

Die Krupps

"Hot Girlz On Fire"

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(K.C. Redd)

K.C. Redd in here
One more 'gin
Bigg Ramp, Junie B.
Take 'Fo
Remiiiiiiiiiiiix

Bridge One (K.C. Redd):

My Hot Boy and your Hot Boy was sittin' by the fire
My Hot Boy told your Hot Boy we gonna set this place
on fire

First Verse (K.C. Redd):

You bout your paper? You on top? Handlin' business?
Doin' swell? Down with your old man to the finish?
When he in jail, or doin' time in Angola
Know how it is, stay on his side, no exposure
You doin' the time, without your man, with your kids
Your house is laid, you got no place to make it big
You sparkin' them clubs, you got more love from thugs
And you hit them clubs, and represent for your hood
You bounce with K.C. Redd, on a Take 'Fo track
And this shive, fire rap, put them Hot Boys on the map
Like them fire Hot Girls, with them gangsta ass cars
That go off the wall, now can you twerk with your ward?
You on that Alize'? You on an ignorant trip?
Now \$20,000 in case your old man get slipped?
You got a "G", you wanna spend it
You get your hair fixed every week with your AirMax
tennis?

Chorus (K.C. Redd):

Then you a Hot Girl, then you a Fire Girl
Then you a Hot Girl, then you a Fire Girl
Then you a Hot Girl, then you a Fire Girl
Then you a Hot Girl, then you a Fire Girl
The Hot Boys, the Hot Boys they on fire

The Hot Boys, the Hot Boys they on fire
The Hot Boys, the Hot Boys they on fire
The Hot Boys, the Hot Boys they on fire

Second Verse (K.C. Redd + Junie B.):

(K.C. Redd)

Now what's happenin' with you?
You doin' what your old man do?
He down servin' them quarter birds and you servin'
them birds too?
He a paper chaser, ain't no time for bein' broke
Your man down bad, so you put him on child support
You don't like Vanessa
You gone handle her when you catch her
Put her on a stretcher
You got butcher knives on your dresser
Like that matching chain
With them hoop earrings
A tattoo on your chest, with your Baby Dad name

(Junie B.)

Now see I'm quick and bout it, ain't no fakin' what I'm
bout to do
I got that niener heated, and surrounded by the other
team
Now Baby what you do? Are you ballin' and stackin'
G's?
Do you stack some G's? In your Rover and Cherokees?
You know who I be, that lil' soldier from the 1-2-3
I represent that Nolia, to the fullest, ya feelin' me?
Look if you got beef, we could take it up in the streets
Take off the Tommy boots, throw on the solja Rees

Chorus

Third Verse (Junie B.):

You know I'm strictly hot
Ain't no fakin' it's non-stop
When I grab the mic, I be makin' them eyes pop
Makin' them heads bop
Makin' them legs rock
Makin' your braids knot
Makin' your head knock
Now tell me this? Are you pissed cuz I can flow?
Now tell me this? Do you think my head grows?
Now really chick, you be hatin' cuz you'z a clown
Cuz when I spit, they all know I throw it down

Respect my mind, when I say I do as I please
And don't waste your time, I ain't killin' I'm runnin' deep
Are you feelin' me? Ain't no pity I'm actin' bad
Baby hit your brakes, you goin' fast, you bound to
crash
I know you speak, but you hatin' me on the low
You say I'm your round, and tellin' your partners I'm a
hoe
But that's how it go, I respect it because I'm grown
If you fake Wodie, don't pretend, just leave it alone

Chorus

Fourth Verse (Bigg Ramp):

Well respect my mind, thought I'd say what I wanna say
If you hatin' Ramp and Take 'Fo, best get out the way
They rap like what? Stop hatin' boy, what?
Better be bout that in all black or you stuck
Them Hot Girls shake it up at the top of the charts
Hot Boys, solja rees, girbauds or fatigues
Wild thirteen, U.P.T., dogg Valence Street
Respect it or check faw, I'm H-O-T
Tell me "Pay me", never boy that ain't happenin'
That boy right here too clever dogg, I'm rappin', he's
scrappin'
Caught Flack like Roberta, for my last verse
Went number one with it dogg, so now the remix hurts
They can't take me, a million dollar H.B.
Me, Tec, Lil' Ya, lil' riders, and Junie B.
Picture me buckin', look, the whole crowd duckin'
Cuz they bucked up, cuz Jubilee played somethin'

Chorus

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