

# Heat Rocks

Raekwon

Fire in your face  
Time to take these streets again you heard  
No more playing man, I want it. (Chef)

It was a Friday everybody was caken'n  
And the house was shake'n and the beats was bang'n  
And it won't be long that everybody know'n  
That DJ brought the heat rocks  
That DJ brought the heat rocks  
That DJ brought the heat roooooocckks

(Let's go) Come, Get some, You little bum  
I bake the cake but you can't get a crumb  
From, Get physical, Lyrical, Spiritual  
Ultimate, And all that good shit  
I love brag'n, Gots to rag it, Flash the dragon  
Back in nine-five with the wagon  
Create drama when I hunt for cream  
And I pack em in mean, My sweet sixteen  
Is fly, My vibe is live, I gots to ride  
A smoke a bone you know it when Cochise died  
Hell up in Harlem, Note to Staten  
When niggas do hits rock sixes black man  
The black brand, Wu-Tang Clan, I smack hands  
Then drive through the Hammerstein, Fronts and black bands  
Cool'n, School'n, Everything around me  
Might fire one off in clique's around me  
I won't stand it, Dammit, Murder the planet  
I more like a sign man, My coke just landed  
You know, Get money nigga, The fly poet  
Who only write rhymes and the track exploded

Ayo, Come see me man, Come see me I'm back up baby  
Whatever you need, Come on man, Word up  
Don't bring no people I don't know man

Back again, Son put the fronts back in  
Fresh like a new wash or glass of gin  
I got many kins ready to hit niggas  
Plenty men, Blend with a new spaceship, That's what's in  
Caught a whirl when Shallah shit drop  
Crys pop, Got Barrack with me, Come get me, Ashy glock  
You know it's cool even if I flop  
Ain't no more real niggas left I just sit in the box  
With all the fliest, Livest, Multi-buyers  
Niggas eat money up, Most yall liars  
Catch the kid in Hawaii tired  
New-New Roll, You talking to my hoe you fired  
Superstar Keyon quite  
When I talk got every burroughs in a smash cause I am  
The greatest, Pay this, Latest, Famous painters say this  
Two more strong for your play list  
New Yorker, Hulker, Call me Orca  
Army jacket down to the floor I soak you up  
This is a master classic rap shit  
Play at five in the morning, Get the gun and mask kit  
Smoke like an Indian, Pass it

And I'm not stopping no more, That's it your ass is lit

Yeah, Uhh huh, Yeah, You know it ain't over nigga  
It's going down again baby, For real, For Real  
I'mma come see you soon alright, Word up  
Yall know who you are, Word up, I want it  
For real, Chef, Yeah, The builder burgers nigga  
We want in