

HEAT

BROCKHAMPTON

Me llamo Roberto
Este es mi amigo, Jabari
Nosotros odiamos a la policía

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

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?

Shotta, shotta
Who be that, the number one shotta?
Put a missile on you when I'm on your blocka
And you'll be thin, you'll be issue when I'm off it, off it, I'm off it
I got the magazine from the pistol
For any politician talkin' shit, givin' issue
Another black man in the street, it's official
We riding out the spirit, here go another pistol
Ha, fuck, another cracka!
Cop coming on my block for the answers
Huh? I no got time for your question
Huh, just put mi mommy and mi bredren

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 t
rying 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

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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

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 you 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
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 you