

Datura F/ Ben

"Make It Hot"

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(Make it hot) x2

Uh! Uh! Ah!

Chorus

I make it hot! (How hot?) Hot enough to fry
(How hot?) Hotter than your front porch in July
(Now that's hot!) Real hot, 'bout a hundred and two
(I make it hot) Brothas won't even stand next to you
(Make it hot)

Verse 1: Danja Mowf

It's so hard to say goodbye, so I
Take with me the memory of your good try
You could fry like grease in the skillet
I'm the heat, feel it, you got beef? Kill it!
Squash it, coz your girl was like, "Oh my gosh!"
It's just the MC make my spot get hot, time to wash it
Do shit, coz I'm comin' through with some new shit
Who, shit, you? Shit! Who you talkin' to? (shit!)
I be runnin' through shit, bring your whole crew, shit
I get funky as ??? bottom of your shooooe (shit!)
Yeah yeah baby hah!
Tryin' to see my style is like tryin' to see to Panama!
NAH! Mo' like, tryin' to stop a cannon ball!
NAH! Mo' like, shavin' with a chainsaw!
NAH! Blahzay blah shimmy ya (what!)
I can make no sense and I can still be raw

Chorus x2

Verse 2: Lonnie B

Lonnie B and Danja Mowf are here to show y'all brothas
straight up
(what!)
That on a scale from one to ten, y'all need to get your
weight up
Step and get ate up, with the cross on the fader
When it's time to Set It Off, I show my ass, like Jada
(uh!)
(Make it hot)

I rock like Raider (what!), hit me on my pager
If you wanna hear the sounds of the 804 flava
Brothas on our jocks, but they be claimin' that they hate
us
Coz we be the Super Friendz movie makers (once in a
while!)
I used to have trap, but keep it full of paper
But now I got a pocket full of papers, she jockin', I'ma
take her
Taste her, no need to rape her
Oh! I'll have her kneeling like the center for the Lakers
I'm not a playa-hater (uh!), not even a playa (what!)
Unless you talkin' 'bout a PlayStation or a Sega
And show Biz, like Markie, dis and catch the Vapors
Peace party people, ha haa! Catch you later

Chorus x2

We make it hot!
(Make it hot)
[Erykah Badu on "On & On"]: "The-the-the-the world
keeps burning!"
We make it hot!
(Make it hot)
"The---the---(uh!)the-the world keeps burning!" (uh-
huh!)
We make it hot!
(Make it hot)
"The-the-the(no question!)the-the-the world keeps
burning!" (uh!)
We make it hot!
"The-the world kee-kee---keeps burn-burning!"

Verse 3: Danja Mowf & Lonnie B
I keep burning down your world
Long as rappers keep being wack, I unfurl
On the track, coz I'm like a thousand pound girl
Fat! Doing me is like a thousand pound curl
Impossible, coz I'm like a thousand pound pearl
Priceless, on the mic
Just bustin' nuts like a thousand pound squirrel
I hurl, a thousand MCs in the b'rrel (what!)
And mix 'em up and drink 'em like Moet, till I hurl!
Rappers don't understand, I live day to day for a battle
Get you knock rock like gravel, now you layin' on your
shadow (uh-huh!)
Who you? Coz I'm that brotha who can do you
Quicker than sistas do the Butterfly when they hear
Buju
Yeah, I used to goo-goo
Now I'm that rapper tappin' asses, like toilet water

splashes when you
doo-doo
All y'all rappers out there that buck at this (uh!)
Are just like blind men having sex
You don't know who you fuckin' with!

(Hoo! I don't even believe you sayin' that Shug!)
Go ahead, coz I'm just tryin' to make hot
(How hot?) Hot enough to fry
(How hot?) Hotter than your front porch in July
(Now that's hot!) Real hot, 'bout a hundred and two
(I make it hot) Brothas won't even stand next to you

Chorus

(Make it hot) x2

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