

# 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]