

69 Boyz F/ 95 South

"Hot Ya Hot"

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(*scratching of*)

(So hot)

(Ya know it's hot)

(Guaranteed hot shit)

[CHORUS]

We now interrupt your regularly scheduled
programmin

Of hours of commercial rap and slow jammin
To bring you the latest news and scientific
breakthroughs

A special update for those who woke up late

Heard my last jam but didn't quite get it

You took my tape home, put it on but couldn't fit it

You wouldn't admit it, but you bit it

You tried to swallow it but couldn't follow it, you
shouldn'ta did it

Y'all cats need to quit it, I'm sayin, stop playin with it

You, your crew and your DJ can hit it

It's time to clean out your locker

And make way for the mind shocker, chief rhyme
rocker

Boom-shaka-laka, park-jam-street-blocker

'81 summer heat, 'Big Beat' knocker

Rang-dang-doo-gie-da-dang-da-dang-doo-gie

Tootie bang-bang, 2 train to the Boogie

Born in the Bronx, raised in Manhattan

I been to Brooklyn, Queens and Staten

Am I still rappin - what you're tryin to tell me?

Hit em with the 12", slap em with the LP

God please help me to understand you

Walkin round frontin like you got somethin brand new

[CHORUS]

Now I don't know what y'all been told

But if ya hot ya hot and if ya not ya cold

If ya slip ya trip but if ya hip ya hop

And if it don't flip then it's bound to flop

If it don't touch the bottom won't hit the top

And if ya can't rap then ya needs to stop

(Ya know it's hot)
Yo, this is not a test
(Ya know it's hot)
Yo, this is not a test
So I hope you got your vest
Unless you wanna feel hot steel in your chest

[VERSE 2]

Nobody gets out alive till the cops arrive
A shot from a .45 couldn't stop my vibe
Phase me or daze me, nobody plays me
Five-o shot at me, but yo, they gotta be crazy
They only grazed me, I had to be swayze
My mama always told me not to be lazy
See, back in the days we used to breathe and live this
When grabbin a mic wasn't a right but a privilege
When you came to the party had to be prepared
When you stepped to the stage I could see you're
scared
Don't even bring it to me, I'ma take it there
Your whole crew just against me just to make it fair
Now who wanna mess around and test the sound
And try to pick it up when you can't put it down

[CHORUS]

See I don't know what y'all been told
But if ya hot ya hot and if ya not ya cold
If ya slip ya trip but if ya hip ya hop
And if it don't flip then it's bound to flop
If it don't touch the bottom won't hit the top
And if ya can't rap...

[VERSE 3]

Then you needs to stop runnin off at the mouth
You can even step forth, break north or fly south
Look east, go west, now choose who's the best
Who spit that hot shit that'll bruise your flesh
Tell me who rocks the boat and who steers the
rudders?
Who brings home the bread and prepares the buttas?
I got rap pages that collapse stages
My style is wild like pitbulls trapped in cages
I cause more scare than Godzilla
Guerilla warfare, there's a stone cold killer
The kid from the Bronx who stomps your whole villa
Uptown, gimme the crown, there is none iller
You're still a part-time, petty crime nickel and dime
With two feet on a street corner kickin a rhyme
You shoulda kept it real from Jump Street
Record sales slump, you got cut off like lunch meat

Life, thou's strife now, don't it feel strange
To be on top then get dropped like loose change?
I guess when ya hot ya hot
And when you choose to snooze then you lose your
spot

[CHORUS]

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