Heated

nametaG

2004 shit
You know the name
(Ahhhhhhh) Trina!
This is a world premiere
Trina, talk to 'em[Chorus]
Pick it up
You don't wanna see me heated y'all (pick it up)
You don't wanna see me heated y'all (pick it up)
You don't wanna see me heated y'all (tell me why girl)
Bitch I'll fuck yo ass up
(Repeat 1x)[Trina]
Bad bitch from the South keep shit locked
Any bitch run her mouth will get dropped
See me ride in the six, dropped
You ain't heard, my nookie so good it could resurrect 'Pac
Trina ride on a track, never take a pit stop
You only on the radio 'cause' you fucked a disc jock
It's Saturday, let the Cris pop
Me and Lil' Bre, Von Dutch, head to the Flip-Flops
Hop out of the G-5 and on to the jet
You in that Nissan, that's why you don't get respect
Everywhere I go, I got cameras flashin'
You the preview, I'm the main attraction
Yes ya man is watchin', you gettin' all mad
Ya' heart beat fast every time I walk past
My head real hard, but I got a soft ass
I play the sweet role
Don't make me get off glass[Chorus][Trina]
Shit can't stop, freaky BG's, wit' da matchin' tanktop
Tell me I ain't hot
If you think not lang hoe catch shots
This nigga thinkin' I'm sweatin' his Rolex watch
You need more than that, to get in my thighs
A car that fly, maybe a house in the sky
I know you wanna beat it up right quick
And I was the first bitch Kobe cheated on his wife wit'
Tight shit, Diamond Princess
Don't be the first name on my hit list
Trust me, that's not a good look

I'm a Vet, you a Rook, hoes better get shook
Bitch, go and read a book
Find somethin' to slob
You workin' my nerves like a part time job
5 years in the game, still undefeated
We can do the damn thing, don't get me heated[Chorus][Trina]
Miss Trina, ahead of the game
Act up, hoes better get ready for pain
No talk, I don't let 'em explain
Off the chain from that city in the South
Wit' or with are the same
Drunk niggas in the club, stay spittin' they game
He wanna make sweet love
But I'd rather they brains
Better eat it 'til I can't walk straight
And if Chingy ever tried, he'll prolly talk straight
I'm that bitch that you hate, gettin' paid to rap
Busta forgot his rhymes when I made it clap
I'm the first girl to put Dade on the map
I touch my toes, ya' man came in his lap
Hypno and Cris might have me fuckin' tonight
And if you can't feel this, you ain't touchin' it right (shhhit)
I know Cali got my back
And when you turn it up
And hit the lights, bitch watch ya' back

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/