

# 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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