

# Red Hot

Jurassic 5

Syllable slasher, insurmountable mic gasher  
Quick to vent with intent, you can't crash us  
Constant link passers, styles'll skate past ya  
Beats that we present will make you hate like a slave master (Hardcore)  
Heated and hot, control the venomous plots  
We be the cream of the crop, so keep our name out your mouth  
We'll entertain your brain for three minutes and change  
Ain't it strange, your fame is three minutes and change  
Let me finish explainin', break it down like a layman  
All the stuff that you sayin', Ain't it all entertainin'

Uhh, Yea...

(Red hot) molten lava  
Too hot for toddlers  
Too hot for you and your crew so don't bother  
I'm the globetrotter, party block rocker  
Heart and show stopper, break it off proper

With lengths to go, Yo  
The Jacques Cousteau with flow, and underground continental  
With words that blow  
The competitions straight to the door  
We'll rock it, Herbie Hancock it like '84, Fo' sho'

This jam is red hot

A smooth brotha, for real we buckshots like that BlackMoon fella  
The backroom sellers makin' rap tunes illa  
The Killa flow spill, the Chicago killa named 2na

We come trampin', your city and stand in  
We movin' in tandem, your crew couldn't phathom  
We reppin' the fashion, no mushin' and mashin'  
I'm through with you has beens  
Your crew better cash in

This jam is red hot, when were rockin the spot  
If you like it or not, this jam is red hoooooot

The vangard of art  
Quick to put pen to the thought  
And nice from the minute I start, huh  
Maneuver well, I tell girls that can't tell  
That say since I don't look like Maxwell  
They think I can't mack well

We them backpack boys, at your backdoor  
They can catch a cap like a hatch door  
Givin' the exact score  
Forever we fight for honor yo  
Tight since we was lable mates with Mic Geronimoooo!

Walking, stompin' in my big black boots  
It be the crew J5 and we're all in cahoots  
(Soon) to bring it to ya live, yea that's what you paid for  
With skills much sharper than a Texas Chainsaw

Yo, pipin' hot and your mic is not  
We steam from the pot, you wet like rain drops  
We fire with the brimstone  
Heat up your girls erogenous zones with electrified sparks and poems

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This jam is red hot

So let the ash blow  
We relieve static with a grammatic fiasco

Don't even start me  
We rippin' up your party  
Put us on a marque  
We clutch without the car keys

This jam is red hot

Mind blow, syllable Sammy Sosa  
Dap the King's Cobra

Huh, we come up to sun up thanks to noon  
And you can say, I'm on his dick cause you are too, Come On!

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