

# Heated

Trina

2004 shit  
You know the name  
(Ahhhhhhh) Trina!  
This is a world premiere  
Trina, talk to 'em  
Pick it up  
You don't wanna see me heated y'all (pick it up)  
You don't wanna see me heated y'all (pick it up)  
You don't wanna see me heated y'all (tell me why girl)  
Bitch I'll fuck yo ass up  
(Repeat 1x)  
Bad bitch from the South keep shit locked  
Any bitch run her mouth will get dropped  
See me ride in the six, dropped  
You ain't heard, my nookie so good it could resurrect 'Pac  
Trina ride on a track, never take a pit stop  
You only on the radio 'cause' you fucked a disc jock  
It's Saturday, let the Cris pop  
Me and Lil' Bre, Von Dutch, head to the Flip-Flops  
Hop out of the G-5 and on to the jet  
You in that Nissan, that's why you don't get respect  
Everywhere I go, I got cameras flashin'  
You the preview, I'm the main attraction  
Yes ya man is watchin', you gettin' all mad  
Ya' heart beat fast every time I walk past  
My head real hard, but I got a soft ass  
I play the sweet role  
Don't make me get off glass  
Shit can't stop, freaky BG's, wit' da matchin' tanktop  
Tell me I ain't hot  
If you think not lang hoe catch shots  
This nigga thinkin' I'm sweatin' his Rolex watch  
You need more than that, to get in my thighs  
A car that fly, maybe a house in the sky  
I know you wanna beat it up right quick  
And I was the first bitch Kobe cheated on his wife wit'  
Tight shit, Diamond Princess  
Don't be the first name on my hit list  
Trust me, that's not a good look  
I'm a Vet, you a Rook, hoes better get shook  
Bitch, go and read a book  
Find somethin' to slob  
You workin' my nerves like a part time job  
5 years in the game, still undefeated  
We can do the damn thing, don't get me heated  
Miss Trina, ahead of the game  
Act up, hoes better get ready for pain  
No talk, I don't let 'em explain  
Off the chain from that city in the South  
Wit' or with are the same  
Drunk niggas in the club, stay spittin' they game  
He wanna make sweet love  
But I'd rather they brains  
Better eat it 'til I can't walk straight  
And if Chingy ever tried, he'll prolly talk straight  
I'm that bitch that you hate, gettin' paid to rap  
Busta forgot his rhymes when I made it clap

I'm the first girl to put Dade on the map  
I touch my toes, ya' man came in his lap  
Hypno and Cris might have me fuckin' tonight  
And if you can't feel this, you ain't touchin' it right (shhhit)  
I know Cali got my back  
And when you turn it up  
And hit the lights, bitch watch ya' back