

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 bruisa 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 whateva that awaits me
Run up in your place wile 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 bullshitin
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 wile 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)

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

(Bridge 4x)

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