

# Heating Up

Polo G

Mmm, we pull up and we send hot shit  
(According to a spokesman)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ayy  
Uh, uh

I been stackin', runnin' up them rackies in the trenches  
With my niggas, fuck the opps, we dump the district  
I ain't signin' on no deal unless they talkin' 'bout some figures  
Put that bag on top your head and have your partner come and kill you  
I know sometimes I be turnt up, they claim they left my homie burnt u  
p  
Ain't no way we can chill, this [?] will kill and get your head cluck  
ed  
This blicky with me, if it get too fishy, we gon' send it up  
We get busy, I ain't hard to find, you ain't look hard enough  
Down bad, I was just down bad on my ass  
I started with a couple racks, I lost them all and got 'em back  
They gripped my homie 'cause the other side was workin' with the feds  
When I got caught up for them things, ain't say a thing, go 'round an  
d ask  
I be trippin' off them things, I pop the X, get in my bag  
I don't like totin' normal blicks, all of these Glocks got somethin'  
attached  
That bitch go, "Brrrt," and that's another nigga packed, who wan' matc  
h?  
Them niggas sweet for that lil one shit that we did, they ain't get b  
ack  
We got the drop on all of y'all, I'm just deciding who to whack  
Lil' bro'll pull up and let off a couple shots from out this TEC  
So we don't sit at restaurants, these niggas mad I'm in my act  
We pull up on him, he take off but he ain't faster than this MAC  
Pour a double cup with Kooly, bitch, I'm littty, opps ain't fuckin' wi  
th me  
Hundred clip the Drac', the police said we fuckin' up the city  
Since my lil' homie died, go ask the opps, every day, it been a killi  
n'  
Forever we still slidin', I'm with G-Boy, Mr. Go And Get Him

Them lil' shorties dangerous, they've been blocked just for the hell  
of it  
We gon' keep on lampin', bitch, that's how you let that pressure hit  
All my homie like is shootin' dice and shootin' at the bricks  
Ever since my lil' bro brothers died, he always kept a stick  
I remember hustlin' and robbin', tryna catch a lick  
I was out there knee-deep in that field like Colin Kaepernick  
My lil' snipers, they don't give a fuck, man, they'll whack a bitch  
I just sent the addy to her DM, now my mansion lit  
Splatter shit, foenem pop out cuts and let that hammer spit  
Stingy with my ex, you can't touch this, no MC Hammer shit  
Always by my lonesome or I'm linkin' up with my savages  
Think twice 'fore you run up, all my gunners get to clappin' shit  
Sundown 'til the sunup, pick a gun up, who you ridin' with?

You would think the block a barbershop the way we linin' shit  
Can't wait for the summer, Glocks with drums, we got all kind of shit  
My lil' nigga, he don't got it all, he get to spazzin' quick