

WWE

"Make it Hot"

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[Mocha]

But uh anyway
You could catch me any day
Sipping Hennessy
And my peeps get plenty way
But anyways, to see that I hold this dough
Cats fake it
I made it
I told you so
Mocca late kid
We no play
Stress free, sexy and my Tico bag
It's a pity that
Yall look like idiots
Yo boo let me know when I should rip this cat

[Nicole Ray- Verse 1]

I'm mad he don't call me anymore
He don't even cares
Damn right, this fool
What must I do
To keep him loving me
All this love I give
That aint cool

1- I got what you want (got what you want)
I got what you need (got what you need)
Can I get another shot
This time I'ma make it hot
(repeat x 2)

[Nicole Ray - Verse 2]

Call while I'm at the crib
He turned off his phone
Said to call him back
Why silly me
Why didn't I suspect
He was making love
To someone else
Boy you can't leave me

[Repeat 1]

Oh yeah (x 4)

[Repeat 1]

[Missy Elliott]

I'm sitting on the side of the curb

With a pocket of herb

I don't know if yall heard

But I'm high as a bird

I can fly like Kelly

I can slide like skates

Me with no Timbalands

Is like Puff with no Mase

Wait , hold up

Wait a minute, what you say

Back it up, give me space

Who that, Nicole Ray

By the way, DJ, better play all day

Make the whole world say "Damn this sucker Ray"

Yo yo yo

Yeah this been kinda junk

That be making everybody wanna bop their heads

Haters, lovers, whatever

Nicole Ray

Timbaland

Mag-a-noo

Aaliyah

Ginuwine

Missy

Playa

[Repeat 1 (with Timbaland repeating Nicole Ray)]

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