**MotoLyrics** 

MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

## **Kid Capri** "Hot This Year"

Visit "Hot This Year" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo Capri, yo this is Diamond, um Check it out um, I moved the session to next Wednesday At 12 noon, plug me in at D' You'll be outta there by one o'clock, aight? Call me back and umm, give me confirmation

I'm ageless, pageless, only want me for that thing Hang up the phone, wants to let it ring With my gold chain, nothing as the hanging rope Who wanna stay in court plus knowing the fact that I'm smoky

Bust you in the back and play the low key Trusting in the fact that where I go, nobody knows me Maybe then I'll go to where the weather is more suited to my taste

And you got, uprooted in the first place

I got the 'chelle fire 'cause I get deeper than Mya Stay on shorties domes like them beauty parlor dryers Want some verbal spit from the semi-auto lip Your whole body get hit, then you start dancing and shit

And I'm the overweight aphrodisiac I only lick two and pass if your trees be black I leave the promoters screaming, "Won't you please be back?"

Detonating till bell-bottom Lee's come back

So Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you can make it hot this year So Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you're rolling with the Kid Capri

Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, we all can make it hot this year Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you're rolling with the Kid Capri

Aight, now here's to y'all all and my new Bronx address

I'm out wit the old shit, got a brand new mattress Don't want no girl wit no flat chest How 'bout the one wit the [unverified]

I tickle you laugh, but I just got the math Over on Park Ave., off the concourse on [unverified] She took two and, she could do it My whole crew got anger's with them similar to travelling Salesman hitting things from women or whatever

Allah Hu Akbar Lord Jamar spit in devil's face like Roberto Alomar Choke a Phillie I like Latrell Sprewell Straight from the Rochelle where the G-O-D's dwell I hope you didn't think that we fell

We drink from the well and it never runs dry So we never gon' die We multiply wit mathematics, women's call us charismatic Smoke the aromatic too much, guess it's a habit

So Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you can make it hot this year So Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you're rolling with the Kid Capri

Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, we all can make it hot this year Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you're rolling with the Kid Capri

Here me dog, 'cause a nigga ain't the run of the mill Blow up your body at will, like a chick on the pill I make it hot to death, swing it from right to left 'Cause I talk so much shit, I can taste it on my breath

I got the head knock, keep rhyme flows under padlock Like Comstock with more shoes than a foot locker And it don't stop, Diamond D and Brand Nu Bagging more chickens than that nigga Frank Purdue

No more domestication, on some overseas shit Beat a nigga ass till he says please quit While you home alone marinating on cheese sticks I'm in the back of the Burban with some Chinese chicks

Looking at a map, one chick on my lap Telling me how she was born in the year of the rap But by the time we reach the house, there's no waiting in fact All you see is ankles (Yeah, what) From the front to the back

So Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you can make it hot this year So Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you're rolling with the Kid Capri

Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, we all can make it hot this year Brand Nu's, you can make it hot this year And Diamond D, you're rolling with the Kid Capri

Big shouts to my peoples all over uptown Big shouts to my peoples all over the world Brand Nubian, big shouts to Diamond D Big shouts to digging in the crates

It's the Kid Capri and we putting it down like that Straight hip hop, straight to your mouth, word up I'm outta here

Visit <u>Kid Capri</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.