

Mr. 3-2 f/ Beezo, Pup

"Heat Packers"

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Heat packer...

[Mr. 3-2]

When I clap that cannon, niggaz fall down dead
Killer gorilla, for the bread I ain't scared
Get ahead, whatever it take to get over
Two 2-3's, knocking heads off niggaz shoulders
I told ya, now it's too late to plea bargain
No organ, pistol up and I'm mobbing
Squabbing, box in the street with no shoes
Slapping fools, use a mark like a tattoo
Drama ain't shit, but a five letter word
Boys get curred, and fucked off for the birds
I know you heard, we ain't scared of no jackers
Down in H-Town, the home of the heat packers

[Hook - 2x]

Heat packers, kidnappers and thugs
Fried out sipping mud, and jacking for drugs
Cock back the hammer, and empty the whole clip
Niggaz ain't bout shit, so ride or get hit

[Beezo]

It spun, the heat packers are moving the packs
A package is falsing for real, selling illigitmate deal
Far from being, some of that fake shit that you spill
All that kill em up bang-bang, dope sale that you claim
I don't claim to be, nothing I'm not to be
The apple don't fall far from the tree, I know my family
tree you feeling me
Killers and drug dealers, thug niggaz my fam to be
And tell that you visit your fam, from the gutter they
rose up
Tried to better me growing up, raised right by my team
The streets ripped me to be, a heat packing MC
Push and it came, blowing on trees riding on 3's
Me and that nigga 3, kicking that S.G.

[Hook - 2x]

[Pup]

Motherfucker I'm a heat packer, with jacking deleting
jackers
No problem with busting my pistol, you niggaz got it
backwards
I'm a soldier, Ridgemont veteran quick to fold ya
I told ya, for 2005 the game's over
I don't know ya, so what I'ma box you fo'
See I ain't got time to play with you bitch, I'ma pop you
hoe
So when you see me in the streets, don't try to flag me
down
Them be the same bitch niggaz, that try to drag me
down
I ain't no rookie nigga, you better ask around
I put-p-put on that mask, and come and blast your town
I'm packing heat, and got four or five niggaz packing it
with me
Artillery, nobody packing rounds under fifty
You fellas wanna get with me, come prepared then
nigga
Cause I'm going all out, if I gotta stab me a nigga
But my pistol and my choppers, usually right on my
side
With my finger on the trigger, and I'm ready to ride
cause we some

[Hook - 2x]

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