

The Kingsmen

"400 Degreez"

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(Robotic Voice) : 400 degreez

Verse 1:

Ya see me I eat sleep shit and talk rap
Ya seen that 98 mercedes on t.v. I bought that
I had some felony charges I fought that
Been sent to no return but still was bought back
Nigga threw some slangs at me woodie I caught that
I punished them lil bitches before they can car jack
Now I'm lookin for they family and pile up the war bat
If I aint a hotboy then what do you call that
Nigga disrespect me I'ma be in all black
Companied by some niggas bout killin' and all that
Me Cory and mercy gettin' dunked on
Ride top down so we let the trucks pause
In the jepp ridin' four deep
I booted up at these nigga claimin' they know me

[Chorus] (Robotic Voice)

You don't want to fuck wit me
Hot, Hot, Hot Boyz
Hot, Hot, Hot Boyz (repeat 2x)

Verse 2

Bitch what I'll bust yo ass up
Don't even go there woodie cuz I'm ready to mas up
I heard about the money thats some nice change
For the right price I'll bust the right frame
Why must a nigga try I can't do the right thing
Only God knows what the future might bring
Nigga might be shot, nigga might be triffling
Nigga might survive if he bout that right flame
Whats up that'll stop a nigga from playin'
Sumin like a chopper or a grenade in his hand
Boy look nigga don't play no games no mo
Nigga'll bust ya head if you bang his hoe
Attitude adjustments we all need
Don't call the enforcements nigga call me
I bet cha I'll get them niggas off yo block
I bet cha I'll show them niggas this boy hot

(Chorus)

Alright stop it cuz I done had enough
When it comes to my partners I'm ready to bust
Baby let me get the keys to the roover truck
Man let me get this beef shit over bro
Aint no bit this year I'm from the 'nolia bro
Whats yo beef plan cuz it was told to us
How I'ma be runnin' with these killas and backin' down
How I'ma look in front of my people, like a clown
The G code what we live by and we die by
The book is what we will never abide by
Niggas drive by, gettin loose
Keep'em with each other like a checker board in use
Come in compton or the watts nigga
Up in New York ya keep'em open watch nigga
Foe ya played by a hit or retaliation
All fine young black females stallions
Give me the keys to ya car and ya medallion
You far away from ya home yous a alien

(Chorus)

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