

Montell Jordan F/ LL Cool J

"Hot"

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[Forte - Intro]

No need to be scared, you got to be prepared
(Nutzbaby!)
No games, just taking names... (Nutzbaby!)
I got vendetta son, If I must say, you need to recognize
John Forte'...
(Nutzbaby!)
I want two minutes, uninterrupted just to let you know
how things go
(Nutzbaby!)
The full on introduction, listen hard I'll put you on to
somethin'
(Nutzbaby!)
To Let all the gentlemen and ladies finally meet the
Nutzbaby! (Nutzbaby!)

[Forte - One Verse]

I heard the buzz lord, it trapped me
With all these niggas records sounding happy
That's nonsense, so even when I smile I'm kicking
street shit you bounce with
You want what?! Affiliated, with some world-
reknowneders
fifteen records gold-plated
But it's the Nutzbaby, know your territory 'fore you play
it
Is you crazy nigga? Every ghetto block, tastes this
gravy
Shady niggas taste to say we unofficial
Grissle, slide dog I'm certified!
You rappers irk me to my heart
With a spike in every tree, odyssey
Sounding like you, gott-a
Be who you be, Centers, don't shoot a three
I hit it hard love, my pain is sincere
I want revenge, wanna get me, Hot this year
it's to stop your career
So brothers sit straight, bragging on the air like you're
dead weight

You mid-weight, I'm closer to the street than a mix
tape, baby
who you think you dealin' with?!

I'm known to dip, on and off many tracks as I write my
own shit
So who fraud? Speak on it god
Get the point, while your shines getting snatched in the
club,
I'm gettin' love, In the strip joint, tight!
V.I.P., all downtown, New York baby
Three scoops and have 'em giggling, "Oops,
Nutzbaby!"

This a grown man affair, I know thugs who strip 'em
bare
and do drugs like breathing air, but I rarely go there
I'm here to think quick, and drink slow
For brothers that I link with, got liquid
Like a flow, shorties actin' stank 'til they seen the video
And wore ins with my mens, I break 'em off like bobby
pins,
joyride like Spragga Benz

Only seven niggas in this close, 'til death, an overdose
Manage funds with number one, O.T.'s with baby guns
Chop lock, with Mr. Rash, get laid, with Freddie Suade,
Nelda, you do the books, Pretty Pat, stay paid
And to my mentor, the true inventor, Black Sinatra
The San Diego don, Adolph with Ollie Oshe
So what the deal? That the deal!
I set shit off then peel
And when I sell a million plates, we need to renegotiate
Mostly lately, I'm gettin' on 'em
You're trying to break me? I'm SHITTIN' on 'em!
Well you can hate me 'cause I'm swift
Who the mouthpiece for beef, jealous niggas just reef
You know the stat there, I bless it
I ain't home, leave a message
You a hoe from years ago, John Forte' ain't in the rest
here
I let my mens call it, for the ballers if you check it
'Cause All You Gotta Do is make a record!

[Forte' - Spoken]
Ay yo Warren man, take that from the top man
I'm-I'm-I'm not feelin' it...

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