

Heads Up

Morten Breum

(Heads up)

I hear them people coming daddy

You better get to running daddy

(Heads up)

(Heads up)

They walking through the court man

(Heads up)

(Heads up)

You better stash your dope man

(Heads up)

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Aye, I heard it was a murder

Robbing and kidnapping, lil one with that jaw jacking

Saying that he stacking ain't packing that tool go to clapping

You hear that, move out before the

Man I don't like that nigga anyway

I heard he been ratting

We can drag him to the river Stone

Nah, leave him for Patrice

I'm a gangsta, hustler, hoodlum, slow down

I came with the four pounds so fucking let it go down

I'm tired of them niggas talking, I'm letting the trigga sparker

Bull dog barking, Cadillac done did 'em awful

He ratting, stooping, bitching, and busting balls

Say Lac, I'ma send this nigga to the mall, it is what it is

It's one way in dog, heads up

Grab on them K-9 dogs

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Stunna a street nigga, straight up make him act as money

And I don't sleep nigga, I stay up in a black 600

I play for keeps nigga, so pay up, ain't jacking nothing

The price is cheap nigga, heads up, crackers coming

See I'm a known D Boy so they hits my spot

Put my homies on they knees and they check for rocks

So we change stash spots 'cause the blocks is hot

On the rag-less cars so they can't clip my spots

The Caprice's on the block moving slowly

That's the motherfucking police

Here come the laws nigga heads up

Better raise up Big chips if ya made something

Move, move out nigga

They coming through, what about the traffic daddy?

Nigga, fuck you, heads up you know what to do

You best to break, run, 'cause nigga they coming through

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They told me put my hands on the car and show me your hands

I had some raw in my draws so I broke out and ran

I can't afford to be busted 'til my money advance

But I'm running with the Bird man so I'm straight nigga

I'm on the block with the rocks and the 44

It's so hot and we still burn a pound of dro'

Million stashed in the trunk or compartment doors

A hundred birds stashed in a Bentley four door

I'm sticking to tha G-Code, Tees and Bauts

Break it up [Incomprehensible] covered in rocks

Got a bitch on every exit that's holding my blocks

And I drive a [Incomprehensible] but keep my Lexus by my older shops

Streets watching, I know that's why I'm on my shit

When them people riding with four doors up my click

Showing them off to rookie cops to watch out for me

And I know this from crooked cops that get blocks from me

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