

# Jadakiss

## "Hot Sauce To Go "Feat. Pharrell""

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(Hot sauce to go)  
Light the incense, backup  
And turn the lights off in this motherfucker  
(Hot sauce to go)  
Right now, please  
Thank you, muah

(Hot sauce to go)  
You know who it is, Jada  
The ambiance is beautiful  
(Hot sauce to go)  
Marvelous, I'm getting older

You got to move wit the groove  
As she lay on the one's and two's  
Wait a minute, wait a minute  
You gon' stink up the room  
Wit that big ol' ass

Yo, we gon' hit something  
I'm cutting the rug wit love  
Or I'm on the wall pressed up against something  
You should let 'em know the boss is back  
So y'all niggas that went wood, go get more shalack

I see bowlegs backing it in  
I put it on her wit the ol' school two step, clap and a spin  
Filled up her cup, slid her a dutch  
You know what's happenin' then in  
And all I did was having a grin

Off top let her know I ain't one of these dudes  
Rhyming to lose, naw Ma, I'm rapping to win  
Yeah, yes, they know the God be fresh  
I'm on that ass blowing purple on the washing set

And even though I came wit thugs  
You still might catch a few of them  
'Stepping In The Name Of Love'  
Uh, it's D on the block, the Ryde is Ruff  
And you wit the motherfucking Billionaire Boy's Club

You got to move wit the groove  
As she lay on the one's and two's  
Wait a minute, wait a minute  
You gon' stink up the room  
Wit that big ol' ass

Would you go to jail? Light me up  
Go to jail, light me up  
Would you go to jail? Light me up  
Go to jail, light me up

You got to move wit the groove  
As she lay on the one's and two's  
Wait a minute, wait a minute  
You gon' stink up the room  
Wit that big ol' ass

Gangsta leanin', Kiss be in the bank wit cream and  
My wrists and my neck be gleamin'  
Whatever I got cost, Honey look hotter than Hot Sauce  
That's why I get to hop in a drop Porsche

Then she get dropped off, told her that the whole block  
pop off  
She come through, take them rocks off  
And therefore, wanna know, what would they stare for  
They heard about the work, it's as white as your Air  
Force

Maybe it's the voice that the world got an ear for  
Most of these rappers, I just don't care for  
So, I be on the honies wit the big ol' asses  
Hypno and Cleako in big ol' glasses

We could do the damn thang, order the champagne  
Honey's Head of the State, and I'm running the  
Campaign  
If you coming, c'mon, if not, I'm gone  
Other than that, yo, Pharrell, sing my song

You got to move wit the groove  
As she lay on the one's and two's  
Wait a minute, wait a minute  
You gon' stink up the room  
Wit that big ol' ass

Would you go to jail? Light me up  
Go to jail, light me up  
Would you go to jail? Light me up  
Go to jail, light me up  
(Hot sauce to go, hot sauce to go)

Hey, yo, honey got a goon thinking  
That ass like that, she could have the room stinking  
I picked her up in the maroon Lincoln  
Blew her back out until the moon sank in

Spend the profit, hold on the to the re  
Lock me up, hold on the to key  
I want you to wake up in the morning wit me  
I got it bad for ya, breakfast and a cab for ya

You got to move wit the groove  
As she lay on the one's and two's  
Wait a minute, wait a minute  
You gon' stink up the room  
Wit that big ol' ass

Would you go to jail? Light me up  
Go to jail, light me up  
Would you go to jail? Light me up  
Go to jail, light me up

Hot sauce watch out, hot sauce to go  
Hot sauce to go, hot sauce to go

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