

Birdman

"Fire Flame"

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Fire flame, flame, fire flame spitters
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Bitch, we the business, hundred million dollars
Bitch, we the business, hundred million dollars

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Back on my block, nigga, gun up in my hand
Money out the ocean, nigga, landin' in the sand
Third war soldier, world wide general
Cash Money, Young Money, fire flame spitters

Hustle all the time in the middle of the block
The gun stay, the money off the top
We do it 'round the clock, bitch, we the business
Hundred million dollars, filthy 'bout my riches

Stunting on them niggas 'cause we shine big time
Flip another hundred, nigga, do it on the grind
Bitches love a nigga 'cause they know we stay fly
Ride 25 on a nigga beehive

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Spend a nigga ben, nigga, chopper in my hand
Hundred out the land when you fuckin' with the man
Five star nigga, eagle be flying
Just be, nigga, bald eagle flying

Uptown soldier, made man on a mission
Did it from the bottom, nose diving for the riches

Been a high roller, flip the Range to a Bentley
House full of things, house full of bitches

Switch another lane, nigga, flip it all the time
Hundred on the watch, 20 years on my grind
Blood is my line, uptown general
Cash Money Stunnas, Young Money Killers, K-killers

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Mansions in the hills just to burn a few hundreds
Loaded fourteens, spent a mil' on some furniture
Back on my saddle, nigga, shuffle from the bottom
Started with nothing now there's money with this power

Higher then ever, top flow, popping bottles
Minks in the winter, candy with the models
That's how we livin', live a luxury life
Never give a fuck we can do this shit twice

Li-live with the lifes, lit it up for life
Lil nigga gettin' it in and doing this for life
Lil won't got right so he back up on his business
Life to this game, flamed up and spittin' it

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