Fireman

Lil' Wayne

I'm the Fireman
Fire, F-Fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'ma put you out
You can spark it up and I'ma put you outAin't nobody fuckin' with me man, Heatman
Ski Mask spending next week's cash, he fast
And I don't even need a G pass I'm past that
I'm passing em out now and you can't help thatAnd my chain Toucan Sam that
Tropical colors you can't match that
Gotta be abstract
You catch my gal legs open, betta smash that
Don't be surprised if she ask, Where the cash at?I see she wearing them jeans that show her butt crack
My girls can't wear that
Why? That's where my stash at
I put my mack down, that's where you lack at
She need her candle lit and I'ma wax thatI rekindle the flame
She remembered the name
It's Weezy Baby January December the same
Mama gimme that brain
Mama gimme that good
'Cause I'm the fireman
You hear the fire truckI'm the Fireman
Fire F-Fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'ma put you out
You can spark it up and I'ma put you outFresh on campus it's the Birdman Jr
Money too long teachers put away ya rulers
Raw tune not a cartoon
No shirt, tattoos, and some war woundsI'm hot but the car cool
She wet that's a carpool
Been in that water since a youngin' you just shark food
Quick Draw McGraw I went to art schoolYeah the lights is bright but I got a sharp fuse
Don't snooze
Been handling the game so long my thumbs bruise
Ya new girlfriend is old news
Yeen got enough green and she so blue yeahCash Money Records where dreams come true
Everything is easy baby leave it up to Weezy Baby

Put it in the pot let it steam let it brew
Now watch me melt, don't burn ya self, cuzI'm the Fireman
Fire F-Fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'ma put you out
You can spark it up and I'ma put you outRidin' by myself, well really not really
So heavy in the trunk make the car pop a wheelie
Who? Weezy Baby or call me Young Baby
My money 360, you only 180Half of the game too lazy
Still sleepin' on me but I'm bout to wake em
Yep! I'm bout to take em to New Orleans and bake em
Yeah it's hot down here take a walk with Satan yeahCome on mama let The Carter make ya
Toss ya like a fruit salad, strawberry crepe ya
They ball when they can and I'm ballin' by nature
Addicted to the game like Jordan and PeytonY'all in the race and me I'm at the finish line
They're running fo' too long, it's time to gimme mine
Straight down ya chimney in ya living room is I
Weezy allergic to wintertimeI'm the Fireman
Fire F-Fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'ma put you out
You can spark it up and I'ma put you out

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