

## Kelly Rowland

### "I'm Really Hot"

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Ho!.....Ho  
Ho!.....Ho,Go Go!  
Ho!.....Ho  
Ho!.....Ho,Go Go!

I'm..I'm..I'm..I'm..I'm Really Really  
Hot..Hot.Hot.Hot..Hot(scratches)

(Verse 1)

Let me holla at the DJ  
Come on DJ put that record on the replay  
Don't you see how them bitches move they booty  
Every time you play this record smell they coochie,  
follow them  
Screamin like a groupie  
Misdemeanor move my nookie like a hoochie  
Fuck them haters, haters fuck whatever you say  
Because you know I'm too cool for you anyway  
I'm just a bad bitch M-I-S miss  
I'm gone keep talking shit till you get this  
I'm gone bust up in the club with no guest list  
The other artists I'll keep em' all restless  
I don't french kiss, unless it's 50 cent  
Vivica we can share him like the president  
Tabloids I don't care it's irrelavent  
I'm heaven sent now watch how I do this shit

(Chorus)

Ho!.....Ho(I'm..I'm..I'm..I'm)  
Ho!.....Ho,Go Go!  
Ho!.....Ho(Hot..Hot.Hot,Hot)  
Ho!.....Ho,Go Go!  
I'm really, really hot  
every time my records drop  
Radio says I won't stop  
cause I'm killin' em

(Verse 2)

You don't know what you talking bout  
People thank I was Suge when I come out  
My album hit hard when I roll out

Y'all records make a bitch wanna throw em out, and  
that's no doubt  
See I rock bells, Fly as hell and cool as it verdells baby  
can't you tell  
I lick my lips like I'm LL  
And I'm doin it & doin it & doin it well  
Srtaight to the hotel  
I'm sober bitch so boy you gets tail  
Kiss kiss and still you gets nowhere  
Just two blue balls down in your underwear, I play unfair  
I'm a hot gal, fly cars & stars in strip bars it aint hot if  
I'm not there  
I'm a true playa, you can find me up in any record store  
hurry up & get yours

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Look, let me move to the left  
Go Head, let me feel myself  
Touch my chest my sweat  
Show the DJ how I shake my brest  
Jingle, Jingle, Jangle  
Watch how my glu-de-ous dangle  
I do a one-two step STOP!  
No I aint done yet  
Everybody in the club go to work  
Tight jeans, crop shirts, short skirts  
I'm gone rock to the beat till it hurt  
I'm gone drop it on the street yeah you heard  
Haters I flip the bird, Got guns so what I aint scread  
I came to boogy and swerve, Hang-line folk that's my  
word

(Chorus & Release yourself)

Release...yourself  
Release...yourself

I'm Really Hot(scratches)

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