

The Feds

"Heat Of The Night"

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[Sinister]

You might have seen me in the drop-top convertible
Lex
So what the heck
I'm test to murder hood dweller
A good fella represents
Never hesitant to put the weight between your eyes
44 pounds of steel, real niggas recognize
I kill at will like Q, tell me who's getting rude
My click is some fools, thugs, and pimps, and playas
too
Got homies in grey and blue and got niggas in black
I'll put a slug in his back and still ask him where your
glove at
Now he bustin' back, I must come strapped cause it's
combat
All the dust these niggas kicking we been there and
done that
Naw, fuck that
We rep on the track like World Order
And we got the bombest shit, nigga like Pearl Harbor
I just wish that I could manslaughter (Who)
The hater, are ya in danger of another killer stranger
Guess it's banger, check his chamber
Scaring niggas at night, demonizing their mind
Sneek up from behind, now is it Mr. Mike

[Hook]

In the heat of the night
Ain't no time for stage fright
You might make the front page if your game ain't tight
So keep your hand on your glock and get paid tonight
It don't stop and Goodfellas is what I claim for life
In the heat of the night
Ain't no time for stage fright
You might make the front page if your game ain't tight
I got my sacks in my pocket and at least a grand
Gold on my neck, my pistol's close at hand

[Sinister]

Vision me in the cut, middle corrupt and never giving a

fuck
My verbal slang making niggas gangbang and blaze
up
Hanging out the Range Rover with a hangover
Test me, I'm deadly like Ebola, just another ghetto
soldier
Best be in the mist of the smoke, when niggas choke
Fake thug niggas and drug dealers is getting revoked
I left the world comatose from the streets of the East to
the West Coast
It's that Dirty South killer that you heard about
Suave took a murder route, I got your broad bout to
turn her out
She did my whole crew, can't fuck you she burnt out
In my third house converting dominos, swirving the
Rolls
Blessed, still dressed in mafia clothes
A cold blooded killer, a Southwest connect dealer
Cruising for a bruising half Cuban, half nigga
Blast quicker than any gun clapper on the mappa
From MC to OG I'm the one they coming after

[Hook]

[Kadabi]

Dark as the night, pitch black as the sky
Dark as the AK, black skin means you die
Wonder why night time is the wrong time you can get
called up to Heaven
Now we bailing, selling
Through the streets only in the PM
Kadabi notifies mister so we could see him
In the back of our gambling shacks, straight yak
Conversation with macks about stacks and counter-
attacks

[Corleone]

I got a sack in my pocket and at least a G
You couldn't see from close range, slang like cocaine
More game than a Phoenix who fiend who reign
supreme
Continue the saga, we bring the drama to the scene
We scheming in the heat of the night
Pulling the heist between the lights
Of street dwellers, G-fella for life, my game tight
Hard to explain this Corleone and Sinister
And Kadabi, you can't spot us in the heat of the night

[Hook x2]

Ahhh, in the heat of the night, in the heat of the night

G-fellas, quiet like church mice, and it don't stop
This shit real, know what I'm saying this shit is like do
or die
Goodfellas live fly ha ha, know what I'm saying
My nigga Corleone, Kadabi, and the Sinister, G-fellas
Mashing and bashing, blasting and broading ha ha

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