

## Dr. Hook

### "Heat"

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Uh yeah yeah  
(gunshots)  
Uh...grrrrrrrrr...uh...hot!  
Uh..arf arf arf..

Chorus :  
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 oonnnnn  
Have your mother ready to cry  
The heat is on high  
The heat is on, you know

Verse one:  
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 getting away too small  
Tell'em like this look, it's gonna be a shoot out  
Whoever make it out 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  
(aight)  
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  
(come on)

Chorus 2x

Verse two:  
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  
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 (woman screams) hit the deck  
Yo bust money, and get the keys off his neck (come  
here)  
We on the clock, three mintues until we finished  
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

Chorus 2x

Verse three:

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'ma 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 might sound wrong but heeyyy  
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  
Come On!

Chorus 2x

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