

Raphi f/ Macho

"Heatwave"

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[Verse 1]

A yo the road I travel is full of hard times and hard
rhymes
Lost souls with strong minds, Visionaries have gone
blind
Politicians that love crime, Missionaries missed the
warning signs
On this road I travel, I had the long nights with tears
God whispered to me have no fear
I'm perfecting the path, putting pieces of the puzzle
together
You and the rats won't struggle forever
On this road I travel, I heard the drums bang in the
slums
While the hustlers be bangin they guns
And the poor, they just begging for crumbs
Some preachers still begging for funds
Outsiders catch a vibe when they come
On this road I travel, mysteries unravel
Cases get caught by the thunder of the judges gavel
From nine months to nine years
Sometimes my only peace is the pen and the poetry of
my peers

[Hook]

Yo it's like a heat wave
Beats Blaze
We write to the rhythm the street plays
We told you pray for the morning, but you didn't heed
the warning
Yo it's like a sound storm
Crowds swarm
We got them worried from the bury to California
Prayin for the morning, but you didn't heed the warning

[Verse 2]

They call me Raphi shock stopper. Lightning bolt
blocker
I'm a grown up. Blown up head bubble popper.
Tightrope walker
Not the typical belly flopper in a record pool

I say, "Don't play doormat!"
Get your back up off the floor and act like it's your crib
Flip the script and steal the show. Grand theft ad lib
I'm a hybrid wiz kid amid the greats
Shoveling through record crates and I got what it takes
Don't wanna babble. I want to be the one who educates
with class
Speak a lesson quick. Fast enough to give you whiplash
You're still throwing out that lip trash?
Now you're about to crash
From cell blocks to bell rocks, my clientele jocks
So ask any one of the many what they thought
There will not be those who left untuned
Some diss, some jock, some listen, some talk
But all of them felt something about the groove
That proves that I'm certified top notch
A West sider knight writer, I ain't a baywatch

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

I write rhymes to the lights of the city while I'm floating
down the freeway
Inhaling dirt through my lungs push auto replay
Words are coming at the speed of sound
Cali quakes when Big Shame and this kid from New
Breed's in town
And the world feel the after shock for all them cats that
forgot we make the planet rock
It's lonely at the top that's why we came with the clan
We knew from Tunnel Vision that we had the master
plan
It seems to me that a responsibility's on my back
To bring back a respect for this art
So we do it from the heart
That way, a light can shine
Plus, I rhyme to find some kind of divine vent for my
rage
This cage-like white rage might seem suitable
Heinous crime for a dangerous mind isn't do-able
So kid, got a beautiful floweth over my cup
From Mission Park to Cali

Quakin' forever shakin' it up

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