

# Keith Murray, Hot To Def

[Intro:] 1000 degrees Hot

Continuously, yeah  
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 fuck  
They say kill  
Cause we can all sing together  
That's why I pack the black gat up under the leather  
And keep it hot

[CHORUS: x3]

It's 96 degrees in the shade  
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

[CHORUS]

I'm the unfuckwitable incredible lyrical individual  
Boy your not suitable  
I work wonders over the beats  
It's no wonder phony MC's pee the bed  
Relax your head  
Accomodations and compliments of the infrared  
Theoretically, hypothetically, practically  
Actually ain't nobody fucking with me  
I'll sell your stupid ass the Brooklyn Bridge  
If you think an MC in your camp can fuck 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 fuck 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

[CHORUS x2]