This Is Why I'm Hot

Mims

[Chorus]
This is why I'm hot [2x]
This is why [2x]
This is why I'm hot (Uh)
This is why I'm hot [2x] Who
This is why [2x]
This is why I'm hot
I'm hot cause I'm fly (fly)
You ain't cause you're not (not)
This is why [2x]
This is why I'm hot
I'm hot cause I'm fly (fly)
You ain't cause you're not (Mims, Mims, Mims)
This is why [2x]
This is why I'm hot

[Verse 1:]
This is why I'm hot
How I gotta rap
I can sell a mill saying nothing on the track
I represent New York
I got it on my back
Niggas say that we lost it
So I'm gonna 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 em get it on the floor
And if you needed it hyphy
I take it to the Bay
Frisco to Sac-town
They do it everyday
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
They Love how I move crowds from side to side
They ask me how I do it and simply I reply...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]
This is why I'm hot
Catch me on the block
Every other day
Another Person another drop
16 bars, 24 pop
44 songs, nigga gimme what you got
I'm in there driving cars
Push 'em 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 homie Black meet on the ave
I hit Wash Heights with the money in the bag
We're into big spendin'
See my pimpin' 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
player you come between you'd better focus on the beam
I keep it so mean the way you see me lean
And when say I'm hot my nigga dis is what I mean

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
This is why I'm hot
Shorty see the drop
Ask me what I paid and I say yeah I paid a guap
And then I hit the switch that take away the top
So chicks 'round the way they call me cream of the crop
They hop in the car
I tell 'em "all aboard"
We hit the studio they say they like how I record
I gave you black train and I did you wrong
So everytime I see 'em man 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 den comes the gear
So when I hit the room the shorties stop and stare
niggas start to hate rearrange their face
But Little do they know I'm keepin' things by waistside
I reply nobody gotta die
Similar to Lil wizzy 'cause I got that fire

[Chorus]

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