

# heat up

## Knives at Noon

[JET LE]

Heat Up, Heat Up

Jet Le, Wiley, Breeze gonna eat the beat up

Scratchy's on the beat let us eat the beat up

Let's get the boys that are bout to heat up

Roll Deeper..

Jet one, Jet two, Jet three

Jus got a strap, people guarded by me

But hear i got a story to tell

See the life of leisure child, wonderin why things so foul

You can 1st one, and I'm gonna get the next

Next one will give a stone cold supplex

I'ma top boy, who seen a lot of cold things

Sha-Shoot-Shot-Sharp cold tings

We Roll Deep but we never judge though

'cause we get that cheddar but the rings still slow

Backwards and forwards and left, right go

Jus let Wiley make you get your dou

[Chorus]

Row Row Row ya boat gently down the stream

And if you don't want holes in ya boat

Don't Roll on the Roll Deep team

No No No You don't, you only Roll Deep in ya dreams

If that's what your tellin me you must be my enemy

You ain't heard the word on the streets

[BREEZE]

Well half this, half that there

But, nah I'm not a mixed up breah

Hell No, not a half up here

They should know I fully run, don't care

But I got stuff to share

Got a noog shot for ya old dear

Empty the clip, I got a few shots spare

I shot the Sherriff but I don't shot gear

Call me chemical ali

Bust bare face, cop no bali

Cost contact, not to pali

Run around town, but you can't keep a tally  
On me, and you know what i carry  
I don't want to do a big bird like larry  
I got bad boi material  
Stay what's good, and stick up ya aerial

[Chorus]

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[SCRATCHY]

My way now, make way for the Kingpin  
But the jawside bash, you know I mixin  
Scratch won't pass what ya jinxin  
Music in my jeans like gymsin  
Make sure that I'm there when ya sinkin  
write lyrics and lyrics with out thinkin  
Is it a long ting nah its a quik ting  
Two swords when they hit its like, schling, schling  
When I step into the ring its like, ding, ding  
But the watch on my wrist is like, bling, bling  
But the girls on my line its like ring, ring, ring, out  
And when ya thinkin, screwin ya caught ya gash winkin  
she's lickin her lips, and linkin  
Gettin big, til the other crew shrinkin

[Chorus]

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[TRIM}

I'm bad boy Trim on a bad boy ting  
If you're not a bad boy, dis ain't you ting  
If you try sittin on my skin, I leave metal in skin and take kettle again the names Trim  
I love to swing, I'll unplug ya shin  
Drug ya drink, fuck ya link  
Whats..up with him

Boy with the .38 box wit him  
and that's Trim 'cause he's got no hair to cut with him  
But who's Trim, do a lift and you'll losin  
Keep cruisin, and I'll, feel usin  
Yeah he's name's Trim, 'cause  
he never was a trim, never gon' trim, and he begin  
Wait..are ya listenin...LISTEEEN

[Chorus]

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[FLO DAN]

I'm the big mic man  
I got lyrics for the gash, weed man and mash man  
You know how we go we keep it taliban  
Badderman, showerman, we keep it straight up golly man  
Jawside! that's what this lyric is, in ya Jawside!  
that's what this lyric is, no miss, jus spits, jus hold ya tight shits  
don't step to this when I'm on a spit  
When I'm on the spit, you want to run quick  
they wasn't physically fit, they wasn't lyrically fit  
they wasn't wit it for the gigantic, mi antics  
noog shot, jawside, run away shit  
What you think I'm bussin numo flows  
Like you an them numerals  
Nah, its a runaway ting, no one bones in, i know what i do wit jawsin

[Chorus]

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