

Screw 32

"The Heat Is On"

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(prodigy and kl talking)

(p) "yo, yo dun, whattup baby? "

(kl) "what's the deal son? "

(p) "aint shit man, we was just talkin about that shit last night,

That shit is crazy right? "

(kl) "for real son, shorty was like sixteen"

(p) "police come skiddin up on the sidewalk and shit, what the fuck is

Wrong with niggas man? "

(kl) "you seen them niggas dun? them niggas crazy"

(p) "shit is hot though, they need to chill the fuck out with that man"

(kl) "word, it's aight though son, we survivors in this game"

Screwball with the mobb...times is hard on everybody boulevard.....

Verse 1: (poet)

That's my word, Im mothafuckin stressed

It seems like lifes tryin to put me through a test

Cause every fuckin day it's just gettin worse

What's worse? might go out, die hard and end up in a hearse

But no time to think about the consequences

The years in jail, fuck the death sentence

All I know is that I need mad cash in a flash

Before I gotta kill somebody ass

Might as well be in jail or dead

Cause if you aint gettin paid then you aint gettin ahead (that's

Word)

Sittin in my room with the lights out thinkin

Im alive, but I aint livin, Im leakin

I made my bed and ima lay in it

But I aint gonna stay in it

I might start sprayin shit

I shouldve stayed in school, but that's a dead issue

Fuck a g.e.d., that's like toilet tissue

All my friends are hoodlums and hustlers

Runnin with a bunch of stupid crazy mothafuckas
Niggas fuckin their money up, niggas gettin knocked
And jealous mothafuckas, they want the whole block
Though I could start flippin gettin on a mission, but I
need much
More, no time for bullshittin
Niggas listen....

Chorus (godfather don)
The h-e-a-t makes me crazy
I wanna bust somethin, figures, touch somethin
The heat is on, got a niggas blood rushin
I wanna touch somethin, niggas bust somethin
Repeat

Verse 2: (prodigy)
Yo, all I know is guns, all I do is slug
Id rather plug you with the heater than to have you
front
My life revolves around the snub fourth
Stay gettin those outside of newyork
Bullets from the cornerstore, Im bringin home a arsen
Interstate 95 north to the jackie robinson
Watch out for ds in caprices in tauruses
Security guards mistaken as cops, mad nervous
Back at home sell a few burners
Keep a miz and a seven mil for my personal
Walk with benevolence, holdin twin fifths
380s in the whip, a mini-eagle for my chick
That nigga p is sick, I need a silencer connect, see me
Niggas be lyin, tellin stories, tell it walkin
My niggas is into drugs and extortion
Knotty head for them niggas on the nightshift pumpin
The heat is on nigga.....

Chorus 6x

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