

# Mims, This Is Why I'm Hot (Remix) - Baby Cham,

Chorus:

This is why I'm hot(x2)  
This is why(x2) uh  
This is why I'm hot (uh)  
This is why I'm hot(x2)  
This is why(x2)  
This is why I'm hot

I'm hot cuz I'm fly (fly)  
You ain't cuz you not  
This is why x2  
This is why I'm hot(x2)

Verse 1:

This is why I'm hot  
I don't gotta rap  
I can sell a mil sayin nothin on the track  
I represent New York  
I got it on my back  
In this state that we lost  
So I'mma bring it back  
I love the dirty dirty  
Cuz homies show me love  
The ladies start to bounce  
As soon as I hit the club  
But in the Midwest  
They love to take it slow  
So when I hit the club  
I watch them get it on the floor  
And if you need it hyphy  
I take it to the bay  
Frisco to Sac town  
They do it any day  
Coppin a Hollywood  
As soon as I hit LA  
I'm in that low low  
I do it the cali way  
And when I hit the Chi  
People say that I'm fly  
They love the way I dress they like  
They like my my attire  
They love how I move crowds from side to side  
They ask me how I do it and simply I reply

(Chorus)

Verse 2:

This is why I'm hot  
Catch me on the block  
Every other day  
Another person another drop  
16 bars, 24 pop, 44 songs  
Gimme what you got  
I'm in there driving cars  
Push them off the lot  
I'm into shutting stores down so I can shop  
If you need a bird I can get it chopped  
Tell me what you need you know I get em by the flock  
I call my hommie black meet me on the ave  
I hit wash heights with the money in the bag  
we into big spinners  
See my pimping never dragged  
Find me with different women that you people never had

For those who say they know me know I'm focused on my cream  
Playa you come between you'd better focus on the beam  
I keep it so clean the way you see me lean  
And when I say I'm hot my homie this is what I mean

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

This is why I'm hot  
Shorty see the drop  
Ask me what I paid and I say yeah I paid a guap  
And then I hit the switch that take away the top  
So chicks around the way they call me cream of the crop  
They hop in the car  
I tell them all about  
We hit the studio they say they like the way I record  
I gave you black train and I did you wrong  
So everytime I see them and they tell me that's their song  
They say I'm the bomb  
They love the way the charm hanging from the neck  
And compliments the arm which compliments the ear then comes the gear  
So when I hit the room the shorties stop and stare  
Then homies start to hate rearrange their face  
Little do they know I keep them things by waist side  
I reply nobody gotta die  
Similar to lil weez cuz I got the fire

(Chorus)