

Ashlee Simpson, Hot Stuff

Listen

I walk into your joint with a hoodie on
Don't need a short skirt to get it on
Here it goes

Aaah!

Here she comes
Sunday school girl wanting some
She's wearing that?
Better expect that boy's attack

Truce, I want some of that happy juice
What kind of sorta?
People in hell would die for John Walker
Wait a sec, everybody down
Hit the deck

People say you're going out your mind
To think you're hot stuff
Gotta think you're hot stuff
Watcha gonna do to talk about it anyhow
You think you're hot stuff
I know I'm hot stuff

Okay... 1, 2
Everybody look what I can do
I can bring my leg up all the way
Can she do it? Can she do it?
Piece-o-cake
Show off
She just wanna take her clothes off

Aya... I got dat that get you
Aya... One to anotha you will discova
That's the way it is

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Watcha gonna do y'all... zip it
Chad... flip it

Feels like I'm in candyland
I'm going down da shute again
With unicorns and fairy wings
I think I've had too much to drink

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