

# Heatwave

## Scott Bakula

Whenever I'm with him  
Somethin inside  
Starts to burning and I'm filled with desire  
Could it be a devil in me or is this the way love's supposed to be?  
It's like a heatwave (heatwave!)  
Burning in my heart (heatwave!)  
I can't keep from crying (heatwave!)  
It's tearing me apart  
It's not the same now  
We done came 'round  
And turned this music shit into another playground  
And they some babies like Huey  
Bars like a chewy  
Long as life's a movie I'll be addicted to Louie, yeah  
To all the haters and traitors I need a podium  
Benedicts, tell these Arnolds hey, Nickelodeon  
Special with decimals I'm tryn'a get my point across  
Say they love me then they flip sides like a coin toss  
Which one? heads or tails?  
The way I kill shit, I should be alleged with jail  
I'm on a ledge and still about math, parabola  
Legendary shit, wrote raps in my brother's Acura  
Bro, back when they used to laugh at ya  
Cause your parents from africa  
President, but you cannot assassinate my character  
Yeah, so check the fahrenheit these days  
And stay hydrated, welcome to the heat wave  
Whenever he calls my name (Chiddy: Uh, yeah, it's like a heatwave)  
Soft, low, sweet, and plain, I feel yeah yeah (Chiddy: There ain't a place we ain't been to these days)  
Well I feel that burning flame (Chiddy: Yeah, it's like a heatwave. How we do it make it look so easy)  
Has high blood pressure got a hold on me or is this the way that it's supposed to be? (Chiddy: or is this the way  
that it's supposed to be)  
It's like a heatwave (heatwave!)  
Burning in my heart (heatwave!)  
I can't keep from crying (heatwave!)  
It's tearing me apart  
[Verse 2: Mac Miller]Ayo, this right here a heat wave  
Keep it on the replay

Still we droppin' bombs on these records, call it d-day

Yeah I've heard what he say, thinkin' I ain't shit though

Got these fools pissed like they just stubbed their big toe

    All I do is give, though

    In every single zip code

    The walls closing in right now, you're just a window

    Homie, I'm the door from the ceiling to the floor

    When I spit my verse these rappers ain't rapping anymore

        And that's for sure, sorry to get cocky

        Iller than you, and everybody in your posse

        Homie, I'm probably chilling with some punani

            Hotter than this wasabi

            Pittsburgh boy, Sidney Crosby

            Smoke veggies no casey, no broccoli

    Tell your girl if she could please stop calling me, she buggin'

        I need to put her on lock

        Tired of f-cking that bitch, so I put her on top

    Whenever I'm with him (Chiddy: Uh, yeah, it's like a heatwave)

    Somethin inside (Chiddy: There ain't a place we ain't been to these days)

Starts to burning and I'm filled with desire (Chiddy: Yeah, uh, it's like a heatwave. How we do it make it look  
so easy)

Could it be a devil in me or is this the way love's supposed to be (Chiddy: or is this the way that it's supposed to  
be. It's like a) It's like a (heatwave!)

    Burning in my heart (heatwave!)

    I can't keep from crying (heatwave!)

        It's tearing me apart

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