

50 Cent "Heat"

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{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 jump 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 daddy ain't good

If you was smart you'd be shook of me
'Cuz I'd get tired of lookin' for ya
Spray ya momma crib
And let ya ass look for me

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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 I'm 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 fin'nin' to 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

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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
Fin'nin' to 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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