Heat

50 Cent

{Aye you want some of this shit

Naw, I don't want that shit

I don't give a fuck, I don't play dat shit

And I'm fin'nin' to buss a cap in a nigga

Man shut the fuck up}{Slow down, slow down, slow down

You see that brick house right there

That's the nigga crib when he come out

You gotta tighten his ass up

Im a get in the other car, aight 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 wit them thangs outI do what I gotta do, I don't care I if get caught

The DA can play this motherfuckin' tape in court

I'll kill you, I ain't playin'

Hear what I'm sayin', homie I ain't playin

Catch you slippin', Ima kill you, I ain't playin

Hear what I'm sayin, homie I ain't playinKeep thinkin' I'm candy till ya fuckin' skull get popped

And ya brain jump out the top like Jack-in-da-box

In the hood summer time is the killing season

It's hot out this bitch that's a good 'nuff reasonI've seen gangsta's get religious when they start bleedin'

Sayin, "Lord, Jesus help me" cuz they ass leakin'

When they window roll down and that A.K. come out

You can squeeze ya ill handgun until you run outAnd you can run for ya back-up

But them machine gun shells gone tear ya back up

God's on ya side, shit I'm aight wit that

Cause we gon reload them clips and come right backIt'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

Cuz ya momma still around dog, and daddy ain't goodIf you was smart you'd be shook of me

Cuz I'd get tired of lookin' for ya

Spray ya momma crib

And let ya ass look for meIf there's beef, cock it and dump it

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Hear what I'm sayin, homie I ain't playin

Catch you slippin', Ima kill you, I ain't playin

Hear what I'm sayin, homie I ain't playinMy 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 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 outSee 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 helpI done heard about the 50 grand you put in the hood

But ya shooter finnin to get get shot it won't do 'em no good

With a pistol I define the definition of pain

If you survive ya bones'll still fuckin' hurt when it rainsOh you a pro at playin battleship well this ain't the same

Lil' homie this is a whole different type of war game

See the losers and up in shackles of motherfuckin chains

Or laid out in the streets leakin' out they brainsIf there's beef, cock it and dump it

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Catch you slippin', Ima kill you, I ain't playin

Hear what I'm sayin, homie I ain't playinAfter 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 testin' me

All the wrong I've done, the Lord still keep on blessin' me

Finnin to run rap 'cuz Dr. Dre got the recipeYeah, uh ha, aye Dre

You got me feelin' real bulletproof up in this motherfucker

Cuz my windows on my motherfuckin Benz is bulletproof nigga

Cuz my motherfuckin vest is bulletproof nigga

Cuz my motherfuckin hat is bulletproof nigga

But the Doc said if I get hit I might get a fuckin' concussion

Better that then a hole in the head right nigga, heh heh ha ha

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