

Eve F/ Damien, Stephen Marley

"The Heat is On"

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(Prodigy and KL talking)

(P) "Yo, yo dun, whattup baby?"

(KL) "whats the deal son?"

(P) "ain't 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)

Thats 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

whats 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 (thats

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 thats a dead issue

fuck a G.E.D., thats 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
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 NewYork
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 nightshift pumpin'
the heat is on nigga.....

Chorus 6x

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