

Young Chris

"Hot Shyt"

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[Intro: Peedi Crakk]

Hot shyt, hot shyt, come and get it, come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt

Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt

[Verse 1: Peedi Crakk]

Come and get it, I don't know what the fuck to do with it
I wrote it down, took it to the studio and spit it
I tried to knock it in the game, a soccer, they ain't kick it
I twist it up in the dutch, mental lit it and hit it
My girl won't lick it, my moms won't cook it
The cops won't book it, my squad ain't with it
I shot a point black where the cage is still live in
I try to take it to Jamal and pray that they'll send us
Playa plies won't rip it, icepicks won't pick it
I took it to Jigga, he couldn't do nuttin with it
I threw it in the river, motherfuckers started swimmin
I bagged it up, put it on the block and couldn't flip
Who the fuck gon' buy it? The Roc won't drop it
Maybe if I put up "For Sale" sign, somebody cop it
State penitentiary cellblocks can't lock it
Hot shyt, bitch, DJ Screw can't +Chop+ it

[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]

Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
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[Verse 2: Black Thought]

Uh! Come and get it, who want it I got it I'm runnin with it
I brung it from Philly Philly where the crimes get committed
Them rhymes is terrific, beyond scientific
I took it up in a gym, nobody couldn't lift it
Where the hell I'm 'gon send it? Will people 'gon dig it?
I took it to Rich he said it's somethin wrong with it
He took ut to? uestlove, he on the phone with it
He took it to Pitchfork, he couldn't get a sentence

Who the fuck 'gon touch it? If Snoop won't puff it?
The streets don't love it, your peeps won't plug it
I took it to Jigga he said it wasn't in the budget
We took it to Jazzy Jeff, the brother couldn't cut it
I wonder who 'gon knock it, the world 'gon rock it
The squad 'gon pop it, your girl 'gon jock it
I lost my wallet, glad I had it in my pocket
When I'm up in the party, come and see me get
retarded HOT!

[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]

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[Verse 3: Tuphace]

Yo, come and get it, I admit it, I spit it kinda diff-er-ent
They, try to put me in the box, I wouldn't fit in it
Coke - wasn't shippin it, dro - wasn't hittin it
But flippin them downloads and folks stay clickin it
Labels won't push it, T-Pain won't hook it
[?] campaign, straight George Bush it
Showed it to John McCain, said it wasn't crooked
Opened the champagne when Obama ran and took it
The kids won't heat it, the blogs gon' delete it
I sent it to L.A., the nigga couldn't +Reid+ it

I gave it to MJ and my homie couldn't +Beat It+ (Hee-
hee!)

I showed it to Stevie and he said he couldn't see it
Where the hell I'm gon' spread it? My city don't get it
The radio gon' edit, the journalists won't sweat it
Dig it, I don't give a SHIT about a critic
I'm young, fresh, and gifted and I spit it how I live it
Come and get it!

[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]

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[Verse 4: Young Chris]

Uh! My pops wouldn't raise it, Just won't +Blaze+ it
Judge wouldn't free it, Charles couldn't see it
And even if they had the horiscope they couldn't read it
He took it upon his self since Def Jam won't release it
Said the artist couldn't paint it, a poet couldn't speak it
Bullet couldn't seek it bad karma couldn't reap it
Said the farmer couldn't grow it, the cleaners couldn't

sew it

Johnny Depp couldn't +Blow+ it, B.E.T. wouldn't show it
Said the law couldn't cuff it, my lungs wouldn't puff it
Tone couldn't +touch+ it even the phone couldn't crush
it

Said a holster couldn't tuck it Superhead can't suck it
It's born to rock on, explosion, one of the toughest
Said the barber couldn't cut it, rain couldn't flood it
McCain can't beat us so Barack had to lead us
It's the Roc motherfuckers, G-shots, undefeated
This flow is so insane T-Wayne Couldn't Believe it
MOTHERFUCKERS!

[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]

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[Verse 5: Wale]

(Kill it!) Okay, Peedi said kill it, euthanasia's in the
building
And Wale been on his business since Gang of Six kill it
The people gon' feel it, a leader win the building
A leader to my people, niggas hate it just a smidget
The city can't stop it, no keys gon' lock it
Believe I been popular, the freaks who been pockin
The beggars can't borrow, the record sales drop
And name another new nigga with a sicker Twitter
follow
And the politics are part of it, the radio ain't on it
Promoters say that most of them are 'fraid of my
performance
I'm flawless with the spittin, the rappers don't live it
My [?] lenses. my infrared sixes
My infrared maxes and I ain't even matchin
So gonna bring the bitches, and Peedi bring the
Backwoods
And I'm a get some action, who said I won't do it?
I'm a take you out the game, you +Mutombo+ to it
Muthafucka!

[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]

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