

Hot Sex

A Tribe Called Quest

Hot sex on a platterHey yo who want to pull on Phifer long time no hear from
Suckers walkin' around talking about they could get some
 But that pop is non cypher, no can do
And if you think I'm a dope, then ask the other crew
And I proceed to let you know, exactly how to flow
 I'm not Lawn Doctor so just step off with the hoe
 Oops my mistake I didn't know you went with her
Should I run down the line of the all the kids that done hit her
 Don't be bitter, I hear that honey resembles a critter
 I heard she likes to do one-one my man John Ritter
 But back to the subject you can't catch wreck
 You must get respect, to earn respect
Suckers think they could herb me 'cause know I where specks
 You're full of jokes, but you your name ain't flex
 I got the riches, the bitches, I'm large like a Huxtable
 You think you're all that but you're girl's quite doable
 Yeah, I'm tellin' you G, to back up off me
 I'm not a mad cohort, but I'm not Mr. Softee
 Rappin' is an art, coming straight from the heart

So forget the chart because the action can startHot sex on a platterWhere ya at? To all my peoples with the funk
I'm the undercover brother dump your hoe in the trunk
 Save all the sad songs and the tearjerkers
 Niggas step up it's the lyrical worker
 The poems that I create ain't in paper back books
The poems that I create are for hookers and the crooks
 My mental is excelling cause I dabble in the books
 I'm not the one to front on, so suboops-suboops
 Yo I gets the pickens, I'm such a damn Dickens
 If you step to this then the plot just thickens
I'll run you around the track like a bunny and a dog
 To me, your just another MC on the log
 A link on the chain, fluid on the brain
 I boast of hype lyrics, and yours are mardane
See I can't maintain, especially if you come back
 I'm the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that
 I can also do your girl, so leave the hoe at home
Cause when I get done, I'll have her strung on bones
 It's the no-joke pressure, that elevates my mind
Makes me pick up and go when it's time to drop a rhyme

My title is locked, the Abstract poetic
I'm in the idle mode but my energy's kinetic
So smooth and debonair, especially for the ear
Gotta keep my thing in gear 'cause it's evident and clear
That I will rock, rock, rockHot sex on a platter

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