

It's Hot (Some Like It Hot)

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

Can't stop it nigga, uh
Mm-hmm, uh-huh, can't stop that
Timbaland uh-huh.. Jigga Man uh-huh
Yeah.. Brook, Brook-Brooklyn huh?
That's right
Put your motherfuckin hands together, uh-huh
Put your motherfuckin hands together
Yo, can't stop it

Yo..

Yo show closer, J-to-the-A-Y-Hovah
Place shutter down, who the fuck'll fuck around?
Game spitter, Range sitter, Bentley driver nigga
Keep a full clip I have to empty out on niggaz
Hoe bagger, no slacker, get this shit jumpin
like eight blacks, fo' crackers, get yo' ass jumped
Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga
Gat buster, ass toucher.. clit licker
Go against Jigga yo' ass is dense
I'm about a dollar, what the fuck is 50 Cents?
Hot shit, kick a nigga, turn these mics out
My jewelry so bright you can turn these lights out
Hovah's like Noah keep two in the truck
I'm like U-Haul; every bitch move when I fuck
You move slut, I gotta put two in your butt
I'm everything: the when's, why's, who's, and what
Nigga what?

[Chorus: Jay-Z (repeat 2x w/ minor variations)]

Hell no you can't stop it, when it's hot it's hot
My grind, keep me jumpin out of drop to drop
My shine, lose your sight tryin to watch the watch
When there's drama Jigga pop, Jigga pop, pop

[Jay-Z]

Seperate myself from the lame, no you can't see me
I'm 6-0-0, you 300 C-E
Give my ladies dick, my young hoes pee-pee
Hits in a row like MJ; "Hee-hee!"
Since I was waist height, late night, bustin in the clouds
Runnin wild, comin home late, cussin out my mouth
Niggaz said, "Bryan leave your cousin in the house"
Everytime we play the Dozen, he's buggin out
While y'all was playin yo-yo, I was sittin on low pros
Dippin the po-po, gettin that dough-dough
No, no I ain't stupid I take loot kid
What's in the bank? Shoot it
Lose it like I ain't do it
You wanna play Jigga nigga what you drank fluid?
Got a full tank now you wanna pull rank?
I clap still, act ill, Jigga shoot thee
Give you chest pains, leg sprains absolutely
What?

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Thirty-eight revolve like the sun round the Earth
Try to play hard get you found round the dirt
Six shell casings found round your shirt
[cyring] in surround sound from the hearse
Jigga Man, trigger man, hit your man up
Six shots, hit the pole, hit the van up
Kidnap grown folks get them grands up
Timbaland, hot shit, get them hands up

[Chorus 2x]