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## Jay-Z "It's Hot"

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Can't stop it nigga Can't stop that Timbaland, Jigga Man Yeah, Brook, Brook, Brooklyn That's right Put your motherfuckin' hands together Put your motherfuckin' hands together Yo, can't stop it

Yo, yo show closer, I to the A Y Hovah Place shutter down, who the fuck'll fuck around? Game spitter, Range sitter, Bentley driver nigga Keep a full clip I have to empty out on niggaz Hoe bagger, no slacker, get this shit jumpin' Like eight blacks, fo' crackers, get yo' ass jumped Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga Gat buster, ass toucher, clit licker

Go against Jigga yo' ass is dense I'm about a dollar, what the fuck is 50 Cents? Hot shit, kick a nigga, turn these mics out My jewelry so bright you can turn these lights out Hovah's like Noah keep two in the truck I'm like U-Haul, every bitch movin' I fuck You move slut, I gotta put two in your butt I'm everything, the when's, why's, who's, and what, nigga what?

Hell no you can't stop it, when it's hot, it's hot My grind, keep me jumpin', out of drop to drop My shine, lose your sight tryin', to watch the watch When there's drama Jigga pop, Jigga pop, pop Hell no you can't stop it, when it's hot, it's hot My grind, keep me jumpin', out of drop to drop My shine, lose your sight tryin', to watch the watch When there's drama Jigga pop, Jigga pop, pop

Separate myself from the lame, no you can't see me I'm 6 0 0, you 300 C-E Give my ladies dick, my young hoes pee-pee Hits in a row like MJ Since I was waist height, late night, bustin' in the clouds Runnin' wild, comin' home late, cussin' out my mouth Niggaz said, "Bryan leave your cousin in the house Every time we play the Dozen, he's buggin' out"

While y'all was playin' yo-yo, I was sittin' on low pros Dippin' the po-po, gettin' that dough-dough No, no I ain't stupid I take loot kid, what's in the bank? Shoot it Lose it like I ain't do it You wanna play Jigga nigga what you drank fluid?

Got a full tank now you wanna pull rank? I clap still, act ill, Jigga shoot thee Give you chest pains, leg sprains absolutely, what?

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Thirty-eight revolve like the sun round the Earth Try to play hard get you found round the dirt Six shell casings found round your shirt In surround sound from the hearse Jigga Man, trigger man, hit your man up Six shots, hit the pole, hit the van up Kidnap grown folks get them grands up Timbaland, hot shit, get them hands up

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