

# Fire Flame (Remix) (Feat. Lil Wayne)

## Birdman

Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters  
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Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars  
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters  
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Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars  
Bitch we tha bizness, hundred million dollars Fresh 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 wax 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 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 blap 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 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  
Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters  
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Songwriters

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