

Heat On My Side

Boss Hogg Outlawz

[Hook: x2]

I keep a heater on my side, when I ride
I ain't finna be the victim, of a homicide
Haters'll catch a nigga slipping, and get done
So I never leave the house, without packing a gun

[Kyleon:]

Naw 9-1-1 is a joke, ask Flava Flav
That ain't save that nigga Dave, when he got his gator sprayed
Killa keep hatorade, just in case a hater brave
Cock the chrome put a tombstone, on a hater grave
Stick in the clip and get to ripping, if you think I'm tripping
Let the banana peel on the K, if you think I'm slipping
I'm pistol gripping, when I'm tipping on them fo' 4's
Just in case a hater run up, to my low pro's
I got magnum in the Magnum, that's a semi not a hemi
And bullets I got plenty, if you hollin' bout kill me
Turn you into Tiny Timmy, put you in the sleeper
In a hospital bed, dead finna meet the reaper
Pull out the F-N, and have a nigga brain buzzing
And in your life at the light, like caine buzzing
So when I drive, I keep a heater on my side
Cause I'll be damned, if I be a victim of a homicide

[Hook x2]

[J-Dawg:]

I lost my partna Gunny, in a gun fight
So everytime I ride cuz, I think about that night
How they took my homie, I ain't have that pistol on me
I ain't have that pistol on me, damn
I swear to God my nigga, I'ma stay strapped until my demise
Until you get to look me in my eyes, one more time
That 45 on me, the K in the seat
Go on play with a G, see how funny it's gon be
I'ma heat your ass up, street sweep your ass up
Shoulda learned your lesson, when that nigga beat your ass up
I bet you I'ma handle mine, behind tint
Gripping pine hand on that nine, fuck with me
Jaguar, you on the wrong track boy
I'ma hit your chest, and blow out your whole back boy
You want stacks boy, you better get on your grind
I'ma shoot you if you fuck with mine, off top nigga

[Hook x2]

[PJ:]

Bitch I'm a G, it's a must I stay packing
I'm strapped now, PJ ain't just rapping
This rap game don't mean shit to me, these niggaz fake
Fuck with me bitch, they bringing out that yellow tape
I'm a grown man, so miss me with that kid shit
These niggaz talk, but I know they never did shit
I'm getting money, and I'm waiting on the jack boys
So I can send they ass, straight to that graveyard
I don't do a lot of talk mayn, talk is cheap
You got a problem with the P, see me in the streets

These niggaz pussies, they ain't ready for the aftermath
I'm living by that gun, and dying in a blood bath
Bought a chopper last night, with a scope on it
And I'm waiting to use it, on any hoe want it
Bitch it's death before dishonor, over here black
That tough shit around here, gon get you killed black

[Hook x2]