

Jay-Z

"It's Hot (Some Like It 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, J 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
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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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