got a little weed oil  
Pull it when the pen lit, that's a good drag  
He be high off it in a minute, and that's a good bag  
I got it from my Cali plug and she's a dentist  
Back in the book bag, I roll it, light it  
No look pass, that's too gassy, sulfuric acid  
Girl you nasty  
Now the lips of this spliff is, like  
Wet as shit from your lipstick  
You could just have it, but you still gotta fatty  
Still managing to come up with  
The magic in the true fashion  
J.I.D Milly Rockin' through the madness  
(Madness)  
Silly cockroaches don't forget the  
Glock is closer to me  
So when you approach him or  
Greet him do it with kosher (kosher)  
We can smoke and you can watch me roll it up  
Stay away from them niggas  
Tryna sneak Cosby in your cup  
Told you one time  
I ain't gon' do molly with you, but  
You so fine, I'd try and do some molly off your butt  
I ain't tryna sabotage your killer vibe, I made a joke  
So I can hide what it is I really feel inside  
But in your mind, I be wildin' in them high  
Out of my mind  
M-E-T-H  
Ayy, look

Light a booger up, wedgie in the butt, yep  
We pulling up  
My cup runneth over, theirs ain't full enough  
They bad, but that ain't good enough  
They mad 'cause they  
Ain't half of what I'm cookin' up  
Taraji out in line  
Giving cookies a plug in my supply  
Need a jumper cable, why?  
Gon' hook me up, the devil is a lie (lie)  
Who won't shush me up, I heard he got that fire  
Gon' kush me up, I'm gone  
Push me up, mister how high  
That I can kiss the sky  
Gon' look me up  
She pushing up her bra  
Like cookies looking cushy in the jaw  
Told her book me, hit the nookie up tomorrow  
See police be tryna book me  
'Cause they put me in Segal  
You's a rookie  
I'ma boogie 'fore you put me in the car  
I got beef with my connect, I'm vexed  
'Cause you see his THC is not correct  
I think he should not collect  
Not upset, I ain't trippin', what  
He pitchin' out his best  
Should be glad my hand is gripped  
Around his spliff and not his neck, yes  
This not a bogie, you already know the smell  
Not that codeine  
I heard that lean is deadly for your health  
If you know me  
Then know that I already got some L's  
Smoke some OG, so you can smoke  
That reggie by yourself  
Ha, I'm trapped in my mind  
I need help (I need help)  
I sit back and recline, and inhale (And inhale)  
Bitch I'm back on my grind  
You can't tell (You can't tell)  
When I hit the spliff  
Only time we face L's (Face L's)Eenie miney moe, I pick a flow and set sail  
J.I.D and Joey, they say we the best out  
They studying the methods  
Tell them 'pass the sesh now'  
I'm a walking legend walking with my chest out  
Please babe don't you push me  
'Cause I'm off the X, yo

My silence got 'em politician' with  
Them hedged outs  
You hooked up on my findings  
I'm hooked on this Kim, though  
I smoke on the regular  
You smokin' that Reginald  
Look y'all ain't ready for this, I'm back spasmin'  
Chain too heavy, it's giving me back spasm  
Pardon the sarcasm, inside it's all pessim'  
I rides the beat until it have a bargasm  
Pregnant pause  
Bitch I might shoot the club up  
I'm way too raw, I'm going in without a rubber  
I'm smokin' on this fire batch, it got me raisin' hell  
While I hold this Mac-11 screaming "fuck twelve" I'm trapped in my mind, I need help (I need help)  
I sit back and recline, and inhale (And inhale)  
Bitch I'm back on my grind  
You can't tell (You can't tell)  
When I hit the spliff  
Only time we face L's (Face L's)  
I'm trapped in my mind, I need help  
I sit back and recline, and inhale  
Bitch I'm back on my grind, you can't tell  
When I hit the spliff, only time we face L's Right up  
That's what you call generations  
And generation now  
Know that, J.I.D

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

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