

# Mobb Deep, Temperature's Rising

Yeah

Uhh, no doubt, son, word up

(Havoc)

Word up, son, I heard they got you on the run  
Filled with body, now it's time to stash the guns  
They probably got the phone tap so I won't speak long  
Gimme a half second and I'ma put you on  
It's all messed up, somebody's snitchin on the crew  
And word is on the street is they got pictures of you  
Homicide came to the crib last night, six deep  
axin on your whereabouts, so where d'you sleep?  
They said they just wanna question you bet me and you know  
that once they catch you, all they do is just arrest you  
then arraign you, hang you, I don't think so  
It's a good thing you bounced but now you're stayin low  
Once in a blue I check ta see how ya doin  
I know you need loot so I send it thru Western Union  
They probably knock down the door  
in the middle of the night, sometimes around four  
Hopin to find who they're lookin for but they want ta see  
All they gonna find is mad empty bags of weed  
But worse, son, you got the projects hotter than hell  
Harder for brothers to get their thug on but oh well  
Son, they know too much, even the hoodrat chicks  
Oh, you heard who did what and why I don't this shit  
So stop askin, then I know I'm not goin crazy  
From windows I see lights flashin and maybe  
somebody's takin pictures  
You know who that be, police lovers and neighbourhood snitches  
They put up \*?pertice?\* so everybody's pointin fingers  
and lyin, aiyo son, the temp is risin

Chorus:

The temperature's risin, no there's nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and nothin's surprisin  
The temperature's risin, huh and there's nothin surprisin  
The temperature's risin (There's nothin surprisin)

(Prodigy)

What up, black? Hold your head wherever you at  
On the flow from the cops or wings on your backs  
That snitch nigga gave police your location  
We'll chop his body up in six degrees of separation  
Killer listen, shit ain't the same without you at home  
Phony niggas walk around tryin to be your clone  
They really fear you, when you was at home you was pale  
That's why they wanna see you either dead or in jail  
By the time you hear this rhyme you probably be locked up  
tried to hussle, where along the lines your plan slipped up  
Got caught up in a crime that you can't take back  
Reminisce on how I use to pick you up in the Ac  
Years ago when we was younger seemed the hood took us under very deep  
Wonderin who snitched and got me losin lots of sleep  
at night, you know my mouth is tight  
I never sang to the cops cos that shit ain't right  
Sometimes I stroll past the scene of the crime and backtrack  
Damn, why the situation go down like dat?  
It'll be a long time before the heat dies down  
In a couple of years, fool we'll see you around  
But til then maintain and keep ya story the same

The cops is grabbin wrong niggas, lookin for someone to blame  
They harrassin, strugglin to find the truth  
Is it a chance ya case'll get thrown out cos they ain't got no proof  
To say you're guilty, your fingerprints filthy  
Deliver me the gun, I'll tie two, quickly throw it in the river  
Make sure it's safe to the bottom  
Our smart police snuck you out at the projects, we got em  
But still, but still, but still.....

Chorus x3

(Surprisin)  
\*repeat to fade\*