Enemy Turf

Lil' Wayne

Ah, hmm, hmm Hmm, hmm When I say I don't give a fuck I mean that yeah Niggaz brains is gettin' bust I didn't say that, yeah If a shipment was comin' in I need a haul of dat wodie I need a sixty, forty nigga And no chargin' that wodie You done heard about Michael Jackson And shiggidy shit But you ain't never heard about me When I'm flissin' a bitch Niggas 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 times Look 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 dog Y'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 aright It'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 Weezy My big brother Juvi Both hit tha blocks

Strapped up with the uzis It'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 Weezy My big brother Juvi Both hit tha blocks Strapped up with the uzis What, 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 on I 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 trash I 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 die Lil' Weezy small fry Guerilla, when it's war time Y'all better learn When this nigga shoot it'll be all hell Well 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 dough Then 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 real It'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 Weezy

My big brother Juvi Both hit tha blocks Strapped up with the uzis It'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 Weezy My big brother Juvi Both hit tha blocks Strapped up with the uzis All I know is the streets And how to strap up When it's time shoot it Cock yo' heaters Tie up yo' bags It's time to do it Blaze the blunt Shut off the lights And cut down the music Roll down the windows Turn the corner And let loose with the brr If ya don't know now Then ya never will learn You ca play with Lil' Wayne And yo' block get burned You must love to go swimmin' 'Cause tha water gets deeper See I bust you wide open And take 'ya daughter with me Here come the beat boy Shoot out the street lights Time to bring on the heat boy If you ain't really wit it Then you better get back I open yo' chest And make it look just like a wet cat This is a death trap I'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 fishes It'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 Weezy My big brother Juvi Both hit tha blocks Strapped up with the uzis It'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 Weezy My big brother Juvi Both hit tha blocks Strapped up with the Uzis Enemy Turf Time to strap up What

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