

A Transylvanian Funeral

"Hot Sex"

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Chorus

Verse one: phife

Ayo who wanna pull on phifer long time no hear from
Suckers walkin around talking about they could get
some
But that pop is non cypher, no can do
And if you think Im a dope, then ask the other crew
And I proceed to let you know, exactly how to flow
Im not lawn doctor so just step off with the hoe
Oops my mistake I didnt know you went with her
Should I run down the line of the all the kids that done
hit her
Dont be bitter, I hear that honey resembles a critter
I heard she likes to do one-one my man john ritter
But back to the subject you cant catch wreck
You must get respect, to earn respect
Suckers think they could herb me cuz know I where
specks
Youre full of jokes, but you your name aint flex
I got the riches, the bitches, Im large like a huxtable
You think youre all that but youre girls quite doable
Yeah, Im tellin you g, to back up off me
Im not a mad cohort, but Im not mr. softee
Rappin is an art, coming straight from the heart
So forget the chart because the action can start

Chorus

Verse two: q-tip

Where ya at? to all my peoples with the funk
Im the undercover brother dump your hoe in the trunk
Save all the sad songs and the tearjerkers
Niggaz step up its the lyrical worker
The poems that I create aint in paper back books
The poems that I create are for hookers and the crooks
My mental is excelling cuz I dabble in the books
Im not the one to front on, so suboops-suboops
Yo I gets the pickens, Im such a damn dickens

If you step to this then the plot just thickens
Ill run you around the track like a bunny and a dog
To me, your just another mc on the log
A link on the chain, fluid on the brain
I boast of hype lyrics, and yours are mardane
See I cant maintain, especially if you come back
Im the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that
I can also do your girl, so leave the hoe at home
Cuz when I get done, Ill have her strung on bones
Its the no-joke pressure, that elevates my mind
Makes me pick up and go when its time to drop a
rhyme
My title is locked, the abstract poetic
Im in the idle mode but my energys kinetic
So smooth and debonair, especially for the ear
Gotta keep my thing in gear cuz its evident and clear
That I will rock, rock, rock [fades away]

Chorus

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