

The Cure

"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

