

# Hot To Def

Keith Murray

1000 degrees, hot

Who's that crazy nigga  
Drinkin' crazy pussy out of crazy straw  
Kicking crazy hardcore, crazy metaphors  
When I rap competitions perform disappearing acts  
Niggas ask why the squad be on it like that  
'Cause we stay with the lethal dosage  
Click on the Mic MC's run like roaches  
Truthfully I think them niggas is gay  
Always havin' a party with no DJ

I had to hold my head in disbelief  
Them short winded niggas tried to smoke the chief  
Of the frontal leaf Keith, knowing damn well they can't win  
My style is rougher than army gear and old timb  
The east coast say ill, the west coast say ill  
My squad is def they don't give a f\*\*k, they say kill  
'Cause we can all sing together, well, we can't talk together  
That's why I pack the black gat up under the leather  
And keep it hot

It's 96 degrees in the shade  
1000 degrees, 1000 degrees

I got nuts like Almond Joy, like Mounds you don't  
I say and do a lot of things some fake rappers won't  
Now I'm the show shocker plus the show stopper  
Down with makin' G's and all the block clockers  
Down with L.O.D., the motherf-ing cop droppers  
Down with Def Squad flying through your hood in choppers  
Yeah, we done been in more shit in the past year  
Than the bloods and crips care to hear

Ear to ear, glock to hand, Mic to mouth, resuscitation  
Psychosomatic creation, killing off the nation of perpetration  
Player hating, bringin' confrontation  
I'll shoot your hips up and make you bogle like Jamaicans  
I'm doing my thing, if you feel me do your thing  
Y'all niggas know my style, I smoke weed on trains and planes  
Murderous material submerging from my brain  
Chumpin' top dollar niggas into small change  
And make it hot

It's 96 degrees in the shade  
1000 degrees, 1000 degrees

I'm the unf\*\*kwitable incredible lyrical individual  
Boy you're not suitable, I work wonders over the beats  
[Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]  
Accomodations and compliments of the infrared  
Theoretically, hypothetically, practically  
Actually ain't nobody f\*\*king with me  
I'll sell your stupid ass the Brooklyn Bridge  
If you think an MC in your camp can f\*\*k with the kid

I want the sun not to shine for six months, to see who fronts  
While the squad light up the sky with blunts  
If you catch a nigger dreaming  
Thinking he can f\*\*k with my enterprise  
Wake him up, smack 'em, make him apologize  
'Cause we be on their lemonade type shit  
I ain't no faggot but you derelicts can suck my dick  
I make it hot

It's 96 degrees in the shade  
1000 degrees, 1000 degrees  
It's 96 degrees in the shade  
1000 degrees, 1000 degrees

1000 degrees  
1000 degrees  
1000 degrees

...