

# Make It Hot

## Lil Mama

I, I came to put it down  
Straight from New York to the A-Town  
Haters wanna see me down

I ain't even put, put, put it downBut when I'm flippin' the script and they gon' be like, oh  
And if I skip 'em or chip 'em they gon' be like, no

'Cause when I'm spittin' they sittin' 'cause they already know  
This real music I make it hotIt's Lil Mama, Voice Of The Young People

Mouthpiece for the young breeze so slow ya speed, whoa  
I'm about that fatty, about that that dough, about that flow  
After me that's as far as it goes'Cause Lil Mama got whips and chains  
The only time you see butts is at a Tampa, Milwaukee game

Been G'd up since Hope was slain  
So you doubt me, you doubt ya brainMust, must be insane to ever thinkin' that  
A chick like B could ever ever see a chick like me, that's crazy  
And if you ever thought that it might be

Then you betta step ya J O B up babyBeen crazy since I was a baby  
Now ya girl switch write bars and spit crazy  
Let the whole world know I gets crazy

With the music I make it hotI, I came to put it down  
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'Cause when I'm spittin' they sittin' 'cause they already know  
This real music I make it hotHot, hot, my lyrics be poppin'  
Oh, how I could just spit it so sloppy?

The way that I be rockin' they probably think I'm cocky

But they don't know about me, I grab it 'til I lock it downThey pointin' fingers and chose me 'cause I'm a hold  
it down

I'm spittin' records and bet this you can't control it now  
They spinnin' records and notice that I'ma hold it down  
This real music I make it popPop, pop dough school, pro tool

Get in the booth and I'ma show you how a pro do  
Me to you whom, not even I could stand up when I  
Why try look, my eyes don't lieI don't see nobody close as I  
I been lookin' through my peripheral vision

And I start to wonder hypnoes is I  
Nobody as nice as I remember that I, I, II, I came to put it down  
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