

# Lord Tariq & Peter Gunz, Massive Heat

Kurupt:Uh, PG

Verse 1: Peter Gunz

I walk holdin my balls,  
About an inch from the wall,  
Keep hips hypnotized as if  
My name was biggie smalls, Your girls are docced dip in,  
Nigga keep a headlock,  
Trust Gunz with your wife?  
Motherfucker bet not, Sleep on Peter G,  
Peas don't eevr doubt it,  
>From here to New Orleans,  
I'll improve 'em, bout it bout it,  
When a days I do a Michael,  
To the days of being jailed,  
Class with thoughts that kept  
My fresh mind stale,

Bridge: Peter Gunz and Kurupt

Now, who you know  
With the New York,  
that keeps a brother respect  
>From California like I'm  
Snoop Doggy Dogg?

Peter Gunz:

Well, I'm Pete gunny Gunz,  
For plenty ammo ammo,  
Shove this pipe in yo wife,  
And watch her voice hit soprano,  
I got rhymes, cock mine,  
Just shits naughty gimmick,  
That nigga that raps about it  
But he do it in a minute,  
Got schemes that'll break yo wealth,  
Break yo health,  
You see me comin nigga,  
Just break yourself, (break yourself)  
A bronx tails like deniro  
The girl call me, "hero";  
Bust a kids' in the mouth in a 15-0-0,  
Playas play on,  
Hatas hate on,  
Put my weight on,  
Hit yo bitch off,  
And then I skate on,  
Lay on, me,  
Nigags can't touch this,  
Try to rush this? (shit)  
Fuck this,  
Get the fuck out of here, (you know what I'm sayin?)

Chorus: Kurupt

This is for my niggas,  
Holdin down the street,  
Sellin guns hand to hand,  
Under massive heat,  
Cause a nigga got to do,  
What he gots to do,  
So if you that type of nigga,  
Then it's just for you,  
All my guns,  
Swingin niggas from L.A.To New York,  
Who ain't havin it?Let the picture spray  
And we talk,

Cause a nigga got to do,  
What he gots to do,  
So if you that type of nigga,  
Then it's just for you

Verse 2: Sticky Fingaz

This is the facsimile,  
You bout to get that ass faxed,  
This is simple,  
And beat with bast,  
I got a little somethin somethin,  
For all you cats,  
And all you fleas,  
And all you Cs, (all y'all)  
Midnight dark,  
Cock back the spark,  
It starts sparkin,  
And everything's dark,  
And I know where them niggas is at,  
There they go,  
Gettin hit like, "Where the homies at?  
Where they go?"  
Yeah nigga,  
Left all alone in the zone,  
Where heads are flown back,  
Bone flown in the zone,  
Terrors, dripemental,  
Tight and gigantic,  
Titanium, Subterranean,  
Titanic, it's all loose,  
Vanish and run 'em down, (what?)  
Peter Gun and the down,  
Full pound, full round,  
Tariq stack the pockets of his pants,  
Rob a fringah, (what?)  
That's what you get  
For fucking with niggas with  
Sticky Fingaz, (yeah, yeah)  
I though about it,  
And naw, I don't doubt it,  
Might get us,  
But don't fuck with us,

Verse 3: Peter Gunz:

Gunz (7x)  
Movin and groovin  
And showin (fade)  
Ay yo I blast in the door,  
Everybody get the fuck down,  
Anybody move is gettin fucked down,  
Kurupt pull the truck round,  
Blindfolded gag these niggas,  
Grab these niggas,  
They move bodybag these niggas,  
That's when they start bitchin,  
Like, "he said it, and he said it"  
What the funny shit about it (yo)  
They both gettin get it,  
Do you head it?  
It's a lot fish,  
You might see the Titanic,  
In this gigantic,  
But you're dead nigga in  
Five minutes

Verse 4: Lord Tariq  
Ay yo Gunz, I bust him in the mouth,  
Give him new meaning to  
"Bite the bullet",  
If he flips, I won't think,  
I react just pull it,  
Got to take 22 full clips,  
Cock it back to you,  
Next silly you,  
I'm killin you,  
You gettin blessed by the L-O,  
Say hello to my big partner,  
Yo with this heavy metal,  
I'm a rock ya,  
I tell yo fuckin block, bring your guns,  
Ya bring your goons,  
And I'm killin all 9 of y'all motherfuckers,

#### Chorus

Lord Tariq:  
Ay yo I see 9 niggas,  
I got 9 shots, I gotta stay low,  
Niggas know me from  
Robbin spots,  
Better be get my rec on,  
Got my vest on,  
My shit is reinforced,  
Stick enough to stop Teflon,  
They got about a key,  
In the corner,  
They sittin in a 3,  
In a quarter,  
On the way of the manslaughter,  
So I approach the man,  
The keys to the car, cash and the coke,  
Get the fuck on the floor,  
Or get smoked motherfucker,  
Starin at the trees on my trucker,  
Jumped in the 3, I hit a bruptner,  
I must've been doing about 80,  
Some niggas gave chasin a Mercedes,  
I'm laughin, (haha)  
Cocked my nine, and start blastin,  
Six to the chest,  
For being swift with the tongue,  
Now you use a garbage bag,  
For a lung,  
You can't fuck with a gun,  
I've been in this game since '81,  
Lord Tariq and Peter Gunz y'all done