

Fireman (Plastic Pete Remix)

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 out Ain'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 firetruck 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 out Fresh 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 self 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 out Ridin' 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 wintertime 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 out I, 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

Songwriters

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