

Make It Hot

Lil Mama

I, I came to put it down
Straight from New York to da A-Town
Haters wanna see me down
I ain't even put, put, put it down And when I'm flippin' the script and they gon be like-Oh
And if I skip em' or chip em' they gon be like-No
Cause when I'm spittin' they sittin' cause they already-Know This Real Music I Make It Hot It's
Little Mama voice of the young people
Mouthpiece for the young breeze so slow ya speed. Whoa!
I'm about dat fetty, about that dat dough, about dat flow
After me that's as far as it goes
Cause Little Mama got whips and chains
The only time you see it bark is at a tear for I'm a walk ya game
Been G'd up since Hawk was lain
So you doubt me you doubt ya brain
Must, must be insane to ever thinkin' that a chick like B could ever, ever see a chick like me
That's Crazy!
And if you ever thought that it might be
Then you betta step ya J-O-B, Up Baby!
Been crazy since I was a baby!
Now ya girl switch write bars and spit crazy
Let the whole world know I gets crazy!
Wit da music I make it hot
Hot, hot my lyrics be popping
Oh how I could just spit it so sloppy
The way that I be rocking they probably think I'm cocky
But they don't know about me I grab it til I lock it-Down
They pointin' fingaz and chose me cause I'm a hold it-Down
I'm spittin records and bet this you can't control it-Now
They spinning' records and notice that I'ma hold it-Down
Wit da music I make it pop Pop, Pop dough school, pro tool,
Get in da booth and I'ma show you how a pro do
Me to you whom
Not even I could stand up when I
Why try look, my eyes don't lie
I don't see nobody close as I
I been lookin' through my periphial vision and I
Start to wonder hypnosed is I
Nobody as nice as I remember that I, I, I,
It's Little Mama!
Voice of the Young People! This Real Music I Make It Hot It's Little Mama!

