

# Fireman

Lil' Wayne

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

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

Ain't nobody fucking 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

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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

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