KRS-One, Hot

Yeah
Who will be standing when the smoke clears?

□(KRS-One)□--> Redman

Word up!
What's up with this?
We're coming through
Boogie Down style, kid
What's up
This is KRS-One
The light at the end of the tunnel

Yo, they not HOT, all they do is talk a lot That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block? That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops That's not HOT, a real MC you're not I'm HOT, been hot, repeatedly heated Don't call the teacher, hah, you best be seated You got these kids gased up like you own the inventory Fake muthafuckas ain't tellin the whole story Tell em how you borrow from everyone you knew And now that you're on top, they can't borrow from you That's not hot, tell em how you love bein pop Cause you was so broke before, sleepin cold on a cot You don't rock, you grab money Your crocks rock the spot and you grab them honeys It's about to get ugly I don't even go to these bullshit kiddie-ass clubs You wanna be a thug? Let's thug First of all, soldiers speak to soldiers Captains speak to captains Lieutenant/lieutenant, cool? But your first mistake is: he's steppin to me, rookie Like you a O.G. and you just a run-up, fool Who really got these streets on lock? Whose name really holds high respect on the block? Who opened up these clubs and taught you how to mix? Who opened up these thugs from Compton to the Bricks? I don't even sound like the rest of you kiddies I study the ways of God, you studyin titties And ass, I pity your class Cause you come out with a blast But you're trash, so you really don't last

They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block? That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops That's not HOT, a real MC you're not They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block? That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops That's not HOT, a real MC you're not This is hotter than heat, too deep, I'm on top of the streets You weak, you ain't really rockin these beats You ?????, you dress straight, eat straight But you're a slave, and yo, you can't come up in a heat tank G-o-d we thank, we watch what we sell You better hope these Christians are wrong cause you goin to hell Think about that when you're spittin your raps And you call out KRS, I'll put you flat on your back You're not HOT, all you do is talk a lot That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block? That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops

That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Who's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Where's your respect on the block?
[*scratching of*]
(KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butta-Pican Rican, tell em to get off it)□-> Redman