Heat Up

Roll Deep

[JET LE]
Heat Up, Heat Up
Jet Le, Wiley, Breeze gonna eat the beat up
Scratchy's on the beat let us eat the beat up
Let's get the boys that are bout to heat up
Roll Deeper..
Jet one, Jet two, Jet three
Jus got a strap, people guarded by me
But hear i got a story to tell
See the life of leisure child, wonderin why things so foul
You can 1st one, and I'm gonna get the next
Next one will give a stone cold supplex
I'ma top boy, who seen a lot of cold things
Sha-Shoot-Shot-Sharp cold tings
We Roll Deep but we never judge though
'cause we get that cheddar but the rings still slow
Backwards and forwards and left, right go
Jus let Wiley make you get your dou

[Chorus]
Row Row Row ya boat gently down the stream
And if you don't want holes in ya boat
Don't Roll on the Roll Deep team
No No No You don't, you only Roll Deep in ya dreams
If that's what your tellin me you must be my enemy
You ain't heard the word on the streets

[BREEZE]
Well half this, half that there
But, nah I'm not a mixed up breah
Hell No, not a half up here
They should know I fully run, don't care
But I got stuff to share
Got a noog shot for ya old dear
Empty the clip, I got a few shots spare
I shot the Sherriff but I don't shot gear
Call me chemical ali
Bust bare face, cop no bali
Cost contact, not to pali

Run around town, but you can't keep a tally
On me, and you know what i carry
I don't want to do a big bird like larry
I got bad boi material
Stay what's good, and stick up ya aerial

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[SCRATCHY]
My way now, make way for the Kingpin
But the jawside bash, you know I mixin
Scratch won't pass what ya jinxin
Music in my jeans like gymsin
Make sure that I'm there when ya sinkin
write lyrics and lyrics with out thinkin
Is it a long ting nah its a quik ting
Two swords when they hit its like, schling, schling
When I step into the ring its like, ding, ding
But the watch on my wrist is like, bling, bling
But the girls on my line its like ring, ring, ring, out
And when ya thinkin, screwin ya caught ya gash winkin
she's lickin her lips, and linkin
Gettin big, til the other crew shrinkin

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[TRIM}
I'm bad boy Trim on a bad boy ting
If you're not a bad boy, dis ain't you ting
If you try sittin on my skin, I leave metal in skin and take kettle again the names Trim
I love to swing, I'll unplug ya shin
Drug ya drink, fuck ya link
Whats..up with him

Boy with the .38 box wit him
and that's Trim 'cause he's got no hair to cut with him
But who's Trim, do a lift and you'll losin
Keep cruisin, and I'll, feel usin
Yeah he's name's Trim, 'cause
he never was a trim, never gon' trim, and he begin
Wait..are ya listenin...LISTEEEN

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[FLO DAN]
I'm the big mic man
I got lyrics for the gash, weed man and mash man
You know how we go we keep it taliban
Badderman, showerman, we keep it straight up golly man
Jawside! that's what this lyric is, in ya Jawside!
that's what this lyric is, no miss, jus spits, jus hold ya tight shits
don't step to this when I'm on a spit
When I'm on the spit, you want to run quick
they wasn't physically fit, they wasn't lyrically fit
they wasn't wit it for the gigantic, mi antics
noog shot, jawside, run away shit
What you think I'm bussin numo flows
Like you an them numerals
Nah, its a runaway ting, no one bones in, i know what i do wit jawsin

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