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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/