

This Is Why I Rock (Feat. 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

LEON HAYWOOD, ALBERT JOHNSON, KEJUAN WALIEK MUCHITA, RODNEY BASIL PRICE,
 THOMAS EARL SIMONS, SHAWN MAURICE MIMS, CURTIS LEON LUNDY, JONATHAN H. SMITH,
 EARL T. STEVENS, DAWN PENN, WINSTON DELANO RILEY, WINSTON JR. THOMAS, DANNY

SCHOFIELD, DARRYL MATTHEWS MCDANIELS, JOSEPH WARD SIMMONS, CHARLES KENTE

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