

Heat to the Streets (feat. Kid Vishis)

Royce da 5'9"

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]
I'm illa rhyme spitter
I am like an arms dealer
I sell heat to the streets nigga
C'mon
Shine til I'm blind nigga
Dime getter
I sell heat to the streets nigga[Royce]
It's like nigga hate and we line up
All of them in one place
And we give them standing ovations
And I don't mean like Rhianna
I mean, squeezin' that llama
Dumb rappin', gun clappin', knee deep in that drama
Bakin' like a salon(a)
I'ma
Fight 'em like I'm in 'Nam(a)
Night 'em like a pajama
Bite him like a piranha
Hok, spit on ya Honor[Kid Vishis]
Kurt Cobain, suicidal
You got the nerve of Nirvana
Bullets touch men and women
Just as quick as Madonna
Little nigga
I'll do to ya momma
What the KKK wanna do to Obama
I just need one K
I'm a repeat blocka
Tear up your whole block[Royce Da 5'9"]
The drum hold a hundred hot ones
I'ma
5 comma
9 apostrophe ass nigga
Spaz happy
slash colostomy bag giver[Kid Vishis]
Slash the ass kicker
Slash the last lyrical ass nigga
Imperial swag

C'mon[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]
Nigga know they don't want it with me
I'm the gas mask
To niggas that's runnin' on E
High as a wavy neighbor
I want my just due, two mules and 80 acres
Lady Day to stretch her pussy out like baby labor
The beefs embedded in me, I got fillet behavior
I got the A.R.-itis[Kid Vishis]
Pop, shady flavor
I got gravy paper
That means I'm on top
That gun cocked is goin' down like Yung Joc
I'm the 80's savior
You want doe, I be the baker
Cakes up, I oven haters
I'm who made ya
I'm Kobe Bryant
Who care about the rest of you Lakers?
Infiltrate the truth and expose what's left[Royce Da 5'9"]
We the best haters
Put you on respirators
Put money on your head and up it like an escalator
Page full of rhymes
I'm about to lay the paper
I do the labor, Keno do the day to day stuff[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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