

Temperature's Rising

Mobb Deep

Yeah

Uhh, no doubt, son, word up
Word up, son, I heard they got you on the run
Filled with body, now it's time to stash the guns
They probably got the phones tap, so I won't speak long
Gimme a half second and I'ma put you on
It's all messed up, somebody's snitchin' on the crew
And word is on the street is, they got pictures of you
Homicide came to the crib last night, six deep
Axin' on your whereabouts, so where do you sleep?
They said they just wanna question you, but me and you know
That once they catch you, all they do is just arrest you
Then arraign you, hang you, I don't think so
It's a good thing you bounced but now you're stayin' low
Once in a blue, I check to see how you doin'
I know you need loot, so I send it through Western Union
They probably knock down the door
In the middle of the night, sometimes around four
Hopin' to find who they're lookin' for but they want to see
All they gonna find is mad empty bags of weed
But worse, son, you got the projects hotter than hell
Harder for brothers to get their thug on but oh, well
Son, they know too much, even the hood rat chicks
Oh, you heard who did what and why I don't this shit
So stop askin', then I know I'm not goin' crazy
From windows, I see lights flashin' and maybe
Somebody's takin' pictures, you know who that be
Police lovers and neighborhood snitches
They put up pert ice, so everybody's pointin' fingers
And lyin', aiyo son, the temp is risin'
Temperature's risin' and there's nothin' surprisin'
The temperature's risin', huh and there's nothin' surprisin'
The temperature's risin', huh and there's nothin' surprisin'
The temperature's risin', there's nothin' surprisin'
What up, black? Hold your head wherever you at
On the flow from the cops or wings on your back
That snitch nigga gave police your location
We'll chop his body up in six degrees of separation
Killer listen, shit ain't the same without you at home

Phony niggas walk around tryin' to be your clone
They really fear you, when you was at home you was pale
That's why they wanna see you either dead or in jail
By the time you hear this rhyme you probably be locked up
Tried to hustle, where along the lines your plan slipped up
Got caught up in a crime that you can't take back
Reminisce on how I use to pick you up in the Ac
Years ago when we was younger seemed the hood
Took us under very deep
Wonderin' who snitched and got me losin' lots of sleep
At night, you know my mouth is tight
I never sang to the cops 'cos that shit ain't right
Sometimes, I stroll past the scene of the crime and backtrack
Damn, why the situation go down like that?
It'll be a long time before the heat dies down
In a couple of years, fool, we'll see you around
But 'til then, maintain and keep you story the same
The cops is grabbin' wrong niggas, lookin' for someone to blame
They harrassin', strugglin' to find the truth
Is it a chance you case'll get thrown out 'cos they ain't got no proof
To say you're guilty, your fingerprints filthy
Deliver me the gun, I'll tie two, quickly throw it in the river
Make sure it sinks to the bottom
Our smart police snuck you out at the projects, we got 'em
But still, but still, but still
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Surprising
Surprising
Surprising
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