

Special Ed "Ya Not So Hot"

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(it's so
- hot -
I'm burnin up)

[verse 1]
This is commercial, nothin controversial
Or offensive, it's not expensive
So why don't you buy it, riot
Rampage, rush the stage
But try to front, I got the 12-gauge
No bodyguard, got akshun on the tables
Tangle - get strangled with his cables
It's not a treath, it's a bet, word
Cause I roast you like a bird, cut you in a third
Of a fraction, give akshun a little peace
Yo howie, now we got a feast
Or a meal, cause suckers who steal I will be pawin
Get ready at 8 cause eddie ain't ate, and I'm starvin
Just like marvin gaye
I heard it through the grapevine around the way
You be perpetratin and I be hatin
Things like that, so now, black, I sit back waitin
And waitin for your arrival
And the end of your survival
Every single day you will decay and just rot
Ya not so hot

(it's so
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[verse 2]
Your physical being will start fleeing
Your brain will feel the pain, and you will start peeing
Your fruit of the loom's till it consumes
Your trousers, wowsers, golly, I'm dope
See what I mean? if not, then here's a telescope
Take it, but don't break it
Then return when you learn how to make it
Like this, comin off and gettin busy
You need a hyper type of diaper, you pissy little sissy
You little whinin, naggin, braggin, smellin like midnight

dragon
What's the matter, your diaper still saggin?
Get huggies, they don't leak
Then I might not notice that you're weak
Because you always say the rhymes that I heard the
other day
I come fresher every night - after I pray
I sit down and write, and then I lay in rest
Get up in the morning, get dressed, not to impress
It's too much stress on the brain, mc's strain to be the
best
Or the biggest, or better they get enormous
You think you're hot, but you don't even warm us
Ya not so hot

(it's so
- hot -
I'm burnin up)

[verse 3]
I use natural ressources, creative forces
So high-potent that a sucker mc lost his
Ability to function, and he collapsed
So before you blink just think that perhaps
It can happen to you, cause it can, my man
Cause yo, i'ma bag you up and put you in a trash can
And then send you off to the dumps
Chumps, i'ma give you nuff lumps
In your cranium
Where he at, just name he him
And i'ma find him and come from behind him
And take him and break him and bind him
And then line him with a lining and a designing
Put him in the window when the sun comes shining
In the morning, blow the horn and toot the whistle
Set it off with the pistol
But you was finished way before the first shot
Ya not so hot

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