

# Heat

DMX

Heat

Uh yeah yeah

Uh...grrrrrrrrrr...uh...hot!

Uh..arf arf arf..

The heat is on Are y'all really ready to fly

The heat is on Are y'all really ready to die

The heat is oonnnnnn

Have your mother ready to cry

The heat is on high

The heat is on, you know

The heat is on what's my next move

Do I stick with the score, or get with the door

Feds got the drop in the back of the Uhaul

Snipers on the roof chance of getting away too small

Tell'em like this look, it's gonna be a shoot out

Whoever make it out meet back at the new house good luck

If I don't see you again peace

Let's handle our business with these government police

You and you go out the front you take the back

You cover the first two and I'll take the sack

Boomer didn't make it, neither did Stan

Now it's three niggaz, splitin' four hundred grand (aight)

We all feel the loss but enjoy the profit

The game is the same and nothin gonna stop it

Most times you make it one time you won't

All a nigga could really do is have a vest under the coat (come on)

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(2x)

Me and my two mans gave money twenty grand

For a scam they don't get the condo in the sand

And chances of gettin' caught slim next to none

Now we like three deep need that extra gun

Bump into my man, I remember from up North

I remember he had principles and wasn't nothin soft

Off with disgust just was slow and dizzy

Everybody got it aight let's get busy

Run up in the bank bitch (woman screams)hit the deck

Yo bust money, and get the keys off his neck (come here)

We on the clock, three mintues until we finished

Feds are on the way, but I'm tryin to see spinach

In and out duffle bag across the back

Extra large sports coat to cover up the mack

Feds they attack, I spit lead out niggaz spread out

Run up on a civilian in his car, made him get out

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(2x)

High speed chasin, racin through the streets  
Death's in the air, I can taste it through the heat  
My partner's goin' fast I don't think he's gonna last  
And if he don't, I'ma hit his wife with his half  
But that's the type of nigga I am this ain't just rappin  
I made it, he didn't but ain't shit happens  
What can I do, but go on livin'  
Fleein' from the condo, I go on a ribbon  
Life goes on, that might sound wrong but heeyyy  
We all live by the rules of the game we play  
Day to day, death is a possibility  
The way I play is a fist stops you from killin' me  
It's too hot to be in the heat cuz it's on  
Too hot to be in the streets so I'm gone  
Go back to being discreet live long  
Til one day, either me or the heat is gone  
Come On!

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The heat is oonnnnn  
Have your mother ready to cry  
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(2x)