

# BROCKHAMPTON, HEAT

[Verse 1: Ameer Vann]

I got pipe dreams of crack rocks and stripper poles  
Of fucking centerfolds  
So I got secrets only me and all my niggas know  
Of kicking in the doors  
I'll send a bitch to get ya, so don't play fucking stupid  
I know you got the product  
'Cause I could smell the money, I could taste the weed  
Give me somethin' or a body, only way I'll leave  
I love to watch 'em squirm, I love when bitches bleed  
If she's sucking on the barrel, you can't hear her scream  
So kiss the fucking carpet, this aggravated larson  
And then I'm out the door, it's monsters in your home  
Black gloves, mask on, muzzle plated chrome

[Chorus: Ameer Vann]

Who done called the cops on my niggas?  
Who done called the cops on my niggas?  
That's the first one to go, the first shot I blow  
Who done called the cops on my niggas?  
Who done called the cops on my niggas?

[Verse 2: Merlyn Wood]

Shotta, shotta  
Who be that, the number one shotta?  
Put a missile on you when I'm on your blocka  
It no be thing, no be issue when I'm off it, off it, I'm off it  
I got the magazine for the pistol  
For any politician talkin' shit, givin' issue  
Another black man in the street, it's official  
We riding out the spirit, we go another pistol  
Huh, fuck—another cracker  
Cop comin' on my block for the answers  
Huh, I no got time for your question  
Huh, this pon' mi mommy and mi bredren

[Verse 3: Dom McLennon]

I hate the way I think, I hate the way it looms  
I hate the way the things I say incinerate a room  
I know I'm tryna change, but it'll never work  
Just end up more broken down than when I started  
And that concrete feels the hardest every time I seem to touch it  
Started thinking I ain't meant for life; but that's too deep  
Falling up into the ceiling while I'm drowning  
In the creek of my emotions trying harder to be open  
Talking 'bout release dates, I'm trying to make it to tomorrow  
Internal honesty could be the hardest pill to swallow  
So I need two shots of everything that's on the fuckin' menu  
I'm dancing with myself, setting fire to the venue, motherfucker

[Chorus: Ameer Vann]

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That's the first one to go, the first shot I blow  
Who done called the cops on my niggas?  
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[Bridge: Joba]

Fuck you!  
I'll break your neck so you can watch your back  
Fuck you!  
I'll break your neck so you can watch your back  
I'll break your neck so you can watch your back  
Fuck you!

I'll break your neck so you can watch your back  
Fuck you

[Verse 4: Matt Champion]

My old friend fucked my girlfriend, I should've shot him  
Pray to God about him, man, I hit the Lotto  
Yeah, my bitch got badder, shit, my ass got badder  
And I forgave them bitches, so now it's off to millions  
I been fucking sinning, hit the forehead  
Chest, left, right, I'm grinning, asses on the ceiling  
And I got mirror feelings, for all you lil' demons  
Yeah, you see the chain, 'fore all y'all changed on me  
Rearranged on me, suck a dick about it  
I hope you get offended, and this ain't clean shit  
This is pissing off the yacht with my bitch on me  
Wearin' mink on me, sippin' Cris' on ya  
Bet ya life on it, I came to fight for it

[Outro: Matt Champion]

Came in, raided all y'all pockets  
And your bitch came in and rubbed up on me  
I'm burning rubber, I pulled up on ya