

# Heatwave

Mereba

Run, run, run

You better run, run, run like a demon chasin' you  
Run, run 'til your face is blue

Run, run

Run, run

You better run, run, run like a demon chasin' you  
Run, run 'til your face is blue

Run, run

For your momma's sake

Run, run

Long Summer, long Summer, long Summer

Long Summer, it's gon' be a heatwave

A long Summer

Hot Summer, our Winter's like Summer (Yeah yeah)

Long Summer, long Summer, long Summer

Long Summer, it's gon' be a heatwave

A long Summer

In our Winter, they killin' niggas

See it as you see it in your skin boy (Yeah)

And they clips got the chips boy (Yeah)

They got that heat on they hip, yeah (Yeah)

And they can't wait to let it rip boy (Yeah)

Okay, I ain't tryna die on this beautiful day

I couldn't stand the thought of not seeing your beautiful face

So I'ma run like, I've been running the streets right

I mean, run like I just missed the streetlights

I fall flat like I'm trying out for track

'Cause they beat a nigga blue just for loving that he black

My advice is, run like Obama 'fore they catch you like Osama

Better, run like a nose 'fore they catch you like a cold

He got that heater on his hip, yeah

And he evil so he might just let it rip, yeah

And I know how to hold nobody shit, yeah

So why the fuck the cop is on my dick?

Yeah, be clear

It's gon' be a long, long summer

Tomorrow's never promised and I sometimes really wonder

When they tell me "keep the peace" do they mean click-clack?

I know we're looking forward but I gotta watch my back

Run, oh woah

Run, run

You, you, you better run

Run, ooh

Long Summer, long Summer, long Summer

Long Summer, it's gon' be a heatwave

A long Summer (You better, run, run, run, run, oh)

Hot Summer, our Winter's like Summer (Yeah yeah)

Long Summer, long Summer, long Summer (Oh, make it home 'fore you momma, ooh )

Long Summer, it's gon' be a heatwave

A long Summer

In our Winter, they killin' niggas  
He got that heater on his hip  
Clip that's what this is  
He don't shoot to miss, click-clack, click-click  
Got that heater on his hip  
Clip that's what this is  
He don't shoot to miss, click, clack  
He got that heater on his hip  
Clip that's what this is  
We don't shoot to miss, click-clack, click-click  
Got that heater on his hip  
Who gonna be crying?  
Your momma or mine?  
Your momma or mine?

See it as you see it in your skin boy  
And they clips got the chips boy  
They got that heat on they hip, yeah  
And they can't wait to let it rip boy