Heat

Dmx

The heat is on, are y'all really ready to fly?
The heat is on, are y'all really ready to die?
The heat is on, have your mother ready to cry
The heat is on high
The heat is on, you know
The heat is on, what's my next move
Do I stick with the score or get with the door
Feds got the drop in the back of the U haul
Snipers on the roof, chance of getting away, too small
Tell 'em like this look, it's gonna be a shoot out
Whoever make it ou,t meet back at the new house, good luck
If I don't see you again, peace
Let's handle our business with these government police
You and you, go out the front, you take the back
You cover the first two and I'll take the sack
Boomer didn't make it, neither did Stan
Now it's three niggaz splitin' four hundred grand
We all feel the loss but enjoy the profit
The game is the same and nothin' gonna stop it
Most times you make it, one time you won't
All a nigga could really do is have a vest under the coat, c'mon
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Me and my two mans, gave money twenty grand
For a scam, they don't get the condo in the sand
And chances of gettin' caught, slim, next to none
But now we like three deep, need that extra gun
Bump into my man, I remember from up north
I remember he had principles and wasn't nothin' soft
Off with disgust, just was slow and dizzy
Everybody got it, aight, let's get busy

Run up in the bank, bitch hit the deck
Yo bust money and get the keys off his neck
We on the clock, three mintues until we finish
Feds are on the way but I'm tryin to see spinach
In and out duffle bag across the back
Extra large sports coat to cover up the mack
Feds they attack, I spit lead out, niggaz spread out
Run up on a civilian in his car, made him get out
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High speed chasin', racin' through the streets
Death's in the air, I can taste it through the heat
My partner's goin' fast, I don't think he's gonna last
And if he don't, I'm a hit his wife with his half
But that's the type of nigga I am, this ain't just rappin'
I made it, he didn't, but ain't shit happens
What can I do, but go on livin'
Fleein' from the condo, I go on a ribbon
Life goes on, that may sound wrong but hey
We all live by the rules of the game we play
Day to day, death is a possibility
The way I play is a fist stops you from killin' me
It's too hot to be in the heat 'cuz it's on
Too hot to be in the streets, so I'm gone
Go back to being discreet, live long
'Til one day, either me or the heat is gone, c'mon
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