

Cruelty Lyrics by Sodom

"Hot Shit"

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Southside, H-A-W-K
What, what, what...

[Hook]

I drop that hot shit that hot shit, you know it's going
down
The type of shit, that make your girl knees touch the
ground
You got plex let me know, you got beef let me know
If you looking for me nigga, here I go here I go

[H.A.W.K.]

I spit that hot shit that rock shit, that make you drop
your top shit
That got the game on lock shit, that make you body
rock shit
That make you shoot your glock quick, make you say
Big H.A.W.K.'s sick
Make you ride my diznick, cause I'm colder than an ice
pick
I write this for rightness, or even try to recite this
If you do not like this, I'll hit you with my right fist
Man you got a tight bitch, that keeps on peeping me
I'm a sergeant to M-A-C-K-I-N-G
Then she'll belong to me, pass her to my homie
That South boy of Middle G, in this G-A-M-E
R-E-S-P-E-C-T, to the day I D-I-E
Or unless you're a wanna be, then you're not my cup of
tea
Don't make me act a damn fool, treat you like you in
pre-school
Cause you broke the golden rule, and made me lose
my cool
Now this is H.A.W.K. and I'll let you know, on this track
by Shadow
All go fuck blow, and kick in the fucking do'

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

The Southside got your mouth wide, eyes looking all

cross eyed
Sitting low on buck hide, steering wheel on the right
side
Don't high side when I pass by, toots my horn and say
hi
Hood rats they act fly, classy hoes that act shy
I wonder why it's like that, they peeping me like Fat Pat
But I just hit the kitty cat, and tell them hoes to back
back
Ask Fat Rat it's pure facts, we tossing hoes like flap
jacks
Like serving fiends that white crack, they guaranteed
to come back
Sell em that like a shot of yack, them hoes be down like
fo' flats
Dance around in tight slacks, for all the pimps, playas
and macks
Conversation on who's that, pimping ain't dead I told
you that
Chicks chewing on my nut sack, and hang around like a
clothes rack
That chit-chat that's on the street, boys out here in love
with freaks
Making love between the sheets, but can't make your
ends meet
Disrespecting the game is deep, letting these hoes
play you for weeks
And you wonder why you ain't on feet, cause actions
speak and talk is cheap

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

Are y'all ready to rumble, the Tarzan of this jungle
Weak niggaz crumble, hold the ball don't fumble
I'm cold but I'm humble, so talk up don't mumble
Smart like Bryant Gumble, cowards tend to tumble
I rope the game like a lasso, Southside down at Grasgo
A little bit of hot tobasco, about to cause a fiasco
Just pass go collect your do', spit fire in the studio
Turn it out at a state show, and pull you a bad hoe
Get you some loving, that's hotter than an oven
Kissing and hugging, and ready to get dug in
I break bones and snap necks, tear flesh with techs
If you got plex, I'll put you on a bed rest
I suggest you move around, unless you screaming H-
Town
Yellow bone or sugar brown, they love the way I put it
down
Give me the crown for the best flow, shake your ass
and throw them bows

And if you look at me, here I go here I go

[Hook - 2x]

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