

Babybird

"Heatas"

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(First Degree):

The evil that men do got me servin' heaters
Morphin' them body bleeders into believers
Had these bitches bringin' me cleavage and cannibis-
sativa
Big leaguers, wide receivers, we quivers off malt liters
So lead us to the cheap shit, got more close so I could
reach it
Need it in the jungle, humble man gone too soon,
wasn't ready for the rumble
So I disperse my seasoning, pleasing when I get to
reasoning
Like soul cleaner, when did it, when did it get to heatin'
up?
Fuck, fuck, another fuck, fuck the bitch and they stuck
Fuck till they brains stuffed, then changed they
demeanor,
after sticking in vagina
Turn a perfect stranger into my part time personal
rump ranger
Workin' the night shift, temporary employment, ya
mind says fight it
But your emotions is delighted,
and thats what runs you sensitive bitches and niggas
Get ran for a loop, my heat is a muthafuck, First
Degree
Oh First Degree so bound to the city,
sittin' high lookin' down next up to the climax
Stayin' deliciously loaded, quit my fry, Mr. Hot burnin'
flesh
Got that THC marinatin' in my chest, that stays I guess
So I'm approachin' this light shit, and heatin' it beautiful
I'ma tokin' this wide stick, hittin' plentiful
Huh, huh, huh, tryna make my dollar

(Polo):

I got somethin' for your mask
This shit here is hard to swallow
Could be hazardous to your health
Fully equipped to leave your insides hollow
Ziplock lips and listen

I'm on a mission, switchin' positions
In case of accidental consumption
Dilute with 2 cups of milk and contact your physician
Heated and hanged, who am I? Trigger Man, suspect
number one
I let loose, do not induce vomiting, or you throwing up
your lung
Dialing 9-1-1, it's flammable, uncontainable
You die by the superfly when I spy, flip and grip,
changeable
Specially formulated to have all costs regulated
And also the ones that participated in playing bitch
games,
and plain playa hatin'
5 foot 6", sick hogg and all about mines
Dead bodies don't talk, kill 'em, tape and chalk
So if you fall short...flatline
Nigga, when you near give me adequate ventilation
Avoid physical contact and inhalation
Facial premeditation can lead to skin and eye irritation
Does that exlude a bitch, Boot town boot up, shoot up
shit
Never water based, straight laced to your face
With no nurse or first aid chase, no after taste
Now brace yourself for the hand that rocks the cradle
Nigga them conversations lead to sticky situations that
sometimes turn fatal
Hogg translation: Blew yay up straight with this heated
association
Illustrations,
picture yourself in a body bag wearin' them closed
casket decorations
I got a house full of heaters and liters of gas to light up
that ass
And it's mandatory, too short for long conversation
No pre-animation, no nuts, no glory, no witness, no
story
Makin' derogatory statements with my stainless
Slugs with names signed in blood, individuals stuffed
up the anus
Dangerous, aimin' for your body
Almost definitely pull that for hand to hand combat
karate
It's some a that southern young fool

(P-Folk):

Now what's up? I look in the rearview mirror
Chevy Astro van's suspicious
Usin' my brain, beware of the game
Suspects might be thinkin' I'm fakin'
It's a habit to be caught with and without

Reachin' up under my seat to grab my piece
And the chamber done gauged a round
Turn a beat down, put it in first gear, slow pace
Thinkin' that I might be paranoid
Effects from the filthy re-chronic blunt that I just
smoked with my boys
Sped ahead, hogg check, all red til' I'm dead
And I'll be damned if these niggas try to make me, P-
Folk, brake bread
I'm tied up to it, I'm dread,
like it said 'you live by the sword, you die by the sword'
These niggas don't know they got a one way ticket
home to the Lord
So bullets will spray, be up and out the situation
And since it's a jack move, my objective is I gotta take
'em
Roll 'em outta the mainstream
How they warped thinkin' they been ejected all up in my
section
Make a left down El Cord, toward northern direction
Viewer discretion, preparation for a justified homicide
These niggas know they ain't no friend of mine, (check
they self)
Caught up at a red light
Grippin' this trilli, thug from Hollis with nuthin' to prove
Come here ruge, enemies hoppin' up out the low, P-
Folks refuse to lose
Split ones wig with the zig, evidently he didn't see my
third eye
The second suspect tried to hit P-Folk from the blind
side
Exchangin' round for round, look like a match, the lead
sped out the strap
One enemy down, two enemies gone, hollow point
penetration to the back
The villain defeated, the driver retreated and his
partna leaded
Jack got cracked in the mask, for sho' I'm heated

(Lynch):

They told me to get my heat, so I got mine
Them muthafuckas done made they hit
Now we only got the mini Mack in the trunk, sawed off
pump and the .45th
Confident that we handle funk like muthafuckin' g's
So all you bitches and snitches get ditches when my
trigger finger itches
It's viscous, for some reason I'm still in that season
All them other muthafuckas done left, smother
muthafuckas to death
Other muthafuckas done slept long

Hit off the kryptonite and get gone
Hit 'em up two in the dome, visit your funeral home
alone
Had love for them once when this shit got grim
Killin' me softly, it's costly, check the chin, hit the Henn
and then bend
One dial 1-800 Old Gold
And you picture me surrounded by fifty pounds of
brown meat
Grade A beef, it ain't cheap
I got that shit that'll make them weak minds upchuck
Upchuck your guts and I'll have your nuts, wassup?
You was locked down, so I fucked your bitch
Gave you that syphilis dick, looped the music, made
slick throats slit
Trump tight murder on sight, split ya dome, hit ya
home at night
Move in the dark with infer-red light
You die, then I'ma do your wife
I'ma leave you hangin' on your doorstep
Have your wife ass butt naked, razor blade razed from
the ass to the neck

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