Enemy Turf

Lil Wayne

Ah, hmm, hmm
Hmm, hmmWhen I say I don't give a fuck
I mean that yeah
Niggaz brains is gettin' bust
I didn't say that, yeahIf a shipment was comin' in
I need a haul of dat wodie
I need a sixty, forty nigga
And no chargin' that wodieYou done heard about Michael Jackson
And shiggidy shit
But you ain't never heard about me
When I'm flissin' a bitchNiggas shoulders getting' knocked
Clean off of they head
See that red dot comin' from
Me and my girlfriend'Cause I wants mine
I needs mine
And I'm about to get mine
At these timesLook lil' daddy
You ain't got to worry about
None of these other niggas
You needs to be worried about
When Juvi comin' to get ya
Look, I make a phone call to the big dogY'all bitches better handle
Y'all business before I hit y'all
Even though a nigga rich and I rock ice
I still bust a nigga head on the block arightIt's enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm a play it how it go
Cock the hollow points
And tote my black calico
My lil' brother WeezyMy big brother Juvi
Both hit tha blocks
Strapped up with the uzisIt's enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm play it how it go
Cock the hollow points
And tote my black calico
My lil' brother WeezyMy big brother Juvi
Both hit tha blocks
Strapped up with the uzisWhat, what, La
Gun for gun
Eye for eye

Better move yo' wife and son'Cause I ride or die
Cash money hot boy
Bless me when I'm gone
But until then load up
The chrome 'cause it's onI been 'bout it
Put a boot up in my lip
And put my dirty up in a clip
I drop the top and then I flip
I hit his cock and make 'em flip
And I be full of that trashI be the first one to jump out the Jag bust at 'em fast
Watch the bullets chop off the head
And make 'em fall in the grass
One move they all dieLil' Weezy small fry
Guerilla, when it's war time
Y'all better learn
When this nigga shoot it'll be all hellWell then let 'em burn
Hold 'em fo' ransom, hear me smart boy
Seven churn and I be damn if I let 'em go
If I don't get my doughThen hell will be all blowin'
'Til I R.I.P., C.M.B., I be
I put it down for all my peeps
Nigga, I'm H.B. for realIt's enemy turf that I'm on
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Both hit tha blocks
Strapped up with the uzisAll I know is the streets
And how to strap up
When it's time shoot it
Cock yo' heatersTie up yo' bags
It's time to do it
Blaze the blunt
Shut off the lightsAnd cut down the music
Roll down the windows
Turn the corner
And let loose with the brrIf ya don't know now
Then ya never will learn
You ca play with Lil' Wayne

And yo' block get burnedYou must love to go swimmin'
'Cause tha water gets deeper
See I bust you wide open
And take 'ya daughter with meHere come the beat boy
Shoot out the street lights
Time to bring on the heat boy
If you ain't really wit itThen you better get back
I open yo' chest
And make it look just like a wet cat
This is a death trapI'ma a guerilla and I mean it
Leave ya' head still in a beanin'
Lyin' on the cement
Calico steamin', red dot beamin'
Dressed up suspicious
Play wit Lil' Weezy
You'll be dinner for tha fishesIt's enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm a play it how it go
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And tote my black calico
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And tote my black calico
My lil' brother WeezyMy big brother Juvi
Both hit tha blocks
Strapped up with the UzisEnemy Turf
Time to strap up
What

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