# Tha Heat

## Lil' Wayne

Fuck with me, you know what it is
I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head
The heater, heater burner bruise is on my hip this year
I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head
I, I wish a motherfucker would trip this year
I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head
The heater, heater burner bruise is on my hip this year
I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head
I, I wish a motherfucker would trip this year, come on
Dressed in all black and my gun the same color
Murder my enemy, love thy brotha
And I ain't never gave a shit about a motherfucker
Hit him up and watch the guts come up out a younga stomach yo
You niggaz, better take side with young money, Cash Money
You'll get left in your ride, crash dummy
Oh, I'll be around when the times get ugly
When the wheels fall off and the tires stop running
The magazine empty and the nine stop busting
I bang my fist till my palms get bloody
Yeah, yeah, 'cuz I'm a monsta man
I'm a find you in my AP nine on jam
I'm a rider, you can't take it out of me, man
I be wilding, you can wait by my house for me, fam
I will fire and drop a hater rite where he stands
I'm a die with the blazer rite in these hands
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Twenty-two's, thirty-eight's, forty-four's, forty-five's
Tucked in my thirty-eight, mack on my back I am
So ready for whateva that awaits me
Run up in your place while you're sleepin', await the
Calicoes, AK's, Uzi-machines
Got ya misplacin' your arms and losin' your knees

I am takin' names, so who wanna leave
Out this bitch with your brains and your dew on your sleeve?
I got the hood with the names of the crew on they T's
And I might make a funeral sweep, I ain't bullshitin'
AR, hit ya truck, got ya hood flippin'
Feet by the engine, head by the transmission
Yeah and I be right where I am mista
Me and my damn pistol
Me and my girlfriend
In this world alone, so bring it on
And I'm a have to sing you this song, nigga
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I, I wish a motherfucker would trip this year, come on
I got the scope on the tool, I can see what you do
With a little red dot nigga peek-a-boo
Ooh, shhh, the silence will speak to you
Hit you from across the street while you tying ya shoe
Like bang, bang, say breathe, nigga, breath
I stand ova the body with the boy in his tee
Say bang, bang, say breathe, deep breath
I stand ova the body with the boy in his chest, clear
Now the boy is a mess and the block in fear 'cuz ya boy up and left
Life is short enjoy what eva's left
Before you run into a nigga like me and meet death
In less than three seconds I'll pull a three-eighty
Three feet from my waist
Three inches from your face
Make no mistake, Weezy, neva hesitate
I'll pop till your shit separate like eew
I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head
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I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head
The heater, heater burner bruise is on my hip this year
I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head
I, I wish a motherfucker would trip this year, come on
Up, down, front, back
Side to side

You hit a nigga like that
He gotta die
Up, down, front, back
Side to side
You hit a nigga like that
He gotta die
Up, down, front, back
Side to side
You hit a nigga like that
He gotta die
Up, down, front, back
Side to side
You hit a nigga like that
He gotta die

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