

Fedz

"Heat of the Night"

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[Sinister]

You might have seen me in the drop-top convertible
Lex
So what the heck
I'm test to murder hood dweller
A good fella represents
Never hesitant to put the weight between your eyes
44 pounds of steel, real niggas recognize
I kill at will like Q, tell me who's getting rude
My click is some fools, thugs, and pimps, and playas
too
Got homies in grey and blue and got niggas in black
I'll put a slug in his back and still ask him where your
glove at
Now he bustin' back, I must come strapped cause it's
combat
All the dust these niggas kicking we been there and
done that
Naw, fuck that
We rep on the track like World Order
And we got the bombest shit, nigga like Pearl Harbor
I just wish that I could manslaughter (Who)
The hater, are ya in danger of another killer stranger
Guess it's banger, check his chamber
Scaring niggas at night, demonizing their mind
Sneek up from behind, now is it Mr. Mike

[Hook]

In the heat of the night
Ain't no time for stage fright
You might make the front page if your game ain't tight
So keep your hand on your glock and get paid tonight
It don't stop and Goodfellas is what I claim for life
In the heat of the night
Ain't no time for stage fright
You might make the front page if your game ain't tight
I got my sacks in my pocket and at least a grand
Gold on my neck, my pistol's close at hand

[Sinister]

Vision me in the cut, middle corrupt and never giving a

fuck
My verbal slang making niggas gangbang and blaze
up
Hanging out the Range Rover with a hangover
Test me, I'm deadly like Ebola, just another ghetto
soldier
Best be in the mist of the smoke, when niggas choke
Fake thug niggas and drug dealers is getting

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