Hot Shyt

Young Chris

[Intro: Peedi Crakk]Hot shyt, hot shyt, come and get it, come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
[Verse 1: Peedi Crakk]Come and get it, I don't know what the fuck to do with it
I wrote it down, took it to the studio and spit it
I tried to knock it in the game of soccer, they ain't kick it
I twist it up in the Dutch Master lit it and hit it
My girl won't lick it, my moms won't cook it
The cops won't book it, my squad ain't with it
I shot it point blank with a gauge it's still livin'
I tried to take it to Jamal and pray it's still sinnin'
Vampires won't rip it, icepicks won't stick it
I took it to Jigga, he couldn't do nothin' with it
I threw it in the river, motherfuckers started swimmin'
I bagged it up, put it on the block and couldn't flip it
Who the fuck gon' buy it?
The Roc won't drop it
Maybe if I put up "For Sale" sign, somebody cop it
State penitentiary cell blocks can't lock it
Hot shyt, bitch, DJ Screw can't (Chop) it
[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
[Verse 2: Black Thought]Uh! Come and get it, who want it I got it I'm runnin with it
I brung it from Philly Philly where the crimes get committed
Them rhymes is terrific, beyond scientific
I took it up in a gym, nobody couldn't lift it
Where the hell I'm 'gon send it? Will people 'gon dig it?
I took it to Rich he said it's somethin' wrong with it
He took it to? uestlove, he on the phone with it
He took it to Pitchfork, he couldn't get a sentence
Who the fuck 'gon touch it? If Snoop won't puff it?
The streets don't love it, your peeps won't plug it
I took it to Jigga he said it wasn't in the budget
We took it to Jazzy Jeff, the brother couldn't cut it
I wonder who 'gon knock it, the world 'gon rock it
The squad 'gon pop it, your girl 'gon jock it
I lost my wallet, glad I had it in my pocket

When I'm up in the party, come and see me get retarded HOT!
[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
[Verse 3: Tuphace]Yo, come and get it, I admit it, I spit it kinda diff-er-ent
They, try to put me in the box, I wouldn't fit in it
Coke - wasn't shippin' it, dro - wasn't hittin it
But flippin' them downloads and folks stay clickin' it
Labels won't push it, T-Pain won't hook it
? campaign, straight George Bush it
Showed it to John McCain, said it wasn't crooked
Opened the champagne when Obama ran and took it
The kids won't eat it, the blogs gon' delete it

I sent it to L.A., the nigga couldn't (Reid) it
I gave it to MJ and my homie couldn't (Beat It) (Hee-hee!)
I showed it to Stevie and he said he couldn't see it
Where the hell I'm gon' spread it? My city don't get it
The radio gon' edit, the journalists won't sweat it
Dig it, I don't give a SHIT about a critic
I'm young, fresh, and gifted and I spit it how I live it
Come and get it!
[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
[Verse 4: Young Chris]Uh! My pops wouldn't raise it, Just won't Blaze it
Judge wouldn't free it, Charles couldn't see it
And even if they had the horoscope they couldn't read it
He took it upon his self since Def Jam won't release it
Said the artist couldn't paint it, a poet couldn't speak it
Bullet couldn't seek it bad karma couldn't reap it
Said the farmer couldn't grow it, the cleaners couldn't sew it
Johnny Depp couldn't (Blow) it, B.E.T. wouldn't show it
Said the law couldn't cuff it, my lungs wouldn't puff it
Tone couldn't (Touch) it even Bone couldn't Crush(er) it
Said a holster couldn't tuck it Superhead can't suck it
It's born to rock on, explosion, one of the toughest
Said the barber couldn't cut it, rain couldn't flood it
McCain can't beat us so Barack had to lead us
It's the Roc motherfuckers, G-shots, undefeated
This flow is so insane T-Wayne (Can't Believe It)
MOTHERFUCKERS!
[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt

Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
[Verse 5: Wale](Kill it!) Okay, Peedi said kill it, euthanasia's in the building
And Wale been on his business since Gang of Six kill it
The people gon' feel it, Alido in the building
A leader to my people, niggas hate it just a smidgen
The city can't stop it, no keys gon' lock it
Believe I been popular, the freaks who been poppin'
The beggars can't borrow, the record sales drop
And name another new nigga wit a sicker Twitter followin'
And the politics are part of it, the radio ain't on it
Promoters say that most of them are 'fraid of my performance
I'm flawless wit the spittin, the rappers don't live it
My? lenses. my infrared sixes
My infrared maxes and I ain't even matchin'
So gonna bring the bitches, and Peedi bring the Backwoods
And I'ma get some action, who said I won't do it?
I'ma take you out the game, you Mutombo to it
Muthafucka!
[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]Come and get it come and get it hot shyt, hot shyt
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