

Escape Club

"Temperature's Rising"

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Yeah

Uhh, no doubt, son, word up

(Havoc)

Word up, son, I heard they got you on the run
Filled with body, now it's time to stash the guns
They probably got the phone tap so I won't speak long
Gimme a half second and I'ma put you on
It's all messed up, somebody's snitchin on the crew
And word is on the street is they got pictures of you
Homicide came to the crib last night, six deep
axin on your whereabouts, so where d'you sleep?
They said they just wanna question you bet me and you
know
that once they catch you, all they do is just arrest you
then arraign you, hang you, I don't think so
It's a good thing you bounced but now you're stayin low
Once in a blue I check ta see how ya doin
I know you need loot so I send it thru Western Union
They probably knock down the door
in the middle of the night, sometimes around four
Hopin to find who they're lookin for but they want ta see
All they gonna find is mad empty bags of weed
But worse, son, you got the projects hotter than hell
Harder for brothers to get their thug on but oh well
Son, they know too much, even the hoodrat chicks
Oh, you heard who did what and why I don't this shit
So stop askin, then I know I'm not goin crazy
From windows I see lights flashin and maybe
somebody's takin pictures
You know who that be, police lovers and
neighbourhood snitches
They put up *?pertice?* so everybody's pointin fingers
and lyin, aiyo son, the temp is risin

Chorus:

The temperature's risin, no there's nothin surprisin
The temperature's risin, huh and nothin's surprisin
The temperature's risin, huh and there's nothin

surprisin

The temperature's risin (There's nothin surprisin)

(Prodigy)

What up, black? Hold your head wherever you at
On the flow from the cops or wings on your backs
That snitch nigga gave police your location
We'll chop his body up in six degrees of separation
Killer listen, shit ain't the same without you at home
Phony niggas walk around tryin to be your clone
They really fear you, when you was at home you was
pale
That's why they wanna see you either dead or in jail
By the time you hear this rhyme you probably be locked
up
tried to hussle, where along the lines your plan slipped
up
Got caught up in a crime that you can't take back
Reminisce on how I use to pick you up in the Ac
Years ago when we was younger seemed the hood
took us under very deep
Wonderin who snitched and got me losin lots of sleep
at night, you know my mouth is tight
I never sang to the cops cos that shit ain't right
Sometimes I stroll past the scene of the crime and
backtrack
Damn, why the situation go down like dat?
It'll be a long time before the heat dies down
In a couple of years, fool we'll see you around
But til then maintain and keep ya story the same
The cops is grabbin wrong niggas, lookin for someone
to blame
They harrassin, strugglin to find the truth
Is it a chance ya case'll get thrown out cos they ain't got
no proof
To say you're guilty, your fingerprints filthy
Deliver me the gun, I'll tie two, quickly throw it in the
river
Make sure it's safe to the bottom
Our smart police snuck you out at the projects, we got
em
But still, but still, but still.....

Chorus x3

(Surprisin)

repeat to fade

