

## Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes "Hott"

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Five, nine  
(Ten, eleven)  
Twelve, eighteen  
(What?)

She's the one you thought would never do a solo LP  
Yeah, now what chick could outsell me?  
Drama comes in dozens and I know you love it  
A rose is still a rose, so I rose above it

The more that they see the woman got a mind of her  
own  
The less that they want a part of my throne, it figures  
But the more they compare me to the ones they could  
own  
They know they never should have left me alone

I'm bigga, no doubt  
Money gang and my G's is up  
Treat me like David Blaine and freeze me up

Let me address the issue  
I'm super not superficial, spoil me  
The only statement I'm makin' is royalties  
(Rock the dollars)

Seven digits, never under my bank account hold  
Numbers like your phone number plus area code  
Gamble with your career, go ahead chance her  
See what happened with scrubs on my records  
Deserve answers

Oh, Left Eye, What's happenin'?  
Everybody wanna know where the hell you been  
Oh, Left Eye, teachers, children, mothers and thugs  
Everybody loves Miss Left Eye

What's happenin'?  
Everybody wanna know where the hell you been  
Oh, Left Eye, teachers, children, mothers, and thugs  
Everybody loves Miss Left Eye

Hot, hot  
(Burn)  
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot  
(Burn)

Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot  
(Burn)  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
L E F T E Y E  
Hot, hot

Three, five, seven, nine, twelve, fifteen

Whole bunch of names on your credit in pubs  
Tryin' to be loved, I'm thirty mill and a fan club  
What you got signed for? I spent on some rugs  
DVD's and TV's and that's just in the car

Borderline genius, scientists swear by me  
Imagine Einstein in Carmen Jones's body  
Gave you auditions, they say I'm a gymnast in business  
My summersault, your positions, waste not whatnot

I don't want your nothing  
On top she's hot, no discussion  
I'm a diva, teacher  
(To the rap game)

Here when it started I'll be here when it change  
Started more careers than Quincy Jones  
Other rap chicks actin' funny since she's home  
Do it again and again, expect her to  
Left Eye, you expect me to respect you too

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Hot, hot  
(Burn)  
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot  
(Burn)

Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

(Burn)  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
L E F T E Y E  
Hot, hot

Hot, hot  
(Burn)  
Hot, hot, hot, hot hot  
(Burn)

Hot, hot, hot, hot hot  
(Burn)  
Hot, hot, hot, hot  
L E F T E Y E  
Hot, hot

Twelve, fifteen

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