When It's Hot You need another drink What cha' think A nigga gonna do Go outside Smoke a blunt in the car and come back And get some love in the club I see a lot of hoes They all on my dick Bunch of player haters want to front for a bitch If a bitch want to fuck me Then let her do her thing Just step the fuck back and let her give me brains I'm insane like who'm sayin' It's like I got two brains See my shoe game Hate'm shit's butane Y'all niggas too lame My bill game like poon tang Nine niggas on a track like Wu Tang Shoot like two God from too lame Big ving-rang niggas at the door like... like... like... you rang? No need for ID Walk straight past security they don't search me Put three numbers in my phone for RS-VIP When It's Hot You need another drink What cha' think A nigga gonna do Go outside Smoke a blunt in the car and come back And get some love in the club On the block (On the block) And on the street (On the street) They keep banging They keep banging them trees No seeds in my cigarillo We be blacker than romillo Tasting like Sugar Hills Let me pop another pill Silver eighteen hundred Kryptonite (Yep yep yep!) I'm on it No not superman you can call it x-clan Black red and green to see All my bitches eat pussy like missy But they look like Chrissy From Three's Company Roll another blunt for me Smoke so much weed like I'm trying to live my memory Like I'm trying to smoke away my mad thoughts Blunt gave 'em up, a bit too bad go She wanna hit it (hit it) And I do too

I ain't talkin' bout the weed bitch I'm talking 'bout you!

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