## Lisa Lopes, Hot

5, 9 (10, 11), 12, 18 (what!) She's the one you thought would never do a solo LP Yeah, now what chick could outsell me? Drama comes in dozens and I know you love it A rose is still a rose, so I rose above it The more that they see the woman got a mind of her own The less that they want a part of my throne, it figures But the more they compare me to the ones they could own They know they never should have left me alone I'm bigga No doubt Money gang and my G's is up Treat me like David Blaine and freeze me up Let me address the issue I'm super not superficial Spoil me The only statement I'm makin' is royalties (rock the dollars) Seven digits never under my bank account hold Numbers like your phone number, plus area code Gamble with your career Go ahead chance her See what happened with scrubs on my records Deserve answers Oh Left Eye What's happenin'? Everybody wanna know where the hell you been Oh Left Eye Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs Everybody loves Miss Left Eye What's happenin'? Everybody wanna know where the hell you been Oh Left Eye Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs Everybody loves Miss Left Eye Hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot L-E-F-T-E-Y-E Hot hot 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 15 Whole bunch of names on your credit in pubs Tryin' to be loved I'm 30 mill and a fan club What you got signed for I spent on some rugs DVD's and TV's and that's just in the car Borderline genius Scientists swear by me Imagine Einstein in Carmen Jones's body Gave you auditions They say I'm a gymnast in business My summersault your positions Waste not whatnot I don't want your nothing On top she's hot No discussion I'm a diva Teacher (to the rap game) Here when it started I'll be here when it change Started more careers than Quincy Jones

Other rap chicks actin' funny since she's home Do it again and again Expect her to Left Eye you expect me to respect you too Oh Left Éye What's happenin'? Everybody wanna know where the hell you been Oh Left Eye Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs Everybody loves Miss Left Eye What's happenin'? Everybody wanna know where the hell you been Oh Left Eye Teachers, children, mothers, and thugs Everybody loves Miss Left Eye Hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot L-E-F-T-E-Y-E Hot hot Hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot hot (burn) Hot hot Hot hot L-E-F-T-E-Y-E Hot hot 12, 15