Heat 4 Yo Azz

Celly Cel

One by one goes the bullets in the clip
Put it in yo gat, one in the chamber, now you're ready to start shit
Heat comin' from the barrel with a cloud of smoke
Dead bodies on the ground when these fools get loc'edIt's crazy in the street, pack some heat for a sucker

Mobbin' through the town tryin' to murder muthafuckas

211's every day, liquor store and bank jobs

D boys gettin' robbed, niggas get jacked for they mobbsWhat's a nigga to do, can't survive without a gun

Snitches in the street, a nigga livin' on the run It's fun but the pen is like smokin' sess

Locked up on a 187'll make any nigga stressYou can wear a vest, it won't stop two to the head Shot you in your face and now your ass is better off dead

Talkin' shit'll get you smoked quick

No need to save a hoe because they can't live without dick

So I focus on the mail, Celly Cel

Ain't no playa-hatin nigga, I got too much heat to sell

Fairy tales I never kick, it's gangsterism in my veins

I kicked it with the O G's pickin up on gameGet your money on, fuck a bitch and get ghost And keep one in the chamber for them fools that play you close

Them sick wid' it niggas keep makin' the beat 4 yo azz

Ciggedy-Cel, the figgedy-funky nigga got some heat 4 yo azzSome heat 4 yo azz, some heat 4

yo azz

Them sick wid' it nigga got the beat 4 yo azz

Some heat 4 yo azz, some heat 4 yo azz

That nigga Celly Cel got some heat 4 yo azzSome heat 4 yo azz, some heat 4 yo azz

Them sick wid' it nigga got the beat 4 yo azz

Some heat 4 yo azz, some heat 4 yo azz

That nigga Celly Cel got some heat 4 yo azz

Them sick wid' it niggas got the beat up comin' with some heat

Them federal muthafuckas tryin' to get a buck in the streets

Every day a nigga wanna test yo skill

And playa-hatas hate to see a nigga comin' realThe HILLSIDE

Down with the P G, niggas don't wanna see me

Act a fuckin' fool, shootin' up the city

Happy on the trigger like my nigga Frank NittyLet's get into the C thang, hillside slang

It's a hillside thang from the hillside, mang

Smokin' 'em like a chronic sack, rollin' 'em in a zag

Hittin' 'em with the funk and zippin' 'em up in bodybagsEverywhere I go fools get to actin' crazy

Wanna let they nuts hang, thinkin' they can fade me

So I keep a life-long mug on my face

Rollin' with some heat, sippin' on a straight laceA high speed chase, bank it in the side pocket

Po-po's can't fuck with the 350 rocket

Under my hood it's all good when I'm on the gas

Checkin' the rollers and the jackers that try to blastTricks of the trade already made, gangster got it down

Never panic under pressure when it's goin' down

Droppin' a bomb, nigga, mobb beats 4 yo azz

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Them sick wid' it nigga got the beat 4 yo azz

Some heat 4 yo azz, some heat 4 yo azz

That nigga Celly Cel got some heat 4 yo azzBreakin' 'em off somethin' proper for the nine-fo'

In the do' is some of that heat 4 yo azz, hoe

Little hoes and the don't-know's need to know

A nigga that flow who ain't comin' out the gate slowPimpin' and and pandlin', hoe handlin' the whole bit

Killers move in silence, nigga, I don't talk shit

I see them loudmouth niggas keep gettin' dead

And the silent ones on 25 to life bids You gotta pack some heat in the street, it's goin' down If you ain't down you better move to a square town

Niggas talk shit, drink and smoke weed up

Hit the county jail straight P C'd upYou never know who really down till the funk jump Same one that jump and the finger points at the punk

And your crew wasn't down from the get-go

Don't you know how that bitch-made nigga shit go?Hollow points get to the point quicker 'Cause talkin' shit full of liquor thinkin' that you're sicker

Than the next nigga'll get you full of bullet holes

Stayin' on my toes and I just can't let go

Of this mobb shit that I kick 4 yo azz

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