

Lyrics Born f/ Chali 2na, Joyo Velarde

"Hott 2 Deff"

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[Joyo Velarde - Intro]

Get up, get down, get on the floor
C'mon, ain't that what y'all came here for?
Get off the wall, on the count of four
C'mon un, deux, trois...

[Lyrics Born]

I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death
I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death
I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death
I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death

Who's really wit me? Goin city to city
Doin it real big, it ain't a thang if any
Baby, y'all ain't ready; I'm so exquisite
So clean, so sharp, chopped like a machete
Wanna taste of Remy - gimme Amaretti
and some 5150, y'all know already
Get crunk, go dumb, go stupid, go silly
'Cause life's too short, baby, I ain't trippin
All my fellas wit' me, need to get on your grizzly
Too many winners in the building no to put your bid in
All the women in the vicinity lookin so pretty
Make it really difficult for me to stay committed (HEY!)

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death
I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death
I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death
I'm hot to death, I'm hot to death

[Chali 2na]

Who the syllable killa, slash verbal guerilla?
Thinkin ain't nobody illa than the one in the mirror
2na comin equipped, and I'm runnin my script
like information from an anonymous tip
Marijuana we twist, and if I don't get lit
Make a bundle from the words that we mumble and spit
While the party people move to the sure-shot groove
Ain't got shit to prove cause we comin legit
Men, women, and children, Manphib in the building

More than a civilian, shit, I'm one in a million
Killin 'em until you notice that I'm not the rest
Makin heat that'll stop yo' breath, watch yo' step

[Chorus 2X]

[Joyo Velarde]

Get up, get down, get on the floor
C'mon, ain't that what y'all came here for?
Get off the wall, on the count of four
C'mon un, deux, trois...
One step, two step-out tonight
Like TNT, we dynamite
Get off the wall on the count of four
C'mon, un, deux, trois...

[Lyrics Born]

Uh, who's really wit' me? Goin city to city
By the way that people feel me you would think I was
Diddy
Cause I'm makin a killin, and I'm sittin so pretty
Ridin high like a hippie in the Coupe DeVilly
Who wanna get wit' me? Y'all thinkin y'all witty
Y'all ain't sayin nothin and your sound is tinny
Really stop bein silly, y'all bein so petty
Quit cryin like a baby, get up off the titty (HEY!)
Light it up like Teddy, 'cause I'm +Raw+ like Eddie
Tear it up, tear it down, shred it like confetti
Then I'm jetty like a Chevy on fresh Pirellis
I'm talking "Venni Vetti Vicci", baby, the rest is history

[Chorus 2X]

[Joyo Velarde - Outro]

Get up, get down, get on the floor
C'mon, ain't that what y'all came here for?
Get off the wall, on the count of four
C'mon un, deux, trois...
One step, two step-out tonight
Like TNT, we dynamite
Get off the wall on the count of four
C'mon, un...deux....
Un, deux, trois!

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