

# Jay-Z, It's Hot (Some Like It Hot)

[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]