

Heatwave

Thom Starr & the Galaxies

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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