

Hot (feat. Greg Nice)

The Beatnuts

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah yeah yeah
uh, uh, uhI was swerving thru Queens
Fully growin' benz
Searching for the butta thru my cartier lense system
Banging out nothing but the blends on the digital startec
Rappin' to my mens
Then spotted the most exotic, cheekiness, half Rachel, half Holly
My shit is
The slo mo, crept up nice and slow
Breathin' on my ice, so it shine real nice
Crease my scar peice
Laid back in my seat
Right near Bazely projects, on the back streets
Her name was Keisha, full of street knowledge
Pumped a little trees, but she planned to go to college
Staring at my ice, smellin' my cologne
She lived on the southside, so bring things on
Honey got flavour, and it just don't stop
Does she want me for me, or me for my rocksYour carmake me hot hot hot
You just make me just hot hot hot
like you're rocks rocks rocks
They make me hot hot hot
Baby boy don't stop stop stop
You keep me hot hot hot
I'm a take you for all you've got
Baby girl just stop stop stop
Check this out, uhShe slid up my whip, like the queen of New York
We jetted to city island to eat shrimp and talk
Sourced up my keys to the valet cat
I glanced at the fatty, I'm a see about that
We blazed in the spizza like Bonnie and Clyde
Scooby dooby hizza
I'm feeling the vibe, cop the blue for some video type shit
Knowing all along how hot these kind of nights get, uh
I've got her right where I want her
Reality about to creep up on her
Stroke her softly, gently with my G
While the light reflects off my icp
Waiter, ice the crystal, let it simmer

Lights to bright, here's a grand make them dimmer
I kept fronting and I just couldn't stop
I don't mind spending paper when it's looking that hot
Your car makes me hot hot hot
You just make me just hot hot hot
I like you're rocks rocks rocks
They make me hot hot hot
Baby boy just don't stop stop stop
You keep me hot hot hot
I'll take you for all you've got
Baby girl just stop stop stop
Check yourself, uh
You burst out of semi-???

She pulled down the steps to her dress
Reached in the ? sparked up sess
Banging some Wu Tang feeling the ??
She said "Now would you wanna sell your soul for chips,
and give up girl to push whips?"
Never miss some spiritual down to my bone
Why you takin' jumbo in that zone
She said "I would do anthing for ??????
Give deep ? to ? man coats
Take off my ??
Drop to my knees"
Talking in my face
Breath smelling like cheese
I asked her
Shorty you degrade yourself
Just to throw a little bit of ice on the shelf
You turnin' me off, I can't lie
Keisha said "why?"

I said, "yo, how can a man respect that, knowin' if he paid,
then he correct that"
Ice is the price for an overnight wife
A true shark caller don't want that in his life
So all you ladies that are selling you're souls
You need to put you hooker vibes on hold
Ask for Keisha, she working on the stroll,
Dead ass broke, but her pimp the man grow
Your car makes me hot hot hot
You just make me hot hot hot
I like you're rocks rocks rocks
They make me hot hot hot
Baby boy don't stop stop stop
You keep me hot hot hot
I'm a take you for all you've got
Baby girl just stop stop stop
Check yourself, uh
Your car makes me hot hot hot

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Songwriters

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