

Kottonmouth Kings, Make It Hot

Make it hot, make it hot woo, make it hot hot i said make it hot

The joint the joint the joint is on fire

we dont need no water we just wanna let it burn (make it hot make it hot)

hot like an inferno dollar bills shit you gotta earn those, fats joints yea you gotta burn those,
make it hot make it hot, and burn the whole spot to the ground, smell the pot from the pounds burn
underground

make it hot make it hot

we're ten years into this thing and were still doin this, the longa magic bus playin no train were still

kings!!and makin music, yes we still smokin mad green and livin for our own amusement,see we re

it hot, created a buzz and we takin over from L.A. to Japan fans they be the greatest ya'll my mothe

i make it hot d loc all is up in the g-spot,pussy always wet when i run up on the set yes and if its no

so that means that your flow is bootied and you gots to go yo hold up for a second you need to give

know what you about ah make it (hot) make it (hot) make it (hot) make it (hot)

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make it hot make it hot, and burn the whole spot to the ground, smell the pot from the pounds burn

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make it hot, make it hot, make it hot

i'll make it hot wit the slow flow here we go everbody know i keep it poppin with the indo ill make it

know i make it hot soo styles likes valva moe(?) ill make it hot so you know it dont stop, its the d do

so now you know just who you fuckin with who you fuckin with who you fuckin with

i make it hot i keep the whole place sweatin and you know i keep it hot so myslef im always bettin i

mic tucked tough and my music as my weapon

we make it hot we keep the spot poppin and we keep it hot cuzz we party non stopin we got the po

lies we make it hot

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the joint the joint the joint is on fire we dont need no water we just wanna let it burn

sketched out stretched out in the back got a a guinness in my mouth

in my sack all my people know what im about see im a mack ima hit the stage turn the page no turn

fat joint in my hand and now its lit ima grease ball grimmy type when i spit see im all(?)

sticky shit in my pipe my stoner kick be flyin high like a kite

whatd you expect all these ladies lookin soo fine up in the set me im prime time i got mine thats mr

gotta bullet proof when we shoot straight in my heart!see we put the ball in the hoop tear you apart

we get high score when we tour

then cash the checks and leave em all clueless sore

make it hot, hotlike an inferno dollar bills shit you gotta earn those, fats joints yea you gotta burn th

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sounds from the underground