

Heat (feat. James Yancey and Jay Dee)

Common

Yeah, one two
Yeah, where my nigga Jay Dee?
Where ya at? (Yeah!)
(Oh, 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, (oh) Messenger in the Metropolis; +Apocalypse+ here and +Now+
Niggas know the ledge, so they don't come near the style
I appear in clouds on some heaven to earth shit
Fake niggas drown the deeper the verse gets
Deep as a skinny girl's cunt, I surface with the purpose
To let y'all niggas 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 niggas making moves
That bob and weave, and niggas 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 niggas on the net, selling 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 bringing it when you sit Indian style?
Niggas 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 shit! Old 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 pulling yo' weight, he ain't carrying 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 cipher with you and the Gods?
I just did a show, I'm pursuing these broads
Everyone I ain't trying to fuck
Want to feel female presence and conversation a touch
You'll get split like a date that's dutch scuffed and scraped up
Taped up for trying to say what, ever you was about to say
You rap like a nigga that's about to spray
Get a mouth shot, for opening your mouth to say
Feel my heat in the night, it leaves you without the day
What I write is a passage for niggas to travel through
Before defeating 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 bringing niggas 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

Songwriters

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