

Screwball

"The Heat Is On"

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Yo, yo dun, whattup, baby?
What's the deal son?
Ain't shit man, we was just talkin' about that shit last
night
That shit is crazy right?
For real, son, shorty was like Sixteen
Police come skiddin' up on the sidewalk and shit

What the fuck is wrong with niggas man?
You seen them niggas dun? Them niggas crazy
Shit is hot though, they need to chill the fuck out with
that man
Word, it's aight though son, we survivors in this game
Screwball with the Mobb, times is hard on everybody
boulevard

That's my word, I'm mothafuckin' stressed
It seems like life's 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 ain't gettin' paid then you ain't gettin'
ahead
(That's word)

Sittin' in my room with the lights out thinkin'
I'm alive but I ain't livin', I'm leakin'
I made my bed and I'm a lay in it
But I ain't gonna stay in it

I might start sprayin' shit
I should've 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

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'

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Yo, all I know is guns, all I do is slug
I'd rather plug you with the heater than to have you
front
My life revolves around the snub Fourth
Stay gettin' those outside of New York

Bullets from the cornerstore, I'm bringin' home a arsen
Interstate 95 North to the Jackie Robinson
Watch out for D's 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
380's 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 night shift pumpin'
The heat is on nigga

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