

Lil Wayne, Enemy Turf

(Juvenile)
Ah hmmm hmhhh
Hmhhh Hmmm

(Verse 1 (Juvenile))
When I say I don't give a fuck
I mean that yeah
?? brains is getting bust
I didn't say that yeah
If a shipment was comin in
I need a ?? 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 gettin 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

(Chorus 2x (Juvenile & Lil Wayne))
(Juvenile)
It's enemy turf that i'm on
So i'ma play it how it go
Cock the hollow points
And tote my black calicoe
My lil' brother Weezy

(Lil Wayne)
My big brother Juvi
Four hit the blocks
Strapped up with the Uzis

(Verse 2 (Lil Wayne))
What, What, La
Gun for gun
Eye for eye
Better move yo' wife and son
'Cause i ride or die
Cashmoney 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 ??????
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 frie

Guerilla when it's war time
Y'all better learn
When this nigga shoot it'll be all hell
Well then let 'em burn
????????????????
Seven churn and i be damn if i let 'em go
If i don't get my dough
Then hell will be all blowin'
'Till i R.I.P CMR i be
I put it down for all my peeps
Nigga, i'm HB for real

(Chorus 2x)

(Verse 3)
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 bbbrrrrrr
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'
?? on the semen
Calicoe steamin'
Red dot beamin'
Dressed up suspicious
Play with lil' Weezy you'll be ?? for the vicious

(Chorus 2x)

Enemy Turf
Time to strap up
What