

Heat

50 Cent

If there's beef cock it and dump it
The drama really means nothing to me
I'll ride by and blow ya brains out
There's no time to cock it, no way you can stop it
When niggas run up on you with them thangs out
I do what I gotta do, I don't care I if get caught
The DA can play this motherfucking tape in court
I'll kill you
I ain't playing, hear what I'm saying, homie, I ain't playing
Catch you slipping I'mma kill you
I ain't playing, hear what I'm saying, homie I ain't playing Keep thinking I'm candy 'till ya fucking skull get
popped
And ya brain jump out the top like Jack-in-the-box
In the hood summer time is the killing season
It's hot out this bitch that's a good enough reason
I've seen gangstas get religious when they start bleeding
Saying "Lord, Jesus help me" cause they ass leaking
When they window roll down and that A.K. come out
You can squeeze ya little handgun until you run out
And you can run for ya backup
But them machine gun shells gone tear ya back up
God's on ya side? Shit, I'm aight with that
Cause we gon' reload them clips and come right back
It's a fact, homie, you go against me ya fucked
I get the drop, if you can duck ya luckier then Lady Luck
Look, nigga, don't think you safe cause you moved out the hood
Cause ya mama still around, dawg, and that ain't good
If you was smart you'd be shook of me
Cause I'd get tired of looking for ya, spray ya mama crib
And let ya ass look for me If there's beef cock it and dump it
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My heart bleeds for you, nigga, I can't wait to get to
you
Behind that twinkle in ya eyes I can see the bitch in you
Nigga, you know the streets talk
So they'll be no white flags and no peace talks
I got my back against the wind, I'm down to ride 'till the sun burn out
If I die today I'm happy how my life turned out
See the shootouts that I've been in I'm by myself
Locked up I was in a box by myself
I done made myself a millionaire by myself
Now shit changed, motherfucker, I can hire some help
I done heard about the 50 grand you put in the hood
But ya shooter fin'nin to get shot, it won't do him no good
With a pistol I define the definition of pain
If you survive ya bones'll still fucking hurt when it rain
Oh, you a pro at playing battleship? Well, this ain't the same
Little homie this is a whole different type of war game
See the losers end up in shackles and motherfucking chains
Or laid out in the streets leaking out they brains
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I ain't playing, hear what I'm saying, homie I ain't playing
After the fist fights it's gunfire, boy, you get the best
of me
If you don't wanna get shot I suggest you don't go testing me
All the wrong I've done the Lord still keep on blessing me
Fin'nin to run rap cause Dr. Dre got the recipe

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