

# Hot Tottie (Ft. Jay-Z) (Prod. by Polow Da Don)

Usher

They call me King Hov, copy?

They call me King Hov, copy?

They call me King Hov, copy?

They call me King Hov, copy?Yeah, man

I'm like oh Kimosabe

Your body is my hobby

We're freakin'

This ain't cheatin'

as long as we tell nobody

Tell your girls you're leaving

I'll meet you in the lobby

I'm so cold, yeah you that hot tottie

Hot tottie (hot tottie)

Hot tottie (thought I'd never fall in love, thought I'd never fall in love)I see you like it tough,

I hear you baby

Claiming you a bad bitch, show me, baby

I'm a wild boy

You tryin' tame me, baby

'Til I get away from the house,

Can you keep me faithful

Got a lot of girls

Got a lot of flavors

That's why when I hit 'em they all need to return the favor

Yeah I hear you, what you sayin'

But I hear you babe

That you get with me to the point where I'm screaming your nameSaid I'm tryin' get your clothes off

From what I'm seeing you look so soft

It's your body, what I'm goin' off

Say you go ride it, just don't fall off

Yeah I done had a lot of women

They tell me what they can do

But can you show me babe ooh

Yeah you got me likeI'm like oh Kimosabe

Your body is my hobby

We're freakin'

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Tell your girls you're leaving

I'll meet you in the lobby

I'm so cold, yeah you that hot tottie

Hot tottie (hot tottie)  
Hot tottie (thought I'd never fall in love, thought I'd never fall in love)I'm a choosey lover  
I pick 'em up  
Talk a lot of shit, I hope its good as you puttin' out  
Yeah, you fancy, huh  
I'm tryin' pull you out  
I see there's a lot of girls standing round  
She say,  
You claim you're the best  
And I only want the best  
So I said, haI ain't gonna be here long, girl  
I'm tryin' get you home and get your clothes off  
Skeet, skeet a couple off and then you doze off  
You claiming it's better weather if I took it off  
So you go ride on, just don't fall off  
Yeah I done had a lot of women  
They tell me what they can do  
But can you show me babe  
Yeah you got me likeI'm like oh Kimosabe  
Your body is my hobby  
We're freakin'  
This ain't cheatin' as long as we tell nobody  
Tell your girls you're leaving  
I'll meet you in the lobby  
I'm so cold, yeah you that hot tottie  
Hot tottie (hot tottie)

Hot tottie (thought I'd never fall in love, thought I'd never fall in love)I'm so good, I'm so good  
I'm so good, I'm so good  
I'm so good, I'm so good  
I'm so good, I'm so good  
Give me that hot tottie  
Will you be my hot tottie?  
She said she wanna make me better  
She wanna make me better(Wait a minute, mother fucker)They call me King Hov, copy?  
They call me King Hov, copy?  
They call me King Hov, copy, copy, copy?  
They call me King Hov, copy?  
Big ballin' is my hobby  
So much so they think I'm down with the Illuminati  
My watch do illuminate  
My pockets are knotty  
But I'm God body, y'all better ask somebody  
I was born a God  
I made myself a king  
Which means I down graded to a human being

You was born a Goddess  
I made you my queen  
Which means we upgraded to Louis the thirteen  
Hot tottie, her poppy like cognac  
Her momma like herb tea  
We birthed a couple of sacks  
And as the tea steeped, I creeped all in her tee-pee  
We did it Indian style, had the girls speaking  
In tongue she like young, you hung, what you done, done  
Stop it fore you wake up my momma might (ah)  
Now that I've arrived it's time that I go  
I'm so cold, I'm so cold I'm like ooh Kimosabe  
Your body is my hobby  
We're freakin'  
This ain't cheatin' as long as we tell nobody  
Tell your girls you're leaving  
I'll meet you in the lobby  
I'm so cold, yeah you that hot tottie  
Hot tottie (hot tottie)  
Hot tottie (thought I'd never fall in love, thought I'd never fall in love) I'm so cold, I'm so cold (ho)  
I'm so cold, I'm so cold (ho)  
I'm so cold, I'm so cold (ho)  
I'm so cold, I'm so cold (ho)  
I need a hot tottie  
Will you be my hot tottie?  
She said she wanna make me better  
She wanna make me better

Songwriters

RAYMOND, USHER / CARTER, SHAWN / DAWSON, PAUL / DEAN, ESTER / JONES, JAMAL

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