

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