

## Red Cafe

### "Hottest In The Hood"

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[Intro]

REEEEEEMIXXXXXXXXXX!!!!!!!!!! PART THREE!!!!!!!!!!

[Diddy] (Red Cafe)

BAAAAAAAAAAAAADBOYYYYYYYYY!!!!

THIS IS THE REMIX!!!!

Red Cafe! WHO THE FUCK Y'ALL THINK Y'ALL FUCKIN  
WITH!!!!

THIS IS WHAT YOU BEEN WAITIN FOR!!! I RUN SHIT  
HERE!!!!

YOU JUST LIVE HERE!!!!!! (What else!!!!)

THIS IS BAD BOY MOTHERFUCKER!!!!!!!!!!!!

(HUH!!!!!!!!!!!!)

[Verse One: Red Cafe]

I'm the hottest in the hood, chick game silly

Chick hand in my draws tryin to Free Willy

Now all y'all really tryin to rhyme like me

Boy verse fly like I wrote in on the plane

Huh! Push weight no Royce

Now the check cleared Shakedown, Bad Boy

Hottest in the world, hottest in the game

Rap King James I'm a put it on the chain

Big hog at the valet DAMN

Get 'em on they toes like it's ballet

DAAAAAAMMMMMNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!

Yeah! I get my 2Pac on

Thuglife hottest in the hood dot com

[Verse Two: Juganot]

Yeah, when you on the eastside, homie ask about me

Juganot, ain't nobody that could doubt me

Hot up in the hood like a Jag or Audi

I'm hot like ridin camel back in Saudi Arabia

The boy's beha-vior - is rowdy!

Strapped on that +Iron Man+ like Rob Downey

Hotter than a crucifix at Klan rallies

Got crews of chicks sweatin me like Ballys (Work it out)

I'm hot up in the hood like a Hemi (VROOM!)

Like Eddie role, anywhere with a semi

That'll +Ghost+ you and your click like Patrick and

Demi

With one eye closed, holdin the hand real steady

[Chorus: Red Cafe]

And the beat goes on, and the beat goes on, and the  
beat goes on

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beat goes on

I'm the hottest nigga, in the  
hooooooooooooodddddddd!!!!!!

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[Verse Three: Papoose]

Papoose, Pa-Poose! I'm the best in the world

I talk like a Webstar record "GO GIRL!!!"

Got the AK's, y'all could die

I keep the two K's with me, like Karl Kani

I'm a show 'em how to bring pain

Put some wholes in his white tee, that's what I call T-  
Pain

Go get some anti-freeze, I think they should

I'm like the engine, I'm the hottest thing in the hood

[Verse Four: Ross Fortune] (Red Cafe)

Touchdown!!! If you're small-time grindin, you gettin  
that Fool's Gold

With me, I'm a pitch it, I'll kick it like foosball

Piff pills, hard wired or some good raw

Main reason we the hottest in the hood dawg

(Yeah, Ross Fortune) - Ask about me

(That Shakedown Marcel)- Ask about me

Ross Fortune on deck, lot of stacks around me

No guards, just shooters that'll blast around me

If it ain't Shakedown, then it ain't im-POR-tant

If it ain't about money, that shit sound foreign

When you hear "Touchdown", know that's Fortune

We scorin, it's movin, we got it in motion - Touchdown

[Chorus: Red Cafe]

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[Verse Five: Kardinal Offishall]

I'm the hottest in yo' hood, hottest in yo' block  
Wall Street economics with a T-Dot bop  
Got my passport lookin like Weezy's tattoos  
Flyin from hood to hood Mr. International  
Slums I roll by the clubs of Philly  
Suburbs of ATL tryin to wife Chilli  
Jamaica Ave. silly, shoppin like I must  
Be the only Konvict nigga the hood discuss  
Besides my homey Red, Rock City and The Boss  
T-Pain lost a couple teeth but he still floss  
Get it, I'm a monster America Online  
I'm a foreigner, better than Barack in his prime

[Verse Six: Uncle Murda]

I know I'm hot, it ain't the marijuana  
If I ain't, then Chris Brown ain't hit Rihanna (He even BIT  
her!!!)  
And you can't say I ain't the truth  
That's like sayin if the cops think you got a gun  
They ain't 'gon shoot (BLOAW!)  
I'm on fire, the haters still hatin on me  
Flow so hot, Satan in Hell waitin on me (I'm hotter than  
HIM!!!)  
'Cause of me, err'body rappin tougher  
I call 'em lil' Kanyes' and I'm they +Big Brother+  
(Word to MUTHA!!!)

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