

# 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, put it down And 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-Know This Real Music I Make It Hot It'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 pop Pop, 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 Hot It's Little Mama!

