

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, "Brrt," 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 litty, 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