

Temperature's Rising

Mobb Deep

Yeah

Uhh, no doubt, son, word upWord up, son, I heard they got you on the run

Filled with body, now it's time to stash the guns

They probably got the phones tap, so I won't speak long

Gimme a half second and I'ma put you on

It's all messed up, somebody's 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

Axin' on your whereabouts, so where do 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 but now you're stayin' low

Once in a blue, I check to see how you 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're lookin' for but they want to see

All they gonna find is mad empty bags of weedBut worse, son, you got the projects hotter than hell

Harder for brothers to get their thug on but oh, well

Son, they know too much, even the hood rat chicks

Oh, you heard who did what and why I don't this 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 pert ice, so everybody's pointin' fingers

And lyin', aiyo son, the temp is risin'Temperature's risin' and there's nothin' surprisin'

The temperature's risin', huh and there's nothin' surprisin'

The temperature's risin', huh and there's 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 or 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 you was pale

That's why they wanna see you either dead or in jailBy the time you hear this rhyme you probably be locked up

Tried to hustle, where along the lines your plan slipped up

Got caught up in a crime that you can't take back
Reminisce on how I use to pick you up in the Ac
Years ago when we was younger seemed the hood
Took us under very deep
Wonderin' who snitched and got me losin' lots of sleep
At night, you know my mouth is tight
I never sang to the cops 'cos that shit ain't right
Sometimes, I stroll past the scene of the crime and backtrack
Damn, why the situation go down like that? It'll be a long time before the heat dies down
In a couple of years, fool, we'll see you around
But 'til then, maintain and keep you story the same
The cops is grabbin' wrong niggas, lookin' for someone to blame
They harrassin', strugglin' to find the truth
Is it a chance you case'll get thrown out 'cos they ain't got no proof To say you're guilty, your fingerprints filthy
Deliver me the gun, I'll tie two, quickly throw it in the river
Make sure it sinks to the bottom
Our smart police snuck you out at the projects, we got 'em
But still, but still, but still Temperature's risin' and there's nothin' surprisin'
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Temperature's risin' and there's nothin' surprisin'
Temperature's risin' and there's nothin' surprisin'
Temperature's risin' and there's nothin' surprisin' Surprising
Surprising
Surprising
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