

Ya Not So Hot

Special Ed

(it's so

- hot -

I'm burnin up)

[verse 1]

This is commercial, nothin controversial

Or offensive, it's not expensive

So why don't you buy it, riot

Rampage, rush the stage

But try to front, I got the 12-gauge

No bodyguard, got akshun on the tables

Tangle - get strangled with his cables

It's not a treath, it's a bet, word

Cause I roast you like a bird, cut you in a third

Of a fraction, give akshun a little peace

Yo howie, now we got a feast

Or a meal, cause suckers who steal I will be pawin

Get ready at 8 cause eddie ain't ate, and I'm starvin

Just like marvin gaye

I heard it through the grapevine around the way

You be perpetratin and I be hatin

Things like that, so now, black, I sit back waitin

And waitin for your arrival

And the end of your survival

Every single day you will decay and just rot

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[verse 2]

Your physical being will start fleeing

Your brain will feel the pain, and you will start peeing

Your fruit of the loom's till it consumes

Your trousers, wowsers, golly, I'm dope

See what I mean? if not, then here's a telescope

Take it, but don't break it

Then return when you learn how to make it

Like this, comin off and gettin busy

You need a hyper type of diaper, you pissy little sissy

You little whinin, naggin, braggin, smellin like midnight dragon

What's the matter, your diaper still saggin?

Get huggies, they don't leak

Then I might not notice that you're weak

Because you always say the rhymes that I heard the other day

I come fresher every night - after I pray

I sit down and write, and then I lay in rest

Get up in the morning, get dressed, not to impress

It's too much stress on the brain, mc's strain to be the best

Or the biggest, or better they get enormous

You think you're hot, but you don't even warm us

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[verse 3]

I use natural ressources, creative forces

So high-potent that a sucker mc lost his

Ability to function, and he collapsed

So before you blink just think that perhaps
It can happen to you, cause it can, my man
Cause yo, i'ma bag you up and put you in a trash can
And then send you off to the dumps
Chumps, i'ma give you nuff lumps
In your cranium
Where he at, just name he him
And i'ma find him and come from behind him
And take him and break him and bind him
And then line him with a lining and a designing
Put him in the window when the sun comes shining
In the morning, blow the horn and toot the whistle
Set it off with the pistol
But you was finished way before the first shot
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