

Krs-One "Hot"

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Yeah

Who will be standing when the smoke clears?

(KRS-One)--> Redman

Word up!

What's up with this?

We're coming through

Boogie Down style, kid

What's up

This is KRS-One

The light at the end of the tunnel

Yo, they not HOT, all they do is talk a lot

That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?

That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops

That's not HOT, a real MC you're not

I'm HOT, been hot, repeatedly heated

Don't call the teacher, hah, you best be seated

You got these kids gased up like you own the inventory

Fake muthafuckas ain't tellin the whole story

Tell em how you borrow from everyone you knew

And now that you're on top, they can't borrow from you

That's not hot, tell em how you love bein pop

Cause you was so broke before, sleepin cold on a cot

You don't rock, you grab money

Your crocks rock the spot and you grab them honeys

It's about to get ugly

I don't even go to these bullshit kiddie-ass clubs

You wanna be a thug? Let's thug

First of all, soldiers speak to soldiers

Captains speak to captains

Lieutenant/lieutenant, cool?

But your first mistake is: he's steppin to me, rookie

Like you a O.G. and you just a run-up, fool

Who really got these streets on lock?

Whose name really holds high respect on the block?

Who opened up these clubs and taught you how to mix?

Who opened up these thugs from Compton to the Bricks?

I don't even sound like the rest of you kiddies

I study the ways of God, you studyin titties
And ass, I pity your class
Cause you come out with a blast
But you're trash, so you really don't last

They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
This is hotter than heat, too deep, I'm on top of the
streets
You weak, you ain't really rockin these beats
You ?????, you dress straight, eat straight
But you're a slave, and yo, you can't come up in a heat
tank
G-o-d we thank, we watch what we sell
You better hope these Christians are wrong cause you
go in to hell
Think about that when you're spittin your raps
And you call out KRS, I'll put you flat on your back
You're not HOT, all you do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Who's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Where's your respect on the block?
[*scratching of*]
(KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butta-Pican Rican, tell em to get off it)--> Redman

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