

## **Mobb Deep**

# **"Temperature's Rising"**

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Yeah

Uhh, no doubt, son, word up

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 phones 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 do you sleep?

They said they just wanna question you, but 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 to see how you doin'  
I know you need loot, so I send it through 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 to  
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 hood rat 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 neighborhood snitches  
They put up pert ice, so everybody's pointin' fingers  
And lyin', aiyo son, the temp is risin'

Temperature's risin' and there's nothin' surprisin'  
The temperature's risin', huh and there's nothin'  
surprisin'  
The temperature's risin', huh and there's nothin'

surprisin'

The temperature's risin', there's nothin' surprisin'

What up, black? Hold your head wherever you at  
On the flow from the cops or wings on your back  
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 hustle, 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 that?

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 you 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 you 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 sinks to the bottom  
Our smart police snuck you out at the projects, we got  
'em  
But still, but still, but still

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Surprising

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Surprising

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