

# This Is Why I Rock(ft. Purple Popcorn)

## MIMS

[Chorus]  
This is why I'm hot  
This is why I'm hot  
This is why  
This is why, uh  
This is why I'm hot (uh)  
This is why I'm hot  
This is why I'm hot, woo  
This is why  
This is why  
This is why I'm hot I'm hot 'cause I'm fly (fly)  
You ain't 'cause you're not (Mims)  
This is why  
This is why  
This is why I'm hot  
This is why I'm hot This is why I'm hot  
I don't gotta rap  
I can sell a mill, sell you nothing on the track  
I represent New York  
I got it on my back  
And they say that we lost it  
So I'm a bring it back  
I love the dirty, dirty  
'Cause niggas show me love  
The ladies start to bounce  
As soon as I hit the club  
But in the Midwest  
They love to take it slow  
So when I hit the H  
I watch you get it on the floor  
And if you needed hyphy  
I take it to the bay  
Frisco to Sac town  
They do it e'ryday  
Compton to Hollywood  
As soon as I hit L.A.  
I'm in that low, low  
I do it the Cali way  
And when I hit the Chi

People say that I'm fly  
 They like the way I dress, they like (they like my) my attire  
 Move crowds from side to side  
 They ask me how I do it, and simply I reply[Chorus]This is why I'm hot  
 Catch me on the block  
 Every other day  
 Another bitch, another drop  
 Sixteen bars, twenty-four pop  
 Forty-four songs, nigga, gimme what you got  
 I'm in there driving cars  
 Push them off the lot  
 I'm into shutting stores down so I can shop  
 If you need a bird, I can get it chopped  
 Tell me what you need; you know I get 'em by the flock  
 I call my homey black; meet me on the ave  
 I hit Wash heights with the money in the bag  
 We into big spinners  
 See my pimping never dragged  
 Find me with different women that you niggas never had  
 For those who say they know me know I'm focused on my cream  
 Playa, you come between; you'd better focus on the beam  
 I keep it so feen the way you see me lean  
 And when I say I'm hot, my nigga, this is what I mean[Chorus]This is why I'm hot  
 Shorty see the drop  
 Ask me what I paid, and I say, "yeah, I paid a quap"  
 And then I hit the switch that take away the top  
 So chicks around the way - they call me cream of the crop  
 They hop in the car  
 I tell them all about  
 We hit the studio; they say they like the way I record  
 I gave you black train, and I did you wrong  
 So every time I see them, and they tell me that's their song  
 They say I'm the bomb  
 They love the way the charm hanging from the neck  
 And compliments the arm which compliments the ear, then comes the gear  
 So when I hit the room, the shorties stop and stare  
 Then niggas start to hate, rearrange their face  
 Little do they know I keep them things by waist side  
 I reply, "nobody gotta die"  
 Similar to Lil' Wiz 'cause I got the fire[Chorus]

#### Songwriters

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