

Howard Jones Lyrics by Jones Howard

"Hot Breath"

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Behold, take heed, witness wisdom being dropped
MCs spilled their skills but they'll just get mopped
Early bird on the track, first up to bat
Throw a steak on the grill so I can chill and get fat
Heat up the coals while I heat up the mic
Competition, if they're a match then I'll strike
Wreck the shop, leave the shit in a shambles
Put your money on a sure shot, Benj ain't a gamble
I'll slap a muzzle on a sucker whose tongue skips
Give him the boot and turn his ass into dum chips
With what's left I'll fertilise the earth
You was bunk as an MC but your shit you bring birth
I walk a path to become legendary
Rhymes so milky they'll be labelled as dairy
Competition I just dispose of
Swift with the gift, the man all the hoes love
Slamming suckers like Bambam Bigelow
Got bitches on my team like I was a gigolo
I break hearts and I climb charts
And I never been booty, save that for the farts
Kids blowing hot air, who got their heads gassed?
You can have ten wack rappers and they still come in
dead last
I watch them fall cause they're faulty
I laugh in their face and they walk away salty
I rain on suckers while some choose to drizzle
You come up with beef you leave with no teeth and
gristle
Fuck with your head like Hannibal the Cannibal
Destroy your senses, turn you from man to manimal
Or better yet a marshmallow
Cause compared to me you're a walking bowl of Jell-O
He went out like Mark Hamill
So next time you kick a rhyme save that shit for the
camel

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