

## Young Chris f/ Black Thought, Peedi Crakk, Tuphace, Wale "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 One: Peedi  
Crakk] Come and get it, I don't know what the fuck to  
do wit 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 wit 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 wit 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 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 Two: 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] 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

Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt  
[Verse Three: 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] 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 Come and get it come and get it hot  
shyt, hot shyt [Verse Four: 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] 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 Come and get it  
come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt [Verse Five: 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 wit 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 wit 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'ma get some action, who  
said I won't do it? I'ma take you out the game, you  
+Mutombo+ to it Muthafucka!!! [Chorus: Peedi Crakk]  
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  
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt

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