

Hot Heat (feat. Bone Crusher & Backbone)

YoungBloodZ

Early mornin' to late night
Gonna give it to ya', just like you like
Lettin' this world know just what it be
Look, shawty an' dem, lay you down with hot heat
Forever grind on this here concrete
You can quote every word that I speak
Stay sharp, heavy starch in my crease
An' spit this slang like a automatic piece
I hear em' hollerin', Tell me what do we wanna do?
We finna' act a fool, Youngblood, dat Attic Crew
We keep it movin' on these suckers in an' outta town
Caught 'em slippin' on that corner, lil' shawty draw down
S.W.A.T.s, mean mugs an' thugs
The art of money makin', murder, murder an' drugs
Hear what I say, don't play no games, this automatic hit ya'
They say these ladies shady, baby, keep your pistol witch
a Jump out four doors, let me get that there
Partna, leave it where you standin', sucka get somewhere
Lil' shawty, shake some, lil' shawty, take some
Shoot a G, bet a G, I say, I break some
Gotta get 'em, split 'em, let this hot heat penetrate 'em
My lil' buddies drop 'em on the spot, no hesitation
Better know 'bout that, we leave 'em stuck like four flat
Gear it up, you seen this here before black
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You on your last an' only way of ever livin'
An' it's forbidden to even mention on what your life is riskin'
Gettin' fold, now whether you know, see you S.O.S
Put an S on your chest, see it ain't nothin' less unless you confess
An' go tell the rest on what is real, what is
flawed
Where you been an' who you saw, nigga, naw
We won't fall for no broad an' all because see, we gonna pause
In the night, see they gonna crawl, so listen when we hit ya'
Comin' dead off to you fuckin' raw
Like underdogs, see, we gonna win, never was you just a friend
From way back when count to ten, now this shit is 'bout to end
So suck it in an' get a grip, make your move an' make it quick
Before you snooze, you gon' lose, dwellin' on that other shit
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Now let me tell you how it go, man, shackled like the chain gang
Stuck off in this range, trappin', tryin' to snap my chain, man
Here, it's an ugly thang, I'm back on these streets again
Own the strength, I'm known to limp, everythin' is against da grain
Can't you tell? ATL, sack it up, make it sale
Fat sacs keep 'em comin' back, now they shop with Pelle
Pelle, big time playa, never scared, hill-top nigga, never fell
Terroristic threats, shawty, tell 'em that this here death or trill
Ain't no time, fuck around with crime, strap it up,
sack up them dimes
Chill the Mo', [Incomprehensible] Billy Dee drankin', everyday livin' fine
Constantly stay on the grind, niggas, they don't fuck with mine
Hit 'em hard, one hit caught, the other two times can't fuck with mine
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Songwriters

JOSEPH, SEAN PAUL / WILLIAMS, JAMAHR / BROWN, PATRICK L. / GRIGSBY, JEFFREY RAY /
HARDNETT, WAYNE JR. / MURRAY, RAYMON AMEER / WADE, RICO RENARD
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