

# Hot Spot

## Foxy Brown

[Verse 1]

Ayo! Rhyme or crime, let's get it on  
MC's wanna eat me but it's Ramadan  
Peep what's on the arm, when it's ice it's ice  
When I'm right, I'm right, when you're wrong, you're wrong  
I'm the bomb, records is platinum, skin is bronze  
Flows all night like vintage Dom  
Been this nice since umm, the first Prince bomb  
Before "The Artist Was Known As" wit my grown ass  
Haters said it won't last, know how many birds I flown past  
Celly on roam, full belly, first class  
And I don't play, I watch them pockets  
Know y'all niggas go broke after you cop them watches  
See you in the club, no bub' nigga pop it  
Then you wanna fuck, give it up nigga, not this  
My coat is ostrich, flow is the hottest  
You ain't got dough, you can't go with the Fox bitch

[Chorus]

You can catch me at the hot spot cause I Fox, I plots  
At the bar y'all, all night, I pops  
Is it alright, sho' you right, you can't stop it  
This is our world, me and my girls  
You can catch me at the hot spot, I Fox, I plots  
At the bar y'all, all night, I pops  
Is it alright, sho' you right, you can't stop it  
This is our world, me and my girls

[Verse 2]

Yo! Cats bustin out the six, cash flushin out the niggas  
Platinum heart in half hangin 'tween the two tit-ties  
Scheme on your team, lookin over graph pictures  
Pick the finest, then I put it on the minors  
Love, after the club, meet me at the diner  
So you can bring your boys, we got ten cars behind us  
Order a steak, a glass of OJ to break-fast  
Hop in the car and head straight up Eighth Ave  
The night is young, I'm likin son  
Either he don't have one, or his wife is dumb  
His whole hand numb, nigga iced his thumb

Pull up my tights some, enticin him  
You can handle the work, I'll play wit it  
Til he curve and swerve nigga, stay wit it  
Bitches in the club they, hated it  
Cause I put my mack down then I, skated it

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

You can catch me at the Expo', Jacob Jav  
Knocking Jigga out the Navigator, layin back, I stay in that  
Me fallin off? Imagine that, it's not the case  
I'm sittin' on Top of the World like Brandy and Mase  
You wanna, buy me a drink, nigga hand me a case  
Big ballin bitch, I want all of this shit  
Six AMG's with the spoiler kit  
Chromes from the fac', phones front and back  
CoCo, flow, niggas is wantin that  
Out they vehicles, niggas is bumpin that  
I heard you wanna stop Fox, tell me how so  
I got that New York, to the Dirty South flow  
Whole album hot, even the outro  
This time around I'm tryin to do about fo'  
This is for my niggas and bitches who count dough  
And y'all in the club I make 'em bounce

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Hot spot, bar y'all  
Alright, our world  
Hot spot, bar y'all

Alright, our world

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