

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
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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