

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,

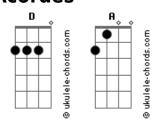
homie I ain't playin

{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 momma 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 momma crib, and let va 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}

If you don't wanna get shot I suggest you don't go testin me (testin 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