Fireman

Lil Wayne

I'm the Fireman
Fire, Fa, Fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'm a put you out
You can spark it up and I'm a put you outAin't nobody fuckin' with me man, Heatman
Ski Mask spending next weeks cash, he fast
And I don't even need a G pass I'm pass that
I'm passin' 'em out now and you can't have that
And my chain Toucan Sam that
Tropical colors you can't match that
Gotta be abstract
You catch my gal legs open better smash that
Don't be surprise 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 candlelit and I'm a wax that
I rekindle the flame
She remember the name
It's Weezy Baby January December the same
Mama gimme that brain
Mama gimme that gut
Cause I'm the fireman
You hear the firetruckI'm the fireman
Fire, fa, fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'm a put you out
You can spark it up and I'm a put you outFresh on campus it's the Birdman junior
Money too long teachers put away ya rulers
Raw tune not a cartoon
No shirt, tattoos, and some war wounds (sexy)
I'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 school
Yeah the lights is bright but I got a short fuse
Don't snooze

Been handlin' the game so long my thumbs bruised
Ya new girlfriend is old news
Yeen' got enough green and she so blue yeah
Cash 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 it melt don't burn ya selfI'm the fireman
Fire, fa, fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'm a put you out
You can spark it up and I'm a 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 180
Half 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 yeah
Come on mama let The Carter make ya
Toss ya like a fruit salad strawberry crape ya
They ball when they can and I'm ballin' by nature
Addicted to the game like Jordan and Peyton
Y'all in a race and me I'm at the finish line
Been running for 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, fa, fireman
I got that fire I'm hollering
I got that fire come and try me and
You can spark it up and I'm a put you out
You can spark it up and I'm a put you outI, I, I, got 'em
I, I, I, got 'em
aye aye B
I got 'em
Aye D I got 'em
Aye slim I got 'em
Don't worry
I, I, I
Don't worry
I, I, I
I'm a put you out

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