

50 Cent - Heat

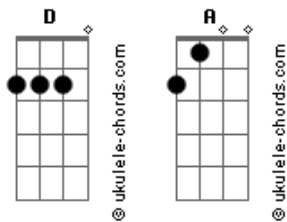
Tom: **D**
Intro: **F#, A, B, D**

If there's beef, cock it and dump it, the drama really means nothin
To me I'll ride by and blow ya brains out (brains out)
There's no time to cock it, no way you can stop it
When niggas run up on you wit them thangs out (thangs out)
I do what I gotta do I don't care I if get caught
The **DA** can play this motherfuckin tape in court
I'll kill you - I ain't playin, hear what I'm sayin, homie I ain't playin
Catch you slippin, I'ma kill you - I ain't playin, hear what I'm sayin,
homie I ain't playin

{50 Cent}
Keep thinkin I'm candy till ya fuckin skull get popped
And ya brain jump out the top like Jack-in-da-box
In the hood summer time is the killing season
It's hot out this bitch that's a good 'nuff reason
I've seen gangsta's get religious when they start bleedin
Sayin "Lord, Jesus Help Me" cause they ass leakin
When they window roll down and that A.K. come out
You can squeeze ya lil handgun until you run out
And you can run for ya back-up
But them machine gun shells gone tear ya back up
God's on ya side, shit I'm aight wit that
We reload them clips and come right back
It's a fact homie, you go against me ya fucked
I get the drop, if you can duck, ya luckier then Lady Luck
Look nigga, don't think you safe cause you moved out the hood
Cuz ya mamma still around dog, and daddy ain't good
If you was smart you'd be shook of me
Cuz I'd get tired of lookin for ya, spray ya mamma crib, and let ya ass look for me

{Chorus}

Acordes



{50 Cent}
My heart bleeds for you nigga, I can't wait to get to you
Behind that twinkle in ya eyes, I can see the bitch in you
Nigga you know the streets talk
So they'll be no white flags and no peace talks
I got my back against the wind, I'm down to ride till the sun burn out
If I die today, I'm happy how my life turned out
See the shootouts that I've been in I'm by myself
Locked up I was in a box by myself
I done made myself a millionaire by myself
Now, shit changed motherfucker I can hire some help
I done heard about the 50 grand you put in the hood
But ya shooter fin'nin to get get shot it won't do 'em no good
With a pistol I define the definition of pain
If you survive ya bones'll still fuckin hurt when it rain
Oh you a pro at playin battleship well this ain't the same
Lil homie this is a whole different type of war game
See the losers and up in shackles of motherfuckin chains
Or laid out in the streets leakin out they brains

{Chorus}

{50 Cent}
After the fist fights it's gunfire boy you get the best of me (best of me)
If you don't wanna get shot I suggest you don't go testin me (testin me)
All the wrong I've done the Lord still keep on blessin me (blessin me)
Fin'nin to run rap cuz Dr. Dre got the recipe (the recipe, recipe)

Yeah, uh ha, aye Dre
You got me feelin real bulletproof up in this motherfucker
Cuz my windows on my motherfuckin Benz is bulletproof nigga
Cuz my motherfuckin vest is bulletproof nigga
Cuz my motherfuckin hat is bulletproof nigga
But the Doc said if I get hit I might get a fuckin concussion
Better that then a hole in the head right nigga, heh heh ha ha