## Make It Hot

## Lil Mama

I, I came to put it down Straight from New York to da A-Town

Haters wanna see me down

I ain't even put, put it downAnd when I'm flippin' the script and they gon be like-Oh And if I skip em' or chip em' they gon be like-No

Cause when I'm spittin' they sittin' cause they already-KnowThis Real Music I Make It HotIt's Little Mama voice of the young people

Mouthpiece for the young breeze so slow ya speed. Whoa!

I'm about dat fetty, about that dat dough, about dat flow

After me that's as far as it goes

Cause Little Mama got whips and chains

The only time you see it bark is at a tear for I'm a walk ya game

Been G'd up since Hawk was lain

So you doubt me you doubt ya brain

Must, must be insane to ever thinkin' that a chick like B could ever, ever see a chick like me

That's Crazy!

And if you ever thought that it might be

Then you betta step ya J-O-B, Up Baby!

Been crazy since I was a baby!

Now ya girl switch write bars and spit crazy

Let the whole world know I gets crazy!

Wit da music I make it hot

Hot, hot my lyrics be popping

Oh how I could just spit it so sloppy

The way that I be rocking they probably think I'm cocky

But they don't know about me I grab it til I lock it-Down

They pointin' fingaz and chose me cause I'm a hold it-Down

I'm spittin records and bet this you can't control it-Now

They spinning' records and notice that I'ma hold it-Down

Wit da music I make it popPop, Pop dough school, pro tool,

Get in da booth and I'ma show you how a pro do

Me to you whom

Not even I could stand up when I

Why try look, my eyes don't lie

I don't see nobody close as I

I been lookin' through my periphial vision and I

Start to wonder hypnosed is I

Nobody as nice as I remember that I, I, I,

It's Little Mama!

Voice of the Young People! This Real Music I Make It HotIt's Little Mama!

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/