

40 Below Summer

"Enemy Turf"

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(Juvenile)

Ah hmmm hmmm

Hmmm Hmmm

Verse 1 (Juvenile)

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 gettin 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

(Chorus)2x (Juvenile & Lil' Wayne)

(Juvenile)

It's enemy turf that i'm on

So I'ma play it how it go

Cock the hollow points

And tote my black calico

My lil' brother Weezy

(Lil' Wayne)

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

Verse 2 (Lil' Wayne)

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

(Chorus)2x

Verse 3

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 bbbrrrrrr
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'
Lyin' on the cement
Calicoe steamin'
Red dot beamin'
Dressed up suspicious
Play wit Lil' Weezy, you'll be dinner for tha fishes

(Chorus)2x

Enemy Turf
Time to strap up
What

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