

## Lady Jay Dee

### "Heat"

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[Common]Yeah, one two...  
Yeah, where my nigga Jay Dee?  
Where ya at? (Yeah! )  
(Oooh, you say you got guns, then bring that shit)  
what?  
(You say you got ones, then bring that shit  
Cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this)  
what?  
(To get my man see we bout to spit some) HOT SHIT  
Yeah, one two...  
Bout to spit that, HOT SHIT  
Huh... whoo! Yeah...  
Turn it down nigga, HOT SHIT  
Yeah... (oooh)

Messenger in the Metropolis; +Apocalypse+ here and  
+Now+  
Niggaz know the ledge, so they don't come near the  
style  
I appear in clouds on some heaven to earth shit  
Fake niggaz drown the deeper the verse gets  
Deep as a skinny girl's cunt - I surface with the purpose  
To let y'all niggaz know the demo  
Voice is a instrument that's monumental  
You couldn't fuck with the style if you was a nympho  
Raised in the temple of Chi, taught to look into the eye  
I identify with dobbs and weaves, and niggaz makin  
moves  
That bob and weave, and niggaz with jobs on the side  
sell weed  
I feed off the hunger that a bum or abandoned child  
gets  
Freaky, like Marv Albert, in outfits, by Chaka Givens  
I lecture how I got God but don't got religion  
Got a clip for these niggaz on the net, sellin my shit  
Let's just say you Ramone and I'm Spit  
In a habitat of Cadillacs and battle raps  
And people that travel at the speed of need  
Never agree with the ways of the world  
Cats say anything - like they say to they girl  
How you bringin it when you sit indian style?

Niggaz know me as Com it's time hear me go wild  
With HOT SHIT, yeah...  
HOT SHIT, yeah, one two...  
Came to bring it boy

(You say you got guns, then bring that shit  
You say you got ones, then bring that shit  
Cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this)  
what?

(To get my man see we bout to spit some) HOT SHIT  
What? No doubt... HOT SHIT!

[Common]Old men see visions young men dream  
dreams  
I rock the planet - recognize - I'm the C.R.E.A.M.  
Com Rules Everything and everything is  
How yo' man pullin yo' weight - he ain't carryin his  
Scary the biz is like "The Blair Witch Project"  
Experiment in rooms on some bare bitch project  
State senators, life twirls, most sell out  
- like a dread with a white girl  
You want me to cypher with you and the Gods?  
I just did a show - I'm pursuin these broads  
Everyone I ain't tryin to fuck  
Wanna feel female presence and conversation a touch  
You'll get split like a date that's dutch scuffed and  
scraped up  
Taped up for tryin to say what - ever you was about to  
say  
You rap like a nigga that's about to spray  
Get a mouth shot, for openin your mouth to say  
Feel my heat in the night - it leaves you without the day  
What I write is a passage for niggaz to travel through  
Before defeatin me - Joe, you better battle you  
I tap into my own zone like it's my home phone  
Turn the cell off and let my dome roam  
Shame I gotta do white labels to keep my life stable  
I write fatal bringin niggaz to life  
A wise man came in the thick of the night  
He said BRING THAT SHIT when you pick up the mic  
I said, "What shit?"  
He said HOT SHIT, hot shit, hot shit

(You say you got guns, then bring that shit) uhhh  
(You say you got ones, then bring that shit  
Cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this) uhh  
(Me and my man, see we known to spit this) HOT SHIT  
Hot shit, yeah, yeah, uhh  
What we spit Jay? (Throw it down nigga)  
HOT SHIT, uh, yeah, uh, c'mon, yeah (keep it goin)

HOT SHIT...  
HOT SHIT...  
HOT SHIT... yeah, boy (keep it goin)  
HOT SHIT... out  
HOT...

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