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 fetty, 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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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 hypnoses is I
Nobody as nice as I remember that I, I, II, I came to put it down
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