

## Crawford Randy

### "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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