

# Temperature's Rising (Featuring: Crystal Johnson)

## Mobb Deep

Word up, son, I heard they got you on the run  
For a body - now it's time to stash the guns  
They probably got the phones tapped so I won't speak long  
Gimme a hot second, and I'mma put you on  
It's all messed up somebody snitchin on the crew  
And word is on the street is they got pictures of you  
Homicide came to the crib last night, six deep  
Askin' on your whereabouts and where d'you sleep  
They said they just wanna question you, but me and you know  
That once they catch you, all they do is just arrest you  
Then arraign you, hang you, I don't think so  
It's a good thing you bounced for now just stay low  
Once in a blue I check to see how you're doin  
I know you need loot, so I send it through Western Union  
They probably knock down the door  
In the middle of the night, sometimes around four  
Hopin to find who they lookin for but they won't succeed  
All they gonna find is mad empty bags of weed  
But word son, you got the projects hotter than hell  
Harder for brothers, to get they thug on but oh well  
Son they know too much, even the hoodrat chicks  
Oh you heard who did what, no I don't know who did shit!  
So stop askin, then I know I'm not goin crazy  
From windows, I see lights flashin and maybe  
Somebody's takin' pictures - you know who that be  
Police lovers, and neighborhood snitches  
They put up your sheet so everybody's pointin fingers  
And lyin, aiyyo son, the temp is risin  
The temperature's risin, no there's nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin (There's nothin surprisin) What up black? Hold your head wherever you at  
On the flow from the cops with wings on your back  
That snitch nigga - gave police your location  
We'll chop his body up in six degrees of separation  
Killer listen, shit ain't the same without you at home  
Phony niggas walk around tryin to be your clone  
They really fear you, when you was at home they was pale  
That's why they wanna see you either dead or in jail  
By the time you hear this rhyme you'll probably be locked up

Tried to hide somewhere along the lines your plans slipped up  
Got caught up in a crime that you can't take back  
Reminisce on how I used to pick you up in the Ac  
Years ago when we was younger seemed the hood took us under very deep  
Wonderin who snitched it got me losin lots of sleep  
At night, you know my mouth is tight  
I never sang to the cops cause that shit ain't right  
Sometimes I stroll past the scene of the crime and backtrack  
Damn - why the situation go down like dat?  
It'll be a long time before the heat dies down  
And a - couple of years 'fore we see you around  
Butt 'til then maintain and keep your story the same  
The cops is grabbin wrong niggas, lookin for someone to blame  
They harrassin, strugglin to find the truth  
There's a chance ya case'll get thrown out, cause they ain't got no proof  
To say you're guilty, your fingerprints filthy  
Deliver - me the gun, I'll tie it to a brick and throw it in the river  
Make sure it sinks to the bottom  
Outsmart police, snuck you out the projects, we got 'em  
But still, but still, but still The temperature's risin, no there's nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin (There's nothin surprisin)  
The temperature's risin, no there's nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin (There's nothin surprisin)  
The temperature's risin, no there's nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and ain't nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin (There's nothin surprisin)

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