

Dmx**"The Heat"**

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Intro:

car drives past

Uh yeah yeah

gunshots

got you dog

uh...grrrrrrrrr

uh..arf arf arf..

Chorus:

The heat is on

are yall really ready to fly

The heat is on

are yall really ready to die

The heat is oonnnnn

have ya mutha ready to cry

The heat is on high, oh, you know

[DMX]

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 uhaul, snipers on the roof

chance of gettin' away, to small

tell'em like this look, it's gone be

a shoot out, whoeva make it out

gone meet back at the new house

good luck, if I don't see you again peace

let's handle our business

wit the government police, you and you

go out the front, you take the back

you cover the first two

and I'll take the sac

Boomer didn't make it, neither did Stan

now it's three niggaz, splitin' four hundred grand

(aight)

we all for the lost, but

enjoy the profit,

the game is the same,

and nuttin' gone stop it

most times you make it, one time you won't

all niggaz can really do

have invested in a coat (come on)

(Chorus: 2x)

[DMX]

me and my two mans,
gave money twenty grand, for a scam
they don't get the prime dough
in the sand, and
chances of gettin' caught
slim next to none, now we like three deep
need that extra gun
bump into my man, I remember from up North
I remember he got principles and wasn't nothin' soft
off with the discuss, jus whus slow and dizzy
everybody got it, aight let's get bizzy
run up in the bank bitch
woman screams hit the deck *gun shots*
yo bust money, and get the keys off his neck
(come here)

we on the clock, three mintues til we finished
feds are on the way, but I'm tryin to see spinach
in and out, duffle bag
has lost the bat, extra large sport coat
to cover up the mac
feds made attack, I spit lead out
niggaz sped out, run up on a sivilian
in his car, made him get out
gunfight over the last three lines

(Chorus: 2x)

[DMX]

high speed chasin', racin' thru the streets
deaths in the air, I can taste it
thru the heat, my potnahs goin' fast
I don't think he's gone last
and if he don't, I'ma hit his wife
with his half, but that's tha type in da game
seen jus rappin, I made it, he didn't
but ain't shit happen
what can I do, but go on livin'
fleein' from the condoe, I go on a ribbon
life goes on, that might sound wrong
but heeyyy, we all live by the rules,
of the game we play
day to day, death is a possiablity
the way I play, feds 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 bein' discreet
and live long til one day,
either me or the heat is gone
(Chorus: 2x)

car drives past

