

I'm Really Hot

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Ho! Ho
Ho! Ho, go, go!
Ho! Ho
Ho! Ho, go, go!
I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm really really
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
Let me holla at the DJ
Come on DJ, put that record on the replay
Don't you see how them bitches move they booty
Every time you play this record smell they coochie, follow them
Screamin' like a groupie
Misdemeanor move my nookie like a hoochie
Fuck them haters, haters fuck whatever you say
Because you know I'm too cool for you, anyway
I'm just a bad bitch, M I S miss
I'm gone keep talking shit till you get this
I'm gone bust up in the club with no guest list
The other artists I'll keep em' all restless
I don't French kiss, unless it's 50 Cent
Vivica we can share him like the President
Tabloids, I don't care it's irrelevant
I'm heaven sent, now watch how I do this shit
Ho! Ho
(I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm)
Ho! Ho, go go!
Ho! Ho
(Hot, hot, hot, hot)
Ho! Ho, go go!
I'm really, really hot
Every time my records drop
Radio says I won't stop
'Cause I'm killin' 'em
You don't know what you talking 'bout
People thank I was Suge when I come out
My album hit hard when I roll out
Y'all records make a bitch wanna throw 'em out, and that's no doubt
See I rock bells, fly as hell and cool as it verdells
Baby can't you tell, I lick my lips like I'm LL
And I'm doin' it and doin' it and doin' it well

Straight to the hotel
I'm sober bitch, so boy you gets tail
Kiss, kiss and still you gets nowhere
Just two blue balls down in your underwear, I play unfair
I'm a hot gal, fly cars and stars in strip bars
It ain't hot if I'm not there
I'm a true playa, you can find me up in any record store
Hurry up and get yours
Ho! Ho
(I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm)
Ho! Ho, go go!
Ho! Ho
(Hot, hot, hot, hot)
Ho! Ho, go go!
I'm really, really hot
Every time my records drop
Radio says I won't stop
'Cause I'm killin' 'em
Look, let me move to the left
Go head, let me feel myself
Touch my chest my sweat
Show the DJ how I shake my breast
Jingle, jingle, jangle, watch how my gludeous dangle
I do a one-two step, stop! No, I ain't done yet
Everybody in the club go to work
Tight jeans, crop shirts, short skirts
I'm gon' rock to the beat till it hurt
I'm gon' drop it on the street, yeah you heard
Haters I flip the bird, got guns, so what I ain't scared
I came to boogy and swerve, hang-line folk that's my word
Ho! Ho
(I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm)
Ho! Ho, go go!
Ho! Ho
(Hot, hot, hot, hot)
Ho! Ho, go go!
I'm really, really hot
Every time my records drop
Radio says I won't stop
'Cause I'm killin' 'em
Release yourself
Release yourself
I'm really hot

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