

Nv Sicc "Hot"

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Hot

1st verse

NV Sicc

Loyalty on the mic, when I spit right please stop speaking..Leave ya lines dry heaving, and not breathing..So dope composed, on flows i'm so heathen..Strong arm ya verse like my first name was He-Man..Monster, known to write until my knuckles bleedin..Believe him, been a demon since the semen..Hot like tobasco, lines are just steamin..Spit, leave fools dreamin, and blue like the jeans man..N-V-S, have ya screamin..Man these kats fake they just change with the season..Known to write dope, give the fiends what they need an..Was told I over do it, have ya whole crew O.D'n..Cooked up and sweetened, Boy, my flows heat and..Melt ya bone structure till ya pores start leakin..Kids I'm High treason, the mic's what I'm squeezin..And known to have a flow that Ripley wouldn't believe in..

2nd Verse

Anotha Level

Special check level's slept on flow...kept metal special tre-ochos...revolving life, he's evolving nice...Pause, and collide with the rawest guys...painted pictures, young and old take no prisoners...jaws drop from lines hit floor broke dentures...amazin pace, abrasive face lifts...as i cut to the point, makin razors sacred...open eyes, no nose, the total lies...styles and words 1 verse equals my photo mind...i bring out the best in every syllable, literally..

The antidote, is a dope beat..catch the heat sweat and death, succesfully..sessions set teachings, fill the best of me..

3rd Verse

Young Trav

I'm a monster who is this nice?...I don't think you get it dogg I lived life twice..In the afterlife, I'm what the

games been missin..Trav flow hard like a class at princeton..Kats tryna catch up and put they best up..watch um get ate up and that's where they messed up..top dogg, cop cars, no i can't cop yall.spit like a broken condom so raw..I'm so far ahead of yall i can't stop..i sit on blocks pass rocks like i'm shootin ball..chicks love me cause they know they see a star.feds hate the kid so they tappin all my cars..trav can't do it like a fag won't do it..niggas spittin gangsta shit but i can see right thru it..Look, been in the game for minute but i'm laid back..8 stacks take that, tell me can you feel that..

4th verse

80

I'm the man, and no i won't hold ya hand..If you talk back i'll slap the shit out you wit my left hand.i'm the best man, i'll cave ya chest in..something like pussy you have ya ugly face in..i'm hot you not, nigga face it..for me there is no replacement..i hear you wack niggas talkin that gay shit..if i was in ya face i bet you niggas wouldn't say shit.its my turn ya time is up..i spit hot shit until they say ya time is up..or that's enough, wack dudes that's enough..

After 16 they like 80 that's enough..that's another guys lines you usin..you should think about them lil beats you abusin.i rock crowds while you lame dudes chokein..i spit 16 and the booth start smokin..

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