

# Five, The Heat

You freak rhymin', check the way I'm getting on the ground.  
Make you shake that front and wiggle your behind.  
Like whoop, tell her where it's at, one - two,  
Microphone, secret agent, the double O, who?  
A to the B dot S,  
I rock a microphone in my jeans and my vest.  
Puttin' to the test, decimal levels, I burn 'em down  
Now how you like the way that sound?

## CHORUS

Everybody say way-oooh  
In the club on a Friday night.  
All the girls on the floor give a little bit more,  
On and on to the morning light.  
Everybody say Way-oooh  
When you breathe, you can feel the beat.  
It's another long night but you're feelin' all right  
And you know you can take the heat.

Here I come... steppin' up the flow up on the beat.  
Number one... contender with my rhyme and I'll defeat  
Anyone... who wanna take a shot at what I got,  
Could you not... get in my way because I'm getting hot.  
Now tell me can you hear me comin' creepin' up behind you?  
I'd already showin' up, I'm standin' right beside like...who?  
Droppin' the verbally rugged sound upon your town  
I'm a make you people boogie down

## CHORUS

Walk this way and feel the heat, we be getting down  
walk this way and feel the heat,  
'cause the time is comin' round.  
Everybody, way-oooh, move your body, way-oooh.  
Walk this way

## CHORUS x2