

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Tha Heat

(Lil Wayne talking)

Fuck with me, you know what it is

(Hook 2x)

I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head  
The heater burner bruise is on my hip this year  
I shoot your arm, leg, leg, arm, head  
I wish a motherfucker would trip this year

(Verse One)

Dressed in all black and my gun the same color  
Murder my enemy love thy brotha  
And I ain't never gave a shit about a motherfucker  
Hit him up and watch the guts come up out a younga stomach  
You niggaz better take side with young money, Cash Money  
You'll get left in your ride crash dummy  
I'll be around when the times get ugly  
When the wheels fall off and the tires stop running  
The magazine empty and the nine stop busting  
I bang my fist till my palms get bloody  
Cuz I'm a monsta man  
I'm gonna find you in my AP nine on jam  
I'm a rider you can't take it out of me man  
I be wilding, you can wait by my house for me fam  
I will fire and drop a hater rite where he stands  
I'm gonna die with this blazer rite in these hands

(Hook 2x)

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(Verse 2)

Twenty-two's, thirty-eight's, forty-four's, forty-five's  
Tucked in my thirty-eight, mack on my back I am  
So ready for whatever that awaits me  
Run up in your place while you're sleepin await the  
Calicoes, ak's, Uzi-machines  
Got ya misplacin your arms and losin your knees  
I am takin names, so who wanna leave  
Out this bitch with your brains and your dew on your sleeve?  
I got the hood with the names of the crew on they t's  
And I might make a funeral sweep, I ain't bullshittin  
AR hit ya truck got ya hood flippin  
Feet by the engine, head by the transmission  
And I be right where I am mista  
Me and my damn pistol  
Me and my girlfriend  
In this world alone, so bring it on  
And umma have to sing you this song nigga

(Hook 2x)

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(Verse 3)

I got the scope on the tool I can see what you do  
With a little red dot nigga peek-a-boo  
Shhh the silence will speak to you  
Hit you from across the street while you tying ya shoe  
Like Bang! Bang! say breathe nigga breath I stand ova the body with the boy in his tee

Say Bang! Bang! say breathe deep breath I stand ova the body with the boy in his chest...Clear!  
Now the boy is a mess and the block in fear cuz ya boy up and left  
Life is short enjoy what eva's left  
Before you run into a nigga like me and meet death  
In less than three seconds I'll pull a three-eighty  
Three feet from my waist  
Three inches from your faces  
Make no mistake Weezy neva hesitate  
I'll pop till your shit separate like eewww!

(Hook 2x)

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(Bridge 4x)

nigga up, down, front,  
back, side, side hit a  
nigga like that he's  
gonna die