

# Hot Stuff/Hot Shit

## Turbonegro

Hot stuff  
When I see you on my TV screen  
Hot stuff  
Oh, you make me wanna cream my jeansHot shit  
Oh boy, I wish I was your man  
Baby take good care in Afghanistan  
Hot lips  
When I see you on the battlefieldHot tits  
Oh girl, I hope you don't get killed  
Hot shit  
Oh baby, you just looks so good  
But it looks like you're stuck in the wrong neighborhoodHot stuff  
Hot stuff, hot shit  
You took a bite of my heart  
Now I don't know what to do with itHot stuff  
Hot stuff, hot shit  
You hijacked my heart  
Now I think, I'm gonna throw a fitHot buns  
In middle of a fire fight  
Hot boobs  
Hand grenades tearing up the nightHot lips  
You'll loose your heart to another man  
Like a leader of a warring clan  
Hot cakes  
Let me know can I anticipateHot licks  
To wine and dine you at a special date  
Hot skin  
Will you be back, tell me yes or no  
Get out of that war zone I need you soHot stuff  
Hot stuff, hot shit  
You took a bite of my heart  
Now I don't know what to do with itHot stuff  
Hot stuff, hot shit  
You hijacked my heart  
Now I think, I'm gonna throw a fitHot stuff  
Hot stuff, hot shit  
You took a bite of my heart  
Now I don't know what to do with itHot stuff  
Hot stuff, hot shit

You hijacked my heart  
Now I think, I'm gonna throw a fit  
Hot stuff  
Hot stuff, hot shit

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>