

Heat

50 Cent

{ Aye you want some of this shit
Naw, I don't want that shit
I don't give a fuck, I don't play dat shit
And I'm fin'nin' to buss a cap in a nigga
Man shut the fuck up } { Slow down, slow down, slow down
You see that brick house right there
That's the nigga crib when he come out
You gotta tighten his ass up
I? m a get in the other car, aight } If there's beef, cock it and dump it
The drama really means nothing to me
I'll ride by and blow ya brains out
There's no time to cock it
No way you can stop it
When niggas run up on you wit them thangs out
I do what I gotta do, I don't care I if get caught
The DA can play this motherfuckin' tape in court
I'll kill you, I ain't playin'
Hear what I'm sayin', homie I ain't playin'
Catch you slippin', I? ma kill you, I ain't playin'
Hear what I'm sayin'?, homie I ain't playin'? Keep thinkin' I'm candy till ya fuckin' skull get
popped
And ya brain hop out the top like Jack-in-da-box
In the hood summer time is the killing season
It's hot out this bitch that's a good 'nuff reason I've seen gangsta's get religious when they start
bleedin'
Sayin'?, "Lord, Jesus help me"? cuz they ass leakin'
When they window roll down and that A.K. come out
You can squeeze ya ill handgun until you run out And you can run for ya back-up
But them machine gun shells gone tear ya back up
God's on ya side, shit I'm aight wit that? Cause we gon reload them clips and come right back
It's a fact homie, you go against me ya fucked
I get the drop, if you can duck, ya luckier then Lady Luck
Look nigga, don't think you safe cause you moved out the hood
Cuz ya momma still around dog, and that ain't good
If you was smart you'd be sof me Cuz I'd get tired of lookin' for ya
Spray ya momma crib
And let ya ass look for me
If there's beef, cock it and dump it The drama really means nothing to me
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 Hear what I'm sayin', homie I ain't playin'
 My heart bleeds for you nigga, I can't wait to get to you
 Behind that twinkle in ya eyes, I can see
 the bitch in you
 Nigga you know the streets talk
 So they'll be no white flags and no peace talks
 I got my back against the wind I'm down to ride till the sun burn out
 If I die today
 I'm happy how my life turned out
 See the shootouts that I've been in em by myself
 Locked up I was in a box by myself
 I done made myself a millionaire by myself
 Now, shit changed motherfucker I can hire some help
 I done heard about the 50 grand you put in the hood
 But ya shooter finna get get shot it won't do
 'em no good
 With a pistol I define the definition of pain
 If you survive ya bones'll still fuckin' hurt when it rains
 Oh you a pro at playin battleship well this ain't the same
 Lil' homie this is a whole different type
 of war game
 See the losers and up in shackles of motherfuckin' chains
 Or laid out in the streets leakin' out they brains
 If there's beef, cock it and dump it
 The drama really means nothing to me
 I'll ride by and blow ya brains out
 There's no time to cock it
 No way you can stop it
 When niggas run up on you wit them thangs out
 I do what I gotta do, I don't care I if get caught
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 Catch you slippin', Ima kill you, I ain't playin'
 Hear what I'm sayin', homie I ain't playin'
 After the fist fights, it's gunfire boy, you get the best of me
 If you don't wanna get shot, I suggest you don't go testin' me
 All the wrong I've done, the Lord still keep on blessin' me
 Finna run rap 'cuz Dr. Dre got the recipe
 Yeah, uh ha, aye Dre
 You got me feelin' real bulletproof up in this motherfucker?
 Cuz my windows on my motherfuckin' Benz is bulletproof nigga?
 Cuz my motherfuckin' vest is bulletproof nigga?
 Cuz my motherfuckin' hat is bulletproof nigga
 But the Doc said if I get hit I might get a fuckin' concussion
 Better that then a hole in the head right nigga, heh heh ha ha
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