

# DMX

## "Heat"

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The heat is on, are y'all really ready to fly?  
The heat is on, are y'all really ready to die?  
The heat is on, have your mother ready to cry  
The heat is on high  
The heat is on, you know

The heat is on, what's my next move  
Do I stick with the score or get with the door  
Feds got the drop in the back of the U haul  
Snipers on the roof, chance of getting away, too small  
Tell 'em like this look, it's gonna be a shoot out  
Whoever make it ou,t meet back at the new house,  
good luck  
If I don't see you again, peace

Let's handle our business with these government police  
You and you, go out the front, you take the back  
You cover the first two and I'll take the sack  
Boomer didn't make it, neither did Stan  
Now it's three niggaz splitin' four hundred grand  
We all feel the loss but enjoy the profit  
The game is the same and nothin' gonna stop it  
Most times you make it, one time you won't  
All a nigga could really do is have a vest under the  
coat, c'mon

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Me and my two mans, gave money twenty grand  
For a scam, they don't get the condo in the sand  
And chances of gettin' caught, slim, next to none  
But now we like three deep, need that extra gun

Bump into my man, I remember from up north  
I remember he had principles and wasn't nothin' soft  
Off with disgust, just was slow and dizzy  
Everybody got it, aight, let's get busy

Run up in the bank, bitch hit the deck  
Yo bust money and get the keys off his neck  
We on the clock, three mintues until we finish  
Feds are on the way but I'm tryin to see spinach  
In and out duffle bag across the back  
Extra large sports coat to cover up the mack  
Feds they attack, I spit lead out, niggaz spread out  
Run up on a civilian in his car, made him get out

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High speed chasin', racin' through the streets  
Death's in the air, I can taste it through the heat  
My partner's goin' fast, I don't think he's gonna last  
And if he don't, I'm a hit his wife with his half  
But that's the type of nigga I am, this ain't just rappin'  
I made it, he didn't, but ain't shit happens  
What can I do, but go on livin'  
Fleein' from the condo, I go on a ribbon

Life goes on, that may sound wrong but hey  
We all live by the rules of the game we play  
Day to day, death is a possibility  
The way I play is a fist stops you from killin' me  
It's too hot to be in the heat 'cuz it's on  
Too hot to be in the streets, so I'm gone  
Go back to being discreet, live long  
'Til one day, either me or the heat is gone, c'mon

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