

# Heat of the Night

Styles P

Ghost, Violence, it's that other kinda shit  
This is mine right here nigga, haha, oh yeah  
(You thought the world was safe)  
Homicide goon with shit bags triple niggas  
I don't give a fuck when Police get dispatched  
Wicked nigga, you can hear me laugh when the click-clack  
Look at me, you can see me smile when the kickback  
Before rap, ask where my gun and my clip at  
Got my hands on it then I ask where the strip at  
Niggas got coke, then I ask where the bricks at  
Next rapper that lies, the next rapper I'll click at  
Bullet holes in your Louis clothes  
Get wrapped the fuck up, like a sushi roll  
Soft niggas get wet like the coochie hole  
Cootie nigga put my gun on goofy though

Got my heat on my side  
And I'm gonna ride  
Trust me if you crossed that line man it's over  
In the heat of the night man I'm gonna ride  
It get cold (cold, cold)  
(Cold, cold)

My gun burn niggas like the way y'all burn Cali weed  
Or the way a fat burner burns calories  
Fuck a treadmill my 9 mil's the deadmill  
You can fuck around and get your head spill (fuck around)  
Or your guts dropped  
You a goon, now I'ma G that can play any corner like the bus stop  
Fuck around and get your Had a bitch on the floor like a dust mop  
Still gettin' money in the spot  
Cut you in the face with the blade we used to cutthroat  
Hunnid shot tommy gun about to make the buck pop  
Shotguns next, you hit with the buckshots

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Flyin' without a cape, right, I ain't on a safe flight  
Underworld, turn into a Lycan in the late night  
Flyin' through the city in a no brake lights  
Beamer on, Nina on, probably got Tina on  
I can't stand the rain or the pain  
Nigga sipping on drain for flippin' cocaine  
But you smile when you smokin' and you whippin' off lanes  
Sipping champagne and you trickin' on dames  
When you go to Hell and you sittin' on flames  
Type of shit I think about sittin' on planes  
First class if I crash shit'll all change  
All I do is get high 'cause shit is all strange

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