

Youngbloodz, Hot Heat

Yeah

hook

Early morning to late night, HEY!!!

Gonna give it to ya', just like you like, HEY!!!

Lettin' the world know just what it be, HEY!!!

Look, shawty an' dem' lay you down with hot heat! HEY!!!

Forever grind on this here concrete, HEY!!!

You can quote every word that I speak, HEY!!!

Stay sharp, heavy starch in my crease, HEY!!!

And spit this slang like an automatic piece! HEY!!!

I hear em' hollerin', tell me what do he wanna do

We finna' act a fool, Youngblood, dat Attic Crew

We keep it moving on these suckers in and out of town

Caught em' slipping on that corner, lil' shawty draw down

SWATS, mean mugs and thugs

The art of money making, murder murder, and drugs

Hear what I say, don't play no games, its automatic hit ya'

They say these ladies shady baby, keep your pistol wit' cha

Jump out four doors, let me get that there

Partna, leave it where you standing, sucka get somewhere

Lil' shawty shake some, lil' shawty take some

Shoot a g, bet a g, I say I break some

Gotta get em', split em', let this hot heat penetrate em'

My lil' buddies drop em' on the spot, no hesitation

Better know bout' that, we leave em' stuck like four flat

Gear it up, you seen this here before black

hook

You on your last and only way of ever living

And its forbidden to even mention on what your life is riskin'

Gettin' fold, now whether you know, see you S.O.S

Put an S on your chest, see it ain't nothin' less, unless you confess

And go tell the rest on what is real, what is flawed

Where you been, and who you saw, nigga naw

We won't fall for no broad, and all because see we gonna pause

In the night, see they gonna crawl, so listen when we hit ya'

Comin' dead off to you fucking raw, like underdogs

See we gonna win, never was you just a friend, from way back when

Count to ten, now this shit is bout' to end

So suck it in, and get a grip, make your move and make it quick

Before you snooze, you gonna lose, dwellin' on that other shit

hook

Now let me tell you how it go man, shackled like the chain gang

Stuck off in this range, trapping, trying to snap my chain man

Here, its an ugly thang, I'm back on these streets again

Own the strength (strem-ph), I'm known to limp

Everything is against da grain

Can't you tell, A-T-L, sack it up, make it sale

Fat sacs keep em' coming back, now they shop with Pelle Pelle

Big time playa, never scared, hill-top nigga, never fell

Terroristic threats, shawty tell em' that this here ?death or trill?

Ain't no time, fuck around with crime, strap it up, sack up them dimes

Chill the Mo', ??, billy dee drankin, everyday living fine

Constantly stay on the grind, niggas they don't fuck with mine

Hit em' hard, one hit caught, the other two times can't fuck with mine

hook