

Lil Wayne

"Enemy Turf"

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Ah, hmm, hmm
Hmm, hmm

When I say I don't give a fuck
I mean that yeah
Niggaz brains is gettin' bust
I didn't say that, yeah

If a shipment was comin' in
I need a haul of dat 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 getting' 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

It's enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm a play it how it go

Cock the hollow points
And tote my black calico
My lil' brother Weezy

My big brother Juvi
Both hit tha blocks
Strapped up with the uzis

It's enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm play it how it go
Cock the hollow points
And tote my black calico
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My big brother Juvi
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What, what, La
Gun for gun
Eye for eye
Better move yo' wife and son

'Cause I ride or die
Cash money 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 boot up in my lip
And put my dirty up in a clip
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 fry
Guerilla, when it's war time
Y'all better learn
When this nigga shoot it'll be all hell

Well then let 'em burn
Hold 'em fo' ransom, hear me smart boy
Seven churn and I be damn if I let 'em go
If I don't get my dough

Then hell will be all blowin'
'Til I R.I.P., C.M.B., I be
I put it down for all my peeps
Nigga, I'm H.B. for real

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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 brr

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'
Lyn' on the cement
Calico steamin', red dot beamin'
Dressed up suspicious
Play wit Lil' Weezy
You'll be dinner for tha fishes

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Enemy Turf
Time to strap up
What

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