

Mo Fire (Produced by Yonny)

Lil' Wayne

Mo fi-ya Weezy, mo fi-ya... mo fi-ya, I give her, mo fi-ya
Why did he plot, my fitty copped, my city hot I'm
dodgin' the city cop

I play 'em like pity pat (shh) I'm kicking back (yeah)

I'm gettin' stacks, these bitches is really rats

I fuck 'em and give 'em back (yeah) I really mack (yeah)

How real is that, you love him, you really wack

I hustle and bend my back

My muscle is in tact

My biceps and triceps is ayyee yess

[Chorus - Lil Wayne]

Mo fi-ya Weezy, mo fi-ya... mo fi-ya, I give her, mo fi-ya
I come at you (shh), it's somethin' new, the color is
smurf blue

I'm puffin that purple, believe it if I talk it I walk it like Hershel

I get it like it is on the commercial

Verse 2, this is verse 2, it is worse too

I'll merk you, like I birth you

You niggas small bubbles, I'll burst you

And spit you out and have your girlfriend slurp you

My jewelry earth blue, some say its earth green

I'm like whatever my shit mean and obscene

Now I been seen on alotta different scene,

that mean I got alotta different creamMo fi-ya Weezy, mo fi-ya... mo fi-ya, I give her, mo fi-ya

[Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]

I raise mo fire to the man up higher

I lick a shot to let him know that I'm a rider (yeah)

My dreads hang to let him know that I'm a lion

Represent the jungle when the others just trying

I represent my mother like baby stop crying

I know my papa gone but guarantee to see her shining (yeah)

Now you are looking at New Orleans finest

Now you are being blinded, by European diamond

And you were seeing 2 or 3 times and

Got your vision all fucked up, now you can't even find me

And I ain't even hidin' naw, I'm right here baby

She wanna walk witcha, I'm like yea baby

Party man with the shoty to his head

Rock-a-by his ass to sleep, rock it lay him down to bed

I put you in my pocket, right next to the condoms homie

You ain't nothin' but a prop fish...Mo fi-ya Weezy, mo fi-ya... mo fi-ya, I give her, mo fi-ya

Mo fi-ya, mo fi-ya, Weezy, mo fi-ya, mo fi-ya, I give her, mo fi-ya...

Rock-a-by his ass to sleep, rock it lay him down to bed

I put you in my pocket,

right next to the condoms homie, you ain't nuthin but a prop fish. Mo Fi-ya Weezy, Mo Fi-ya. Mo Fi-ya, I give her, Mo Fi-ya

Mo Fi-ya, Mo Fi-ya Weezy. Mo Fi-ya, I give her, ...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>