

## **Tool F/ Maynard**

### **"Heated Heavy"**

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#### Verse 1:

Runnin' with thet AK-47 buckin heated heavy  
bustin niggas in the belly, and follow with the 357,  
and then the automatic tech'll get 'em  
niggaz love the way I wet 'em when I get up in 'em  
hit 'em and I really meant to split 'em  
put these niggas on they ass like a overdose of  
penicillin  
murder, nigga wanna pack a pistol wit' it  
we got a coffin that'll fit you in it the bullets come wit' it  
heard a nigga supposed to be on the stalk  
so, now we takin caution when we walk  
a lotta niggas could talk, they betta not be actin  
nigga betta show me some affirmative action  
cuz I'ma take it baby, mo' comin thru blastin  
an innocent nigga you turn around and go back  
cuz niggas that cross-fires, no lie  
the motherfuckin' bullets fly by, be blinded  
it's a helluva war so motherfucker bring it on bitch  
hell yeah, we been ready for da longest  
who you gonna caome wit'  
yes, we said it, so nigga that die we got to be  
ready(ready)  
got into the game just a little too deep  
now motherfuckers on the creep, but i can't sleep  
until my enemies rest in peace(rest in peace)

#### Chorus:

Runnin' wit' the AK-47 buckin heated heavy  
Yeah, nigga love the way I wet 'em when I get up in  
'em(repeat)

#### Verse 2:

Hey yeah, stacin my artillery shop  
to the enemy we fuck up the cops  
this shit'll kill 'em on the spot  
throw 'em in the lake right over the rocks  
and get the fuck away and don't get caught  
ya betta hurry nigga, G-O for what ya N-O  
so hoe come on, nigga wanna see if it's real, we got  
promos

stank 'em and tag 'em wit' the forty fo' magnum  
get up inside 'em hit the spine, paralyze 'em  
listen to the pistol when they whistle  
spittin many missiles, splittin niggas to the gristle  
hit 'em in the middle of the fo'head  
is the motherfuckin hoe dead, oh yeah  
reload it, M-11 9 millimeters in the front  
pump, post up when we jump out and run  
they in the trunk, i told you right in front my seat, i keep  
heat  
you flamin up, the gat is right next to my feet  
never know what i will pull out and shoot when I reach  
and y'all ain't leavin the scene without bleedin  
(stick it to 'em, nigga give it to 'em) however they want  
it  
send it to us, send his role back, trust him.

(Chorus)

Verse 3:

You don't wanna fuck wit' Thugline  
now it's the end of the song  
and I drunk the whole bottle  
I been fuckin with the killa liquor  
sippin hennessey and it got me the pen to see  
the fuckin enemy that wanna put me deep  
paranoia when I'm in the streets  
bullet-proof, but they can get me underneath  
or in the upper H-E-A-D  
and I don't wanna be anotha casualty  
so, I gotta be much quicker to release  
screamin "Bloody murder!!"  
makin motherfuckers eat the mauseberger  
undertaker, nigga take 'em under to the wasteland  
Leather-Face up in the place  
ya betta pin that nigga Krayzie(Krayzie)  
never mistake me for these lames that be fakin  
playa-hatin, concentratin' , so we eliminatin  
we erase 'em, erase 'em  
yes, we erase, 'em erase 'em, erase 'em  
yes, we erase 'em

Outro:

If you wanna get fucked up  
Nigga wanna get bucked up  
Jump, if you wanna get fucked up  
Nigga wanna get fucked up  
Jump if you wanna get fucked up  
Nigga wanna get bucked up  
Jump!!!!

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