

Rhymefest, Fever

(Intro)

Neveerr know how much I love you (woo!)
Neveerr know how much I care (No I.D.)
And when you put your arms around me
I get the fever that's so hard to bare
You give me fever

(Rhymefest)

Uhh, here go that arrogant, stuffy head, cold leave you achin
from asses ah-shakin all night to rest well medicine
It's that {FE-VER} take two of these, call me in the mornin
You gon' still feel sick, cause it's that {give you that fever}
I give 'em all the plague, I'm awfully paid
And still make a cold starve for days
Never the type that ran, whatever the fight I'm in
You half-hearted, but I take this medicine like a man
For that {FE-VER} that keep these niggaz sweatin bullets
Clack clack, naw them the ones that you caught for tryin to pull it
This that {FE-VER} somebody warn the industry
'Fest on FIRE, and burnin in the third degree
'Til they murder me, five-oh get no words from me
And if they do then that's perjury

(Chorus)

{FE-VER} Hot like hot sauce
Uhh, we got we got that fe-verrr
Play women so false, flick your drawers off
Fuh, fuh-fuh, we got that fe-verrr
{FE-VER} Hot like hot sauce
Uhh, we got we got that fe-verrr
Play women so false, flick your drawers off
Yeah we got, we got that fe-verrr

(Rhymefest)

Hmm, left the path to wipe sweat from his brow
Except that his smile'll infect crowds
Hot as Hades, I got a lot of ladies strippin down to they drawers
Hittin the floor like OWWWW
That's him, and by him I mean me
By me, you seem weak homey like yo' heart pump green tea
I stack greenbacks then lean back, scorchin hot
My torch'll leave yo' ass charcoal black, I got that {FE-VER}
You better listen to them old wives' tales
I can look in yo' eyes, you high as hell for that {FE-VER}
Rhymefest Peligrino, I quench thirst
Niggaz better act like that bitch work
I'm workin progress (the pimp's back) youse a work in progress
You feelin the son/sun, respect my hotness
So many fine chicks shit's gettin monotonous
But still I love the way that she shakes her maracas for that

(Chorus)

(Rhymefest)

Step in the club with my swagger, niggaz get bruised & then battered
Grind mode is what I'm reppin and yep!
Hot as the grease when it sizzle and pop in your eye
Now you shrivel and chickens be gigglin like {give you that fever}
Yeah homey, I makes that club turn to a sweatbox
Like 50 horny Jamaicans with dreadlocks
30 chicks in the lobby, probably 5 of 'em ready to party
Cause I'm an ol' funny nigga like Redd Foxx
But this is more than jokes, y'all niggaz sorta broke
You can never be hot as me, you can't even afford a coat

I got that {FE-VER} ha-ha-ha-hot as hellfire, brimstone
Stiletto brim hats, bitches with gems on
Niggaz with Timbs on, Jenny Jones to Jim Jones
I get the d-down like syndrome
I get r-round like rims on, the ghetto King Kong that sing songs
and made a BILLION DOLLARS ON RINGTONES~!

(Chorus)

(Outro)

FE-VER! Everybody's, got that fever, give you that fever
FE-VER! Everybody's, got that fever
FE-VER! Everybody's, got that fever, give you that fever
FE-VER!