

Hamza Javeed "The Heat"

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All of you have now, started playing with my head
Wherever I go, ya motherf*****s shouthin' at my back
It's always the same...
B.G., ya motherf***er soon goin to be dead

As I turn around, I see a f***in' kid,
Even 5 years old - kid,
Who should be suckin' his mommy's tits
Thinks that I'ma piece of - motherf***in' sh**

But why's the motherf***er saying that?
Hustle in my blood keeps me pushin'
Maybe that's the reason why I'm spittin' bad
But guess what [guess what?] I'ma change myself
[myself]
Still motherf***in' gonna live like a *Big-Gun* [big-
gun]
Till the bloody end, just like my oldman
Yo, I'm talkin' about my dad

I know y'all feelin' me, but some of you out there--
After listening to this sh**
Would be thinkin' that I'm mad, never think like that
Cause' I ain't gonna pull out my gat

I told y'all I'ma change myself--
So let me work up on that, Motherf***ers

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