

Beyoncé, Heated

Got a lot of greens, got a lotta of these on me

Got a lot of pains, got a lot of tea on me

I gotta fan myself off (Fan me off), I gotta fan myself off (Fan me off)

(Fan me off like hot, hot, hot) I gotta cool down, heated (Like Coco Chanel, put me up in jail)

(Cool it down, hot, hot, hot) I gotta cool it down, heated, yeah, yeah (Like stolen Chanel, put me up in jail)

(Tip, tip, tip) It's been a lot of years, (Tip, tip, tip) really thinking you getting one fast fee?

I gotta fend myself off, I gotta fend myself off

I gotta cool it down, heated

You got me, heated, oh

Never met a girl with a mind like this, no, no

To kill space and time like this, my love

Never met a girl so fine like this, no, no, no, no, no

Wanna waste some while like this

My love

Only a real could tame me

Only the radio could play me (Uh)

Oh, now you wish I was complacent (Uh)

Boy, you must've mixed up our faces (Uh, Johnny)

Oh, now you wanna have conversations (Uh, Johnny)

See, now you're testing my patience (Uh, Johnny)

(Fan me off) Got a lot of Benz, got a lot of Chanel on me

I gotta fan myself off (Fan me off), I gotta fan myself off (Fan me off)

(Fanning me off like hot, hot, hot) I gotta cool down, heated (Like stolen Chanel, put me up in jail)

(Tip, tip, tipping on) I gotta cool it down, heated, yeah, yeah (Tip, tip, tipping on)

Got a lot of style, got a lot of Tiffany on me

I gotta fan myself off (Tiffany, Tiffany, Tiffany), I gotta fan myself off

I gotta cool it down, heated (I'm hot, hot, hot)

You got me (Fanning me off like hot, hot, hot), heated, oh (Like stolen Chanel, put me up in jail)

Whole lotta reservations, whole lotta

Whole lotta texting with no conversations

Whole lotta playing victim and a villain at the same time

Whole lotta, yeah, money, not a lot of patience

Whole lotta niggas been waiting day one, some time on it

Now I wanna flaunt it, panty and a bra, we can get evolved, boy (Wake up pretty)

If you keep playing with my heart, boy, I'm just as petty as you are (Petty, petty, petty, petty)

Only a real man could tame me

Only the radio could play me

Only my baby

Got a lot of Benz, got a lot of Chanel on me

I gotta fan myself off (Fan me off), I gotta fan myself off (Fan me off)

(Fanning me off like hot, hot, hot) I gotta cool down, heated (Like Coco Chanel, put me up in jail)

I gotta cool it down, heated, heated

Never met a girl with a mind like this, no, no

To give you space and time like this, my love

Never met a girl so fine like this, no, no, no, no, no (Fan me off, I'm hot, hot, hot)

Would waste a while like this (Coco Chanel, put me up in jail)

Tip, tip, tip on hard wood floors

Ten, ten, ten across the board (Would waste a while like this)

Give me face, face, face, face, face, yah

Your face card never declines, my God (Ooh, ooh)

Eat it, eat it, eat it, eat it, eat it

Eat, yummy, yummy, yum, make that bummy heated

Make a pretty girl felt that shitty

Whisky till I'm tipsy, litter on my kitty (Ooh, ooh)

Cool it down, down, down, my pretty

Bad, bad, bitchy, make a bad bitch, glitchy
Fine, fine, fine, fine, fine, fine
Liberate it, live it like we ain't got time
Yada, yada, ya, yada, yada, ya, ya
Yada, yada, boom, boom, ka, ka
Bouncin' all that ass, bouncin' all that ass
Fan me quick, girl, I need my glass
Fan me off, my whisk goes quick
Dimples on my hip, stretch marks on my tits
Drink on my water, mindin' my biz
Monday I'm overrated, Tuesday on my dick
Flip flop flippin', flip floppin' ass bitch
Fan me off, watch my wrist go quick
Fan me off, I'm hot, hot, hot
Like stolen Chanel, lock me up in jail
Cuff me, please, 'cause this ain't fair
Dripped in my pearls like Coco Chanel
Uncle Johnny made my dress
That cheap Spandex, she looks a mess
Fan me off, I'm hot, hot, hot
Like stolen Chanel, lock me up in jail
Fingertips go tap, tap, tap
On my NPC makin' this gold trap
Uncle Johnny made my dress
That cheap Spandex, she looks a mess