

LL Cool J F/ LeShaun, Keith Sweat

"The Hot Joint"

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Chorus/Intro: Woman

"So hot.. I'm burnin up" (4X)

[J. Mega]

Who got ya? With flows like aqua
Mega ?? sit the imposter, bound to prosper
Hits we got a lot-a, sippin on straight vodka, puffin
chaka
Lust to conquer, nigga, I'ma monster
Call me Ontra for short, I'm confident
As far as this, nice no arguments
Rock garments, raw contents
Its obvious, we about to cop cars from this
Rock continents, money over margin and the
consequence
Niggas never starve again, its marvelous
Be a heart-throb with chicks
The drama shit, y'all niggas hate
But I'ma do my thing, to beat fate
Ten-room joint, leave your name at the gate
Gold brunches at one G a plate

Chorus

[Greg Valentine]

Yo; I'm on the rise like hot air
It don't stop there, so popular I glare
Hoes stop to stare, they volunteer
To come out of their underwear
For this debonair, nigga with millionaire flair
Are you through fuckin with them lame-ass queers?
Ya need for a true baller severe
In my wardrobe, there's Cartier
Pierre Cardans on my Cardigans
Black sedans, in the summer the sports coupe
Master plan for a brother to score loot
Goin all out pursuit for a house on the hill
I conjure up a thousand ways to make me a mill
I don't give a fuck if time sits still, I keep strivin
European cars I'm drivin

Top of the line shit, six V-12's and better
My people got their shit together, lets get this cheddar

Chorus

[J. Mega]

B-K baby, all the way baby
Mixin Hennesey with the Alizay baby
G.V. baby, Larry, baby. Don't swing the air thing, gravy,
baby
For instincts, every joint gainin interest
From the entrance, we came different
Now every whip come with gloss, fully tinted
Went from wishes to paid expenses
Six digits, the way we roll tremendous
Sip Guinness, Brooklyn dukes, no gimics
Just vintage rap shit, beyond the limits
Lips splendid, money comes I spend it
You want in, dukes? I got you in a minute

[Greg Valentine]

Yo, yo; we some slick talkin, New Yorkin
Quick walkin, chicks hawkin, pumpin our's in they
walkmans
Often, sex women in the loft and show them hoes
whose boss
And pussy scorchin; flossin, like fight night in Vegas
Ice sparklin like Sammy Davis
Some praise us, others player-hate us
Jealous niggas, the hell with you niggas

Chorus

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