Heatwave

Chiddy Bang

Whenever I'm with him Somethin inside Starts to burning and I'm filled with desire Could it be a devil in me or is this the way love's supposed to be? It's like a heatwave (heatwave!) Burning in my heart (heatwave!) I can't keep from crying (heatwave!) It's tearing me apart It's not the same now We done came 'round And turned this music shit into another playground And they some babies like Huey Bars like a chewy Long as life's a movie I'll be addicted to Louie, yeah To all the haters and traitors I need a podium Benedicts, tell these Arnolds hey, Nickelodeon Special with decimals I'm tryn'a get my point across Say they love me then they flip sides like a coin toss Which one? heads or tails? The way I kill shit, I should be alleged with jail I'm on a ledge and still about math, parabola Legendary shit, wrote raps in my brother's Acura Bro, back when they used to laugh at ya Cause your parents from africa President, but you cannot assassinate my character Yeah, so check the fahrenheit these days And stay hydrated, welcome to the heat wave Whenever he calls my name (Chiddy: Uh, yeah, it's like a heatwave) Soft, low, sweet, and plain, I feel yeah yeah (Chiddy: There ain't a place we ain't been to these days) Well I feel that burning flame (Chiddy: Yeah, it's like a heatwave. How we do it make it look so easy) Has high blood pressure got a hold on me or is this the way that it's supposed to be? (Chiddy: or is this the way that it's supposed to be)

> It's like a heatwave (heatwave!) Burning in my heart (heatwave!) I can't keep from crying (heatwave!) It's tearing me apart [Verse 2: Mac Miller]Ayo, this right here a heat wave Keep it on the replay

Still we droppin' bombs on these records, call it d-day Yeah I've heard what he say, thinkin' I ain't shit though Got these fools pissed like they just stubbed their big toe All I do is give, though In every single zip code The walls closing in right now, you're just a window Homie, I'm the door from the ceiling to the floor When I spit my verse these rappers ain't rapping anymore And that's for sure, sorry to get cocky Iller than you, and everybody in your posse Homie, I'm probably chilling with some punani Hotter than this wasabi Pittsburgh boy, Sidney Crosby Smoke veggies no casey, no broccoli Tell your girl if she could please stop calling me, she buggin' I need to put her on lock Tired of f-cking that bitch, so I put her on top Whenever I'm with him (Chiddy: Uh, yeah, it's like a heatwave) Somethin inside (Chiddy: There ain't a place we ain't been to these days) Starts to burning and I'm filled with desire (Chiddy: Yeah, uh, it's like a heatwave. How we do it make it look so easy) Could it be a devil in me or is this the way love's supposed to be (Chiddy: or is this the way that it's supposed to be. It's like a) It's like a (heatwave!) Burning in my heart (heatwave!) I can't keep from crying (heatwave!) It's tearing me apart

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