

The Away Team f/ Joe Scudda, Phonte

"Make it Hot"

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[Intro] [Phonte talking] And small children will gather round and tell stories to their parents. About tales of the great Phontigalonus, Sean Boogalonus and Joseph Wellington Scudowski over tracks applied by Khrisies. We'll make it hot. We'll make it hot. We'll make it roaring hot! [Verse One] [Phonte] Ain't a motherfucker out there say I ain't spittin' Say me and my whole team in NC ain't livin' Say we ain't drivin' So don't push me dawg, your style is pussy dawg Believe me, I ain't kiddin'/kitten Hip hop's most elusive figure Phonte's the one That'll shoot the trigger and have your troops delivered In body bags Cause your rhymes loosin' nigga You couldn't make the crowd just to a conclusion nigga So what's your fascination? I'd break it down but I don't have the patience You have to face it Your raps lack imagination You need to make life a part of your skills Or else you'll be a martyr for real And make publishin' a part of your deal Cause lightening won't strike the same place twice But God damn poverty will And you can rhyme like Nas or rhyme like Pras Won't matter cause it still won't knock like ours [Chorus] "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" We don't stop for 'em "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" Take it to the top for 'em [Verse Two] [Sean Boog] I'm a Gillette Razor, live close to the edge Mind's up in cloud nine, spit over your head Bought a pillow case once for sleepin' on the industry Told the judge I was just goin' to bed I'll toast you for bread, flows buttery smooth Wanna be's come at me like stuttering fools Other words absurd, push my buttons and nerves Hungry man, understand, a glutton with words Sick of payin' dues, this rhyme is gonna aim at you (BOW!) Take your rings, double burger and your pager too O-Dog, you think I'm playin' with you? I'm just a Menace II rhyme, doin' what I came to do A no brainer, a simple tad really Cause most of these rap cats just act silly The game's ours And I promise you this Cause ain't a team alive that make it hotter than this [Chorus] "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em

"Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" We don't stop for 'em "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" We make it hot for 'em "Make it hot" Joe Scudda on the mic, let's rock for 'em [Verse Three] [Joe Scudda] Rappers is a dime a dozen See me shinin' cousin Rhymes hot like I carry lines in ovens Baking at 350 and always had beef on my plate Ask yourself if you really want beef with me So Bring your fam and your fellow crews Fuckin' with me, you're gettin' more than your elbow bruised Thinkin' more like I.C.U. Cause that tough guy image you portray is something I see through Straight to the Bitch In Yoo And I ain't talkin' bout Common or Cube Cause there ain't no common in dude If I feel I got drama with you You gonna need more patchin' up then your baby momma can do I'm more bang for your buck buddy Bet your bottom dollar It's the kid from the bottom holla We got 'em Tell me do you follow? And if not, I guarantee I split your head like an alvacada What? [Chorus] [Joe Scudda] "Make it hot" From college kids to thugs We make it hot for 'em For cats that do drugs We make it hot for 'em For chicks that love Joe We make it hot for 'em Shakin' they ass for doe We make it hot for 'em For cats with no heat We make it hot for 'em For those that sleepin the street We make it hot for 'em Even for the cats on the block We make it hot for 'em A middle finger for the cops We make it hot for 'em

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