

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Fireman

Uh huh, I'm back what cha, uh whatcha gon do now?

(Chorus)

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'ma put you out

You can spark it up and I'ma put you out

(Verse 1)

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 passing 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 betta 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'ma 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 good

Cause I'm the fireman

You hear the firetruck

(Chorus)

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Fresh 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 wounds

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 handling the game so long my thumb bruise

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

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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-grape ya  
They ball when they can and I'm ballin' by nature  
Addicted to the game like Jordan and Payton  
Yall in a race and me I'm at the finish line  
They running for too long it's time to gimme mine  
Straight down ya chimney in ya living room is I  
Weezy allergic to wintertime... hot

(Chorus)

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