

Fire Flame (Remix) Ft. Lil Wayne

Birdman

Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollarsFire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollarsFresh out from my bid
Bitch it's lil' tuneche
I Lucille ball, bitch I love Lucy
If these niggas dogs, I'm animal cruelty
Don't fuck with me at all, cause I'm twisted like an Rubik's cube
Oh my, look how the time has flown
And they say time is of the essence
But what if there clock is wrong
But all my problems will be second
And all my worries will be gone
I'll have money back for breakfast smell like bitch I'm rich cologne
Ha, I'm so relaxed my gucci flats ain't got a scratch
If you got a problem with I, well I will fix them, cataracts
They say it cost to be the boss
I paid the price including tax
Bitch I'm a fire flame spitter
And to me you niggas waxFire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars(what ya talking bout)In this world with my Tommy gun
Banana clip the red rum
100 millions dollars, put my life down for my son
Spend a little cash, bust a nigga ass
Five star nigga, two mill' on the dash
Yeah, militant minded
Uptown soldier, you have been blinded
Grinding all the time, bitch
Stuntin', and we shining
Diving in deep shit, the money keep climbing
Blah, the bottles keep poppin'
Dom p, rose, Perrier poppin'
Them bitches see we rocking, the whips we be rocking
Iced up, tatted up, fire flame blapFire flame, flame, fire flame spitters

Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars Uh, I got pussy coming to me
Shotgun in my draws make your woman bite the bullet
Sittin' in my hog, tell my chauffeur "to the penthouse"
Pockets so deep its like my money gotta swim out
Marley say fuck 'em, scoob say fuck 'em
Bitch I'm still the best overall, like a jumper
Weezy F, F, fire flame spitter
Hundred million dollars, pocket change nigga
See these first class flights
We strapped up in the trenches
Nigga want some business bitch
We getting it in this business
Some ten figure niggas blood rich gang nigga
Fire flame spitters, point blank nigga
Money and the power, swag out the shower
Spending nigga, then them pussy's running like some cowards
Bigger than life nigga, C-four bitch
A hundred million dollars, my son born rich
Blap! Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
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Songwriters

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