

# Hot!

## Nik & Jay

5, 9 (10, 11), 12, 18 (what!)

She's the one you thought would never do a solo LP

Yeah, now what chick could outsell me?

Drama comes in dozens and I know you love it

A rose is still a rose, so I rose above it

The more that they see the woman got a mind of her own

The less that they want a part of my throne, it figures

But the more they compare me to the ones they could own

They know they never should have left me alone

I'm bigga

No doubt

Money gang and my G's is up

Treat me like David Blaine and freeze me up

Let me address the issue

I'm super not superficial

Spoil me

The only statement I'm makin' is royalties (rock the dollars)

Seven digits never under my bank account hold

Numbers like your phone number, plus area code

Gamble with your career

Go ahead chance her

See what happened with scrubs on my records

Deserve answers

Oh Left Eye

What's happenin'?

Everybody wanna know where the hell you been

Oh Left Eye

Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs

Everybody loves Miss Left Eye

What's happenin'?

Everybody wanna know where the hell you been

Oh Left Eye

Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs

Everybody loves Miss Left Eye

[Chorus]

Hot hot (burn)

Hot hot  
Hot hot hot (burn)  
Hot hot  
Hot hot hot (burn)  
Hot hot  
Hot hot  
L-E-F-T-E-Y-E  
Hot hot

3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 15

Whole bunch of names on your credit in pubs  
Tryin' to be loved  
I'm 30 mill and a fan club  
What you got signed for  
I spent on some rugs  
DVD's and TV's and that's just in the car  
Borderline genius  
Scientists swear by me  
Imagine Einstein in Carmen Jones's body  
Gave you auditions  
They say I'm a gymnast in business  
My summersault your positions  
Waste not whatnot  
I don't want your nothing  
On top she's hot  
No discussion  
I'm a diva  
Teacher (to the rap game)  
Here when it started I'll be here when it change  
Started more careers than Quincy Jones  
Other rap chicks actin' funny since she's home  
Do it again and again  
Expect her to  
Left Eye you expect me to respect you too

Oh Left Eye  
What's happenin'?  
Everybody wanna know where the hell you been  
Oh Left Eye  
Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs  
Everybody loves Miss Left Eye  
What's happenin'?  
Everybody wanna know where the hell you been  
Oh Left Eye

Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs  
Everybody loves Miss Left Eye

[Chorus: x2]

12, 15

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written by STINSON, DANA/GRANT, RAYMOND/GRANT, RICHARD/HORTON, TRACEY

ADAM/LOPES, LISA NICOLE

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