

## Hot Boys F/ Bun B

### "Desperados"

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[Proof]

Yo, ay yo turn the heads and the mics up  
We got the Dreadknaughts, you know what I'm sayin  
Super MC, you know what I mean  
Bugz, Dirty and all that, all that shit  
You know what I'm sayin, Desperados with the cars,  
Eminem

[Eminem]

Chauvinist pig, droven this Big Lincoln  
Till it went over the bridge  
Jumped out and dove in the ditch  
Broke in a mobile home and stole a stove and fridge  
Kidnapped the parents and left the ransom note for the  
kids  
I'm going for your mids  
Here's a body blow for your ribs  
While you're clutching your stomach and bleeding all  
over your bitch  
I know where you live, your girl showed me your crib  
Unless she told me a fib  
Then I'm gonna have both y'all get did  
Burning incense, facing a murder sentence  
Under intent, for investigation for killing infants  
While I sit in padded rooms doing shrooms  
Having visions of dead pregnant women with brooms  
jammed in their wounds  
Slit your carpet and rugs, and fucked your apartment  
up  
Sticking up all the drugs, and jumping in garbage  
trucks  
I'm from the shitty slums that look like the city dumps  
Give you a kidney punch, and mug you to get me lunch  
See me every summer, layin up against the dumpster  
With a one hundred dollar jumper, smothered in  
southern comfort  
Got my Slim Shady sticker on your mother's bumper  
She came home screamin a bunch of motherfuckers  
jumped her

[Proof]

Ay yo  
Pursue to list em, there's no need to diss em  
They be beheavin, make sure your whole breathing  
system  
Twist them like big caps, who wants to hear that  
Rap, murder rates, and I snap vertebrates  
Collapse further states, my tribe reserves the grave  
Your pack deserve a crate, in fact the word is fake  
I'll cook you slow like egg sufficient nuts  
I'm holding vandanna like seven great-molested sluts  
Calling me a bitch nigga, you need to stop  
Reality, one on one how many times you got dropped  
I'm cut throat when any track runs, I smack none's  
It's the rough method that makes Muslims run and pack  
guns  
I'm volcanic, the sermon preacher  
Burning MC's most wanted by Herman Kefa  
You tried to get a squad, they was like oh no  
Leavin you brain dead, hittin trees with Sonny Bono  
I kick without a dojo, D-12 slow flow  
Shoot down your mother ship and pimp slap mojo  
No pro wanna go knuckle blades with renegade  
Nigga tried to go pop, and plus they minute made  
My lieutenant spray your brigade, and trampled your  
flow  
Big P, the reason MC's canceled their shows  
The truth will hurt, see Proof will work your shame in it  
The best part of your show is when you put my name in  
it  
My squad, godly, fearin shit hardly  
So I hope when I die, I dope like Chris Farley  
Fuck that

[Bugz]  
Who run shit, watch these drums hit  
You dove head first into some old dumb shit  
Here's a can of ass whip, for you to come get  
Your clique made their trip, I made them hoes submit  
Ask your girl, she knows the scoop don't fuck with Bugz  
bitch  
I'll chop off her titti, have you sucking one tit  
Them pink belly niggas is who you run with  
Making half ass songs, shitty snares and one kick  
I hate your damn sound, don't like it one bit  
You can make a double album, won't have one hit  
Your entire outfit is on some bullshit  
And there's not a damn one that I can't out wit  
I admit, that my style is unfit  
For mamma's baby boy because I'm on some dumb  
shit  
Like I commit arsony, get harm quick

You pull the alarm switch, I'll stab you in your armpit  
Now who the nitwit wanna come get with  
This egotistic, hip-hop fundal mentalisitic  
Don't risk it, you'll get your shit split  
Now keep your distance, and keep existence  
I'm the persistent when it comes to bench shit  
I smoked a blunt with my judge before my sentence  
I'm relentless to deny you're senseless  
Yo bitch, pay my bill that's where the hell your rent went  
Fuck that

[Almighty Dreadknaughts]  
I killed competition, with no way out as an opposition  
Execute the passengers on the flight my executive  
decision  
Then reminisce on how shady the business  
Terrorists asked by Israelis when they visit  
Bombed in insentient  
One word in three in the making, murdered the  
exhibition team finish  
Beat the ref senseless  
No timeout extended play papers over your  
intermission  
And increasing the battlefield with the blood of  
Christians  
Cryin for the messiah, but he don't listen  
I pop my wing when I top the stove frame boil sizzling  
I fight a maniac cook, I do damage to kitchens  
Fuck Home Depot, I demolition  
When I home improve, I'll be there to fix it  
For my school is supervision, for down finical aid  
smoked up my intuition  
Only hang out with rappers with explicit lyrics  
And pistol grip punks with a beef, bitch do you wanna  
get eaten

[Almighty Dreadknaughts]  
I got a mind full of troubles  
Everything is in doubles  
I buy my guns in couples  
No time to replace fumbles  
Cause MC's come and MC's go, we both flow  
Injured from head to toe  
No fit a model, we full throttle  
You stuck in low, incapable to master flow  
Everything is tactical, living mathematical  
Watch master flow, unleash and let go  
I shit like lava, original designer, married to marijuana  
since a minor  
Making it a chance to see my battleship could get you  
wet like fibs, what

Applying death-defying feats, maintain to keep my  
peace  
Flow like to see, when I release these beats over  
concrete

[Almighty Dreadknaughts]  
My president transitions has taken place  
As eyes spread folk ally on the M-I-CR-O  
Power he's cyphin not quality, I deal it  
Lays the track and made it real, I know my people feel  
it  
Keep their head bobbin, and the emotional sobbin  
Plus a cultural cipher after show, hoes be slobbin  
Knobs, love the fuckin flavor of the icing  
Plus I'm precision, my double edge will continue slicin

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