

## **Celly Cel**

### **"Heat 4 Yo Azz"**

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One by one goes the bullets in the clip  
Put it in yo gat, one in the chamber, now you're ready to  
start shit  
Heat comin' from the barrel with a cloud of smoke  
Dead bodies on the ground when these fools get loc'ed

It's crazy in the street, pack some heat for a sucker  
Mobbin' through the town tryin' to murder muthafuckas  
211's every day, liquor store and bank jobs  
D boys gettin' robbed, niggas get jacked for they  
mobbs

What's a nigga to do, can't survive without a gun  
Snitches in the street, a nigga livin' on the run  
It's fun but the pen is like smokin' sess  
Locked up on a 187'll make any nigga stress

You can wear a vest, it won't stop two to the head  
Shot you in your face and now your ass is better off  
dead  
Talkin' shit'll get you smoked quick  
No need to save a hoe because they can't live without  
dick

So I focus on the mail, Celly Cel  
Ain't no playa-hatin nigga, I got too much heat to sell  
Fairy tales I never kick, it's gangsterism in my veins  
I kicked it with the O G's pickin up on game

Get your money on, fuck a bitch and get ghost  
And keep one in the chamber for them fools that play  
you close  
Them sick wid' it niggas keep makin' the beat 4 yo azz  
Ciggedy-Cel, the figgedy-funky nigga got some heat 4  
yo azz

Some heat 4 yo azz, some heat 4 yo azz  
Them sick wid' it nigga got the beat 4 yo azz  
Some heat 4 yo azz, some heat 4 yo azz  
That nigga Celly Cel got some heat 4 yo azz

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Them sick wid' it niggas got the beat up comin' with  
some heat  
Them federal muthafuckas tryin' to get a buck in the  
streets  
Every day a nigga wanna test yo skill  
And playa-hatas hate to see a nigga comin' real

The H I L L S I D E  
Down with the P G, niggas don't wanna see me  
Act a fuckin' fool, shootin' up the city  
Happy on the trigger like my nigga Frank Nitty

Let's get into the C thang, hillside slang  
It's a hillside thang from the hillside, mang  
Smokin' 'em like a chronic sack, rollin' 'em in a zag  
Hittin' 'em with the funk and zippin' 'em up in bodybags

Everywhere I go fools get to actin' crazy  
Wanna let they nuts hang, thinkin' they can fade me  
So I keep a life-long mug on my face  
Rollin' with some heat, sippin' on a straight lace

A high speed chase, bank it in the side pocket  
Po-po's can't fuck with the 350 rocket  
Under my hood it's all good when I'm on the gas  
Checkin' the rollers and the jackers that try to blast

Tricks of the trade already made, gangster got it down  
Never panic under pressure when it's goin' down  
Droppin' a bomb, nigga, mobb beats 4 yo azz  
Ciggedy-Cel, the figgedy-funky nigga got some heat 4  
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Breakin' 'em off somethin' proper for the nine-fo'  
In the do' is some of that heat 4 yo azz, hoe  
Little hoes and the don't-know's need to know  
A nigga that flow who ain't comin' out the gate slow

Pimpin' and and pandlin', hoe handlin' the whole bit  
Killers move in silence, nigga, I don't talk shit  
I see them loudmouth niggas keep gettin' dead  
And the silent ones on 25 to life bids

You gotta pack some heat in the street, it's goin' down  
If you ain't down you better move to a square town  
Niggas talk shit, drink and smoke weed up  
Hit the county jail straight P C'd up

You never know who really down till the funk jump  
Same one that jump and the finger points at the punk  
And your crew wasn't down from the get-go  
Don't you know how that bitch-made nigga shit go?

Hollow points get to the point quicker  
'Cause talkin' shit full of liquor thinkin' that you're  
sicker  
Than the next nigga'll get you full of bullet holes  
Stayin' on my toes and I just can't let go  
Of this mobb shit that I kick 4 yo azz  
Ciggedy-Cel the figgedy-funky nigga got some heat 4  
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