

Heat It Up

Midnight Spaghetti & The Chocolate G-Strings

(Seth Casana; Mikael Glago) this is for all the space people
who keep the one love
no people who hate people
no bull fecal
to everybody kickin' it since the fetal posish'
we grantin' your wish I want the volume above you filled with your fist
if you got one, if not, just throw your hips
if you don't got hips, well then you could flap your lips
and if you're missing everything, well then I guess you're pretty hip
to everybody on a robot tip
just flip your transist', say "ohm" to your resist'
grease up your gears and do the twist
like you was sitting at the top of Big Bopper's list
flaunt your creator's mastery of LISP
and use your NLP to learn to shoot the gift
but don't dis your hist' or I'm gonna be pissed
me and ENIAC'll leave you sitting on the isthmus
If you feeling woozy, wobbly, or groggy
'cause you're not used to Earth's gravity
just throw your sea legs in the air
and disconnect'em like you just don't care
Midnight Spaghetti heat it up
Midnight Spaghetti eat it up
Midnight Spaghetti what the funk
Midnight Spaghetti going down
Midnight Spaghetti on the microphone
and Dr. Imani, cut it to the bone
smell the funk of Orange Band cologne
you could roll with us or else go it alone
Decaf Spoon, all up in your face
gave you athelete's foot in your private place
Dangus Kahn, invade your personal space
y'all try to give chase, but wait, you can't take
the ace of this race, got you sprayed with mace
sprawled out on the floor like these rhymes have been laced
if you pick a fight with us, man. get out your pen
because you'll want to sign our very own dismemberment plan
it pays \$50,000 directly to your kids
if I rip off your face when I hit it with my fist
I eat pieces of shit like you for breakfast
that's right, I eat pieces of shit

live like a king off of what you crap out
while all you could do is crap out
you get scratched out of the scorecard, 'cause there ain't no score
only how many hor's d'oeuvres you can devour
drinking more and more but only getting poor
because you paid \$30 just to get in the door
ten more to park your car down the street at the store
while some punk ass kid tryin' to jack your car door
velour where the carpet should be down on the floor
with ultra-fine girlies gyrating galore
boots, booty pants, bras and nothing more
all the while wondering what in the world it's all for
but your said, "Turn it up some more!"
that's why we gonna play a little encore
see, we can keep the funk alive all night long
even when we play a creepy song
Midnight Spaghetti turn it up
Midnight Spaghetti burn it up
Midnight Spaghetti what the funk
Midnight Spaghetti going down

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