

Hot, Hot, Hot

LL Cool J

I was swerving through Queens
Fully growin' Benz
Searching for the butta through my Cartier lens system
Banging out nothing but the blends on the digital startec
Rappin' to my mens
Then spotted the most exotic, cheekiness, half Rachel, half Holly
My fav' is
The smo' mo, crept up nice and slow
Breathin' on my ice, so it shine real nice
Crease my scar piece
Laid back in my seat
Right near Bazely projects, on the back streets
Her name was Keisha, full of street knowledge
Pumped a little trees, but she planned to go to college
Staring at my ice, smellin' my cologne
She lived on the South side, so bring things on
Honey got flavor, and it just don't stop
Does she want me for me, or me for my rocks[Chorus]
Your car make me hot, hot, hot
You just make me just hot, hot, hot
I like your rocks, rocks, rocks
They make me hot hot hot
Baby boy don't stop stop stop
You keep me hot hot hot
I'm a take you for all you've got
Baby girl just stop stop stop
Check this out, uhShe slid up my whip, like the queen of New York
We jetted to city island to eat shrimp and talk
Sourced up my keys to the valet cat
I glanced at the fatty, I'm a see about that
We blazed in the spizza like Bonnie and Clyde
Scooby dooby hizza
I'm feeling the vibe, cop the blue for some video type shit
Knowing all along how hot these kind of nights get, uh
I've got her right where I want her
Reality about to creep up on her
Stroke her softly, gently with my G
While the light reflects off my ice p
Waiter, ice the Crystal, let it simmer

Lights too bright, here's a grand, make them dimmer
I kept fronting and I just couldn't stop
I don't mind spending paper when it's looking that hot[Chorus]You burst out of semi-top
She pulled down the straps to her dress
Reached in the back sparked up sess
Banging some Wu Tang feeling the bass
She said "Now would you want to sell your soul for chips,
And give up girl to push whips?"
Never miss some, spiritual down to my bone
Why you takin' jumbo in that zone
She said "I would do anything for money
Give deep pockets to my man's coats
Take off my sleeves
Drop to my knees"
Talking in my face
Breath smelling like cheese
I asked her
Shorty you degrade yourself
Just to throw a little bit of ice on the shelf
You turning me off, I can't lie
Keisha said "Why?"
I said, "Yo, how can a man respect that, knowin' if he paid,
Then he correct that"
Ice is the price for an overnight wife
A true shark caller don't want that in his life
So all you ladies that are selling your souls
You need to put you hooker vibes on hold
Ask for Keisha, she working on the stroll,
Dead ass broke, but her pimp the man grow[Chorus]

Songwriters

GARVIN, MICHAEL / MOE, BERENT / SMITH, ANTHONYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>