

Heat

Potter Payper

Feel like De Niro in Heat
I'm on the run tryna get in the breeze
Ain't nobody tryna get it from me
I'm tryna take something
Take it and leave
I feel like I've been trappin' for a million weeks
Good girl, but she really a freak
Arraign me so it could never be peaked
I'm on you, G, it could never be beef

It's cold out here, don't forget your coat
I cook coke, straight drop it on the stove
Tell me what you want, I got a quote
If I ain't got it, then I'm comin' for your dough
Even when I get it for the low
I'm lookin' through my phone book for a victim
I'm the old man that finesse guy loves
In real life with a rock, I'm like hov'

When my shooters hit, they fill their straight goals
Now any time we roll, it's just show
Gettin' head and my headlights show
Highway from a trap to the headline
And I'm still my own boss, fuck a dead line
Poor bandits sew your dead lies
My dog's okay, I got the best wife
Now everybody around me gettin' fed right

All the way to the top, that's the next rap
I ain't takin' no chance, fuck a red light
It's that way from these like X wise
I came up too fast, made my ex cry
They got tiny turbans on my turpentine
I'm gon' run up in your yard on the next high
I got gang with me, no, that's fam with me
This a free eight, not eight six

Easy mistake, I got Scrabs with me
Man trap, giddy, PR rap really
Rap like hens, y'all rap city
I'm an SK, don't act silly
I'm a Jim Jones, so not Jimmy
I'm a Jim Jones, so not Jimmy
Freedom's a must, fuck twelve
I still do it by eye, fuck scales
Do it in a bando by myself
Seven days and the kitchen still smells
Inhale, exhale, shit's real
Inhale, exhale, shit's real