

Run D.M.C. F/ Nas, Prodigy

"Heat"

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[Common]

Yeah, one two..

Yeah, where my nigga Jay Dee?

Where ya at? (Yeah!)

(Oooh, you say you got guns, then bring that shit)
what?

(You say you got ones, then bring that shit
cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this)
what?

(to get my man see we bout to spit some) HOT SHIT

Yeah, one two..

Bout to spit that, HOT SHIT

Huh.. whoo! Yeah..

Turn it down nigga, HOT SHIT

Yeah.. (oooh)

Messenger in the Metropolis; +Apocalypse+ here and
+Now+

Niggaz know the ledge, so they don't come near the
style

I appear in clouds on some heaven to earth shit

Fake niggaz drown the deeper the verse gets

Deep as a skinny girl's cunt - I surface with the purpose
to let y'all niggaz know the demo

Voice is a instrument that's monumental

You couldn't fuck with the style if you was a nympho

Raised in the temple of Chi, taught to look into the eye

I identify with dobbs and weaves, and niggaz makin
moves

that bob and weave, and niggaz with jobs on the side
sell weed

I feed off the hunger that a bum or abandoned child
gets

freaky, like Marv Albert, in outfits, by Chaka Givens

I lecture how I got God but don't got religion

Got a clip for these niggaz on the net, sellin my shit

Let's just say you Ramone and I'm Spit

In a habitat of Cadillacs and battle raps

and people that travel at the speed of need

Never agree with the ways of the world

Cats say anything - like they say to they girl

How you bringin it when you sit indian style?
Niggaz know me as Com it's time hear me go wild
with HOT SHIT, yeah..
HOT SHIT, yeah, one two..
Came to bring it boy

(You say you got guns, then bring that shit
You say you got ones, then bring that shit
cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this)
what?
(to get my man see we bout to spit some) HOT SHIT
What? No doubt.. HOT SHIT!

[Common]
Old men see visions young men dream dreams
I rock the planet - recognize - I'm the C.R.E.A.M.
Com Rules Everything and everything is
How yo' man pullin yo' weight - he ain't carryin his
Scary the biz is like "The Blair Witch Project"
Experiment in rooms on some bare bitch project
State senators, life twirls, most sell out
- like a dread with a white girl
You want me to cypher with you and the Gods?
I just did a show - I'm pursuin these broads
Everyone I ain't tryin to fuck
Wanna feel female presence and conversation a touch
You'll get split like a date that's dutch scuffed and
scraped up
Taped up for tryin to say what - ever you was about to
say
You rap like a nigga that's about to spray
Get a mouth shot, for openin your mouth to say
feel my heat in the night - it leaves you without the day
What I write is a passage for niggaz to travel through
Before defeatin me - Joe, you better battle you
I tap into my own zone like it's my home phone
Turn the cell off and let my dome roam
Shame I gotta do white labels to keep my life stable
I write fatal bringin niggaz to life
A wise man came in the thick of the night
He said BRING THAT SHIT when you pick up the mic
I said, "What shit?"
He said HOT SHIT, hot shit, hot shit

(You say you got guns, then bring that shit) uhhh
(You say you got ones, then bring that shit
cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this) uhh
(me and my man, see we known to spit this) HOT SHIT
Hot shit, yeah, yeah, uhh
What we spit Jay? (Throw it down nigga)
HOT SHIT, uh, yeah, uh, c'mon, yeah (keep it goin)

HOT SHIT..
HOT SHIT..
HOT SHIT.. yeah, boy (keep it goin)
HOT SHIT.. out
HOT..

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