

Lil Wayne f/ Twista

"Burn This City"

Visit "[Burn This City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

Yeah, stop playin' with me, cannon in my hand
And I'll be damned if any man, disrespect me on my
land
Intercept a nigga plan, in an effective ass nigga
I'm the fa fa fireman but I'll wet that ass nigga
My desert pump liquor, I'm a special ass nigga
No frontin' I'm in front of these extra ass niggas
I'm a extra bad nigga, I'm a sideways shooters
Open up the Mazaradi, fuck the highway troopers
Cause nowadays dudes will run and tell the troopers
Cause I hope the same trooper will find you when I lose
ya
Cause these niggas are talkin' at the side of they
madulas
Preserve a nigga put his body in a cooler
Turn 'em into ice, call me Weezy the jeweler
Run up on me boy and get smoked like a hooter
Who the fuck wanna get it in ya next break
Gasoline on your door steps, fire

[Chorus]

I'm the fireman, fire, fa fireman, OW
You can smoke it up and I'm a put you out
Weezy, allergic to winter time, HOT

[Verse 2: Twista]

Uh, Twista, Cash Money
Niggas shook by Twista, lil' Weezyana status, show em
heaven(uh huh)
Call a reverend, I'm a burn em up like ladder 47, with a
mac 11
Try to shoot a baby cart a you with my arsenew, I'm an
arsenist(Say what)
With a 40 cal with a 50 clip, uh, uh you dont want a part
of this(What)
? do ya pop your oblingata, call a doctor
Homie your are not Baby, not the Twista and not the
Carter(Uh uh)
Don't be comin' up to me actin' pity, while I carry glocks
to carve ya(yeah)

Stop tommorow, you can break my hands
I write with my mind, you cant stop the author(yeah)
Try to run up on the block, why bother(yeah)
I'm a shoot em with the pump
Then I go and throw his body in a ditch
No one will ever find ya and won't nobody
Talk about you cause I'm a real street mobster(No)
Ghetto gangstas dont eat pasta
Only fuck with the shrimp and the lobster
Murder that pussy holy ghed boy, while I'm dressed up
like a rasta(papapa)
New Orleans and Chi connect, stay burnin' sticky(what)
And we gettin scummy
Steady gettin' money, thats why I'm up on fifty, shit
I only be fuckin' with niggas thats earnin with me
If you try, you gon' die, on fire, cause I'm so high
Watch how we burn this city

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

Ya know, ya know, uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah, yeah
Sicker than a bird flu, i'am the birdman junior
And you niggas just bird food, we livin' in a whirlpool
You got to eat or get ate and you look like bait
Dont you stick one hand over the gate
This dog, treat you niggas just like steak
Dinner, I'm that nigga take a break
My fuck up is a perfect mistake, I'm great
Murda, renegade music my flows stupid
I'm cold, I spit mucus, I'm tight like suityas
Righteous, ruthless, strapped, shoot ya
We rich sue us, snitch, leave em
Bitch sue us, pushin up Daisies, Roses, Petunias
Wakes, funerals, service, communion
I'm hotter than a motherfuckin' Hot Boys reunion,
Weezy

[Chorus]

Visit [Lil Wayne f/ Twista](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.