

Kid Capri, Hot This Year

(diamond d)

*talking on a phone

Yo capri, yo this is diamond, um..

Check it out um..i moved the session to next wednesday

At 12 noon, plug me in at d&d, you'll be outta there by one o'clock

Aight? call me back and umm..give me confirmation.

(sadat x)

I'm ageless, pageless, only want me for that thing

Hang up the phone, wants to let it ring

Wit my gold chain, nothing as the hangin rope

Who wanna stay in court plus knowin the fact that I'm smokey

(lord jamar)

Bust you in the back and play the low key

Trustin in the fact that where I go, knowbody knows me

Maybe then I'll go to where the weather is more suited to my taste

And you got, uprooted in the first place

(grand puba)

I got the 'chelle fire, 'cause I get deeper than mya

Stay on shorties domes like them beauty parlor dryers

Want some verbal spit from the semi-auto lip

Your whole body get hit, then you start dancin and *shit*

(diamond d)

And I'm the, overweight afro-diesiaic

I only lick two and pass if your trees be black

I leave the, promoters screamin "won't you please be back? "

Detonating, till bell-bottom lee's come back

Chorus

Chorus (kid capri)

So brand nu's, you can make it hot this year

And diamond d, you can make it hot this year

So brand nu's, you can make it hot this year

And diamond d, you're rollin wit the kid capri

Brand nu's you can make it hot this year

And diamond d, we all can make it hot this year

Brand nu's, you can make it hot this year

And diamond d, you're rollin wit the kid capri

(sadat x)

Aight, now here's to y'all all and my new bronx address

I'm out wit the old *shit*, got a brand new mattress

Don't want no girl wit no flat chest

How 'bout the one wit the ? pack less?

I tickle you laugh, but I just got the math

Over on park ave, off the concourse on ?

She took two and, she could do it

My whole crew got anger's wit them

Similar to travellin, salesman hittin things from women

Or whatever

(lord jamar)

Allah uhakbar, lord jamar spit in devil's face like roberto alomar

Choke a phillie I like latrell sprewell

Straight from the rochelle where the g-o-d's dwell

I hope you didn't think that we fell

We drink from the well, and it never runs dry

So we never gon die

We multiply wit mathematics, womens call us charismatic
Smoke the aro-matic, too much, guess it's a habit

Chorus

(grand puba)

Here me dog, 'cause a *nigga* ain't the run of the mill
Blow up your body at will, like a chick on the pill
I make it hot to death, swing it from right to left
'cause I talk so much *shit* I can taste it on my breath
I got the head knock, keep rhyme flows under padlock
Like comstock, wit more shoes than a foot locker
And it don't stop, diamond d and brand nu
Baggin more chickens than that *nigga* frank purdue

(diamond d)

No more domestication, on some over-seas *shit*
Beat a *nigga ass* till he says "please quit"
While you home alone marinatin on cheese sticks
I'm in the back of the 'burban wit some chinese chicks
Lookin at a map, one chick on my lap
Tellin me how she was born in the year of the rap
But by the time we reach the house, there's no waitin in fact
All you see is ankles (yeah, what) from the front to the back

Chorus

(kid capri)

Big shouts to my peoples all over uptown
Big shouts to my peoples all over the world
Brand nubian, big shouts to diamond d
Big shouts to diggin in the crates
It's the kid capri, and we puttin it down like that
Straight hip-hop, straight to your mouth, word up
I'm outta here