

The Deele

"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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