

High & Mighty

"Hot Spittable"

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Intro:

Girl: Soon you'll have a band

Mr. Eon: It's just my voice and this hand

Girl: That's what hip hop was and still stands

Eon: What

Girl: Soon you'll have a band

Eon: It's just my voice and this hand

Girl: That's what hip hop was and still stands

Eon: Cause

Girl: We don't have a band

Eon: It's just my voice and this hand

Girl: That's what hip hop was and still stands

Girl: We don't have a band

Eon: It's just my voice and this hand

Girl: That's what hip hop was and still stands

Verse 1:

Death to the mic, Starbuck's on arrival

Raised in Illadel where I wrecked the recital

Introduced Jack Daniels to Mary Jane

Now they dating in my body, shit ain't the same

Your petty thinking cat need training like Amtrak

Can't stand that, need to abandon that
Catch a random violent act, over a phantom track
With zoot suits and Hammer pants, we ain't wearin' that
Swearin' that they nice, when I'm vastly, more nasty
Trashy, trying to be all cute and dashing
To alien crafts, I'm unabductible
My visionary path is unobstructible
With the dope we on, Ma look like a Pokemon
Arsenic laced lyrics that you choking on
Catch my illest tale up on story boards
Like my latest smorgasbord with 40 whores

Chorus:

High & Mighty nicest, too hot spittable
Mr. Eon's frequency's untransmittible
Come around the way, we don't act hospitable
Can't see us, so on stage we invisible

(Repeat)

Verse 2:

Killed Billy Blanks with Tae-Bo, puffin' hydro
But guess what kids?, I wasn't even high though
A thousand thirty words can't describe my sturdy turds
Absurd, like 30 nerds doing the Dirty Bird, in Atlanta
Trash, skidded up Pampers
Looking like some old washed up exotic dancers
Trains get sprayed like high schoolers these days

They don't listen to hip hop, they checkin' Green Day

My unexpectedness is like the '69 Mets

My 69 wets on my Penthouse pets

A mic, better snatch it

Record, gotta scratch it

A loop, better catch it

The blunt, better ash it

Who wanna see me erupt?

Like I had beans, tacos, pizza and Chinese for lunch

Watch me daydream about Tyra's vagina

Take a VH to it, catch me in the all nighter

Chorus

Verse 3:

I'm the illest one, I'll smoke L's for 50 years

Catch emphysema, then sue Phillie Blunts

Really stunts, no need for elaborate tactics

Just lick your lips and presto!, it's my mattress

Electrocute you in wet clothing articles

Send your air particles to the Antarctic

With no bubble Nauticas, no fleeces

More popular in Brooklyn than Pee Wee Reese is

More infamous in L.I. than Colin Ferguson

More hated Uptown than Mayor Rudy son

I'm David Berkowitz, when I be spurtin' this

Son of Sam on this here diagram

Fuck immaculate conception, I was Anakin's dad

Took the book to Amsterdam, now the Vatican's sad

See my, boys are nuts ill ploys on cuts

Your Mattels can't swell, you be Toys'R'Us

Chorus

Outro:

Yes indeed, too hot

The spittablest, Mr. Eon

Yes indeed, Dick Starbuck

Comin' through once again

DJ Mighti Mi, Henry Spitty

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