

# Heat

## Gloria Estefan

As soon as you hear the music play  
Something happens you can't explain  
And now you're thinking why  
Why'd it happen that way  
As you're dancing you look down and stare at your body  
It's so confusing you sip on your drink  
Now you're sweatin' like everyone else at the party  
But ecstasy ends---quicker than you think  
Much hotter than what you're used to  
Gotta let that conga move  
Hot like the summers in Cuba  
Baby girl it's up to you  
And the mist machines feel like rain  
To cool the heat - from salsa aches  
Just let your spirit fly  
It's hot so dance on, diablo

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Much hotter than what you're used to  
Gotta let that conga move  
Hot like the summers in Cuba  
Baby girl its up to you  
C'mon now chica  
Don't keep it bottled  
Not for ma

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