

Judy Torres

"Hot Spot"

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* no more corrections are being accepted on this song

Uh-huh uh, UHH
Guess who's back! Uhh
Yeah, uhh, uhh

Verse One:

Aiyyo! Rhyme or crime, let's get it on
MC's wanna eat me but it's Ramadan
Peep what's on the arm, when it's ice it's ice
When I'm right, I'm right, when you're wrong, you're
wrong
I'm the bomb, records is platinum, skin is bronze
Flows all night like vintage Dom
Been this nice since umm, the first Prince bomb
Before "The Artist Was Known As" wit my grown ass
Haters said it won't last, know how many birds I flown
past
Celly on roam, full belly, first class
And I don't play, I watch them pockets
Know y'all niggaz go broke after you cop them watches
See you in the club, no bub' nigga pop it
Then you wanna fuck, give it up nigga, not this
My coat is ostrich, flow is the hottest
You ain't got dough, you can't go with the Fox bitch

Chorus: Foxy Brown

You can catch me at the hot spot cause I Fox, I plots
at the bar y'all, all night, I pops
Is it alright, sho' you right, you can't stop it
This is our world, me and my girls
You can catch me at the hot spot, I Fox, I plots
at the bar y'all, all night, I pops
Is it alright, sho' you right, you can't stop it
This is our world, me and my girls

Verse Two:

Yo! Cats bustin out the six, cash flushin out the niggaz

Platinum heart in half hangin 'tween the two tit-ties
Scheme on your team, lookin over graph pictures
Pick the finest, then I put it on the minors
Love, after the club, meet me at the diner
So you can bring your boys, we got ten cars behind us
Order a steak, a glass of OJ to break-fast
Hop in the car and head straight up Eighth Ave.
The night is young, I'm likin son
Either he don't have one, or his wife is dumb
His whole hand numb, nigga iced his thumb
Pull up my tights some, enticin him
You can handle the work, I'll play wit it
Til he curve and swerve nigga, stay wit it
Bitches in the club they, hated it
Cause I put my mack down then I, skated it

Chorus

Verse Three:

You can catch me at the Expo', Jacob Jav
Knocking Jigga out the Navigator, layin back, I stay in
that
Me fallin off? Imagine that, it's not the case
I'm _Sittin on Top of the World_ like Brandy and Mase
You wanna, buy me a drink, nigga hand me a case
Big ballin bitch, I want all of this shit
Six AMG's with the spoiler kit
Chromes from the fac', phones front and back
CoCo, flow, niggaz is wantin that
Out they vehicles, niggaz is bumpin that
I heard you wanna stop Fox, tell me how so
I got that New York, to the Dirty South flow
Whole album hot, even the outro
This time around I'm tryin to do about fo'
This is for my niggaz and bitches who count dough
And y'all in the club I make em bounce

Chorus

Hot spot (pause), bar y'all (pause)
Alright (pause), our world (pause)
Hot spot (pause), bar y'all (pause)
Alright (pause), our world (pause)

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