

**Banda Conexao****"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 yag 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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