

Youngbloodz F/ Backbone, Bone Crusher

"Hot Heat"

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Yeah

hook

Early morning to late night, HEY!!!
Gonna give it to ya', just like you like, HEY!!!
Lettin' the world know just what it be, HEY!!!
Look, shawty an' dem' lay you down with hot heat!
HEY!!!
Forever grind on this here concrete, HEY!!!
You can quote every word that I speak, HEY!!!
Stay sharp, heavy starch in my crease, HEY!!!
And spit this slang like an automatic piece! HEY!!!

I hear em' hollerin', tell me what do he wanna do
We finna' act a fool, Youngblood, dat Attic Crew
We keep it moving on these suckers in and out of town
Caught em' slipping on that corner, lil' shawty draw
down
SWATS, mean mugs and thugs
The art of money making, murder murder, and drugs
Hear what I say, don't play no games, its automatic hit
ya'
They say these ladies shady baby, keep your pistol wit'
cha
Jump out four doors, let me get that there
Partna, leave it where you standing, sucka get
somewhere
Lil' shawty shake some, lil' shawty take some
Shoot a g, bet a g, I say I break some
Gotta get em', split em', let this hot heat penetrate em'
My lil' buddies drop em' on the spot, no hesitation
Better know bout' that, we leave em' stuck like four flat
Gear it up, you seen this here before black

hook

You on your last and only way of ever living
And its forbidden to even mention on what your life is
riskin'
Gettin' fold, now whether you know, see you S.O.S

Put an S on your chest, see it ain't nothin' less, unless
you confess
And go tell the rest on what is real, what is flawed
Where you been, and who you saw, nigga naw
We won't fall for no broad, and all because see we
gonna pause
In the night, see they gonna crawl, so listen when we hit
ya'
Comin' dead off to you fucking raw, like underdogs
See we gonna win, never was you just a friend, from
way back when
Count to ten, now this shit is bout' to end
So suck it in, and get a grip, make your move and
make it quick
Before you snooze, you gonna lose, dwellin' on that
other shit

hook

Now let me tell you how it go man, shackled like the
chain gang
Stuck off in this range, trapping, trying to snap my
chain man
Here, its an ugly thang, I'm back on these streets again
Own the strength (strem-ph), I'm known to limp
Everything is against da grain
Can't you tell, A-T-L, sack it up, make it sale
Fat sacs keep em' coming back, now they shop with
Pelle Pelle
Big time playa, never scared, hill-top nigga, never fell
Terroristic threats, shawty tell em' that this here ?death
or trill?
Ain't no time, fuck around with crime, strap it up, sack
up them dimes
Chill the Mo', ??, billy dee drinking, everyday living
fine
Constantly stay on the grind, niggas they don't fuck
with mine
Hit em' hard, one hit caught, the other two times can't
fuck with mine

hook

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