Heat

Common

Yeah, one two
Yeah, where my nigga Jay Dee?
Where ya at? (Yeah!)
(Oooh, you say you got guns, then bring that shit) what?
(You say you got ones, then bring that shit
Cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this) what?
(To get my man see we bout to spit some) HOT SHIT
Yeah, one two
Bout to spit that, HOT SHIT
Huh whoo! Yeah
Turn it down nigga, HOT SHIT
Yeah (oooh)Messenger in the Metropolis+Apocalypse+ here and +Now+
Niggaz know the ledge, so they don't come near the style
I appear in clouds on some heaven to earth shit
Fake niggaz drown the deeper the verse gets
Deep as a skinny girl's cunt - I surface with the purpose
To let y'all niggaz know the demo
Voice is a instrument that's monumental
You couldn't fuck with the style if you was a nympho
Raised in the temple of Chi, taught to look into the eye
I identify with dobbs and weaves, and niggaz makin moves
That bob and weave, and niggaz with jobs on the side sell weed
I feed off the hunger that a bum or abandoned child gets
Freaky, like Marv Albert, in outfits, by Chaka Givens
I lecture how I got God but don't got religion
Got a clip for these niggaz on the net, sellin my shit
Let's just say you Ramone and I'm Spit
In a habitat of Cadillacs and battle raps
And people that travel at the speed of need
Never agree with the ways of the world
Cats say anything - like they say to they girl
How you bringin it when you sit indian style?
Niggaz know me as Com it's time hear me go wild
With HOT SHIT, yeah
HOT SHIT, yeah, one two
Came to bring it boy(You say you got guns, then bring that shit
You say you got ones, then bring that shit
Cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this) what?
(To get my man see we bout to spit some) HOT SHIT

What? No doubt HOT SHITOld men see visions young men dream dreams
I rock the planet - recognize - I'm the C.R.E.A.M
Com Rules Everything and everything is
How yo' man pullin yo' weight - he ain't carryin his
Scary the biz is like 'The Blair Witch Project'
Experiment in rooms on some bare bitch project
State senators, life twirls, most sell out
- Like a dread with a white girl
You want me to cypher with you and the Gods?
I just did a show - I'm pursuin these broads
Everyone I ain't tryin to fuck
Wanna feel female presence and conversation a touch
You'll get split like a date that's dutch scuffed and scraped up
Taped up for tryin to say what - ever you was about to say
You rap like a nigga that's about to spray
Get a mouth shot, for openin your mouth to say
Feel my heat in the night - it leaves you without the day
What I write is a passage for niggaz to travel through
Before defeatin me - Joe, you better battle you
I tap into my own zone like it's my home phone
Turn the cell off and let my dome roam
Shame I gotta do white labels to keep my life stable
I write fatal bringin niggaz to life
A wise man came in the thick of the night
He said BRING THAT SHIT when you pick up the mic
I said, 'What shit?'
He said HOT SHIT, hot shit, hot shit(You say you got guns, then bring that shit) uhhh
(You say you got ones, then bring that shit
Cause you need a lot more ones and guns for this) uhh
(Me and my man, see we known to spit this) HOT SHIT
Hot shit, yeah, yeah, uhh
What we spit Jay? (Throw it down nigga)
HOT SHIT, uh, yeah, uh, c'mon, yeah (keep it goin)
HOT SHIT
HOT SHIT
HOT SHIT yeah, boy (keep it goin)
HOT SHIT out
HOT

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