

Stroke 9

"Make It Hot"

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Intro:

Aha , y'nahmean?
Word up, just wanna bring em to it real
Real rugged like, uhh, man
Make me feel like I'm method out and all that,
y'nahmean?
Go diggin, uhh check it

I bring the butter, huh
Make you wanna creep up on one another, huh
I'm mad sharp like a box cutter, huh
I got the fam rollin like brothers, huh
We in the mecca, Moey, rollie glistenin
Rainin on niggas so bad they think it's drizzlin
Ground zero funk track it's mega
Doin wild damage to your arm, legga legga
Who's that? The bawla, the player, the mister with the
techniques
pumpin blends, creepin up the backstreets
Throw your rocks up high and let em gleam
It's the Uncle what? Uncle L makes a wild scene
And I be blowin all the rookies out the frame
and they be knowin Uncle's flowin in the game
Queens to uptown I'm gettin down for my crown
When you see me comin thru just gimme a pound
And say....

Yeah

I'm bout to wet it up, get it up
Take a track, drape it in jewels and set it up
I'm so nasty with mines, I warm it up like raw liquor
Dime pieces throw it at me like a free picker
I'm open, I let the funk soak in
I taste like an eighth, ya freeze and start chokin
Yeah son I'm all up in ya mix
Ya callin in your clique, I'm bawlin wit'cha trick
Golden rocks fallin off my neck and wrists
When I breeze by, you be groovin in the midst
of my cycle, every move I make is vital
Crucial, official, brothers sayin "L we miss you"

Much love to all the shooby doobies and cliques
While you're bawlin in the coupe you know I had to get
the six
Get your swerve on boo, chill wit me
Get me, I want the CREAM, baby hit me

Now take it to the bridge

Bridge:

(Keep it comin baby)
(Keep it comin baby)
(Keep it comin baby)
(Keep it comin baby) Keep on
repeat x3

Somebody tell me the way I keep comin up
Funk runnin up and mad spots is blowin up
It gets hot when I manifest melodies
Beatin niggas all in their heads, so what you tellin me?
Get your drink on, throw you mink on
Let your head nod, stick it out, that's what I'm talkin
bout
I got ya deep deep down inside my mixture
Swervin curbs, servin as I fixed ya
Formulated and combined, the people congregated
You frontin for nothin, your crew is overrated
And I'ma take it on down to the AM
Keep the drama flowin til the party cave in
Uhh, I get you open, baby come and get a fix
Yo, that's word to mother I be droppin mad shit
Let's organise, bounce together for real son
Trick a little though, sip a little Moe, peace one

Outro:

(Keep it comin baby) Keep it goin baby
(Keep it comin baby) Keep it goin baby
(Keep it comin baby) Keep it goin baby
(Keep it comin baby) Keep on
repeat x4

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