

## About All That

Birdman

Young desperado, straight out the grotto  
I'm so bad, my shadow chooses not to follow  
Little nigga, but see me as a fuckin' rhino  
Lil Weezy hit this bitch like Rocky Marciano  
It's a drought ain't it? How the fuck would I know?  
Nigga, I've been getting my share in like Sonny Bono  
I ran the streets... check my bio  
I started high with two O's just like Ohio  
I'm fuckin' nuts; cashews  
But I'm so DC like fat shoes  
I skate away, like "Later dudes"  
Never get caught, baby, I'm mashed potato smooth  
And just when it stopped, I made it move  
Respect me nigga I'm a dog; no Asian food  
I wet up the party, so have a bathin' suit  
And daisy dukes you bitch ass nigga

Keep talking that shit that you talking  
And we gone have to get into some gangsta shit  
My nigga... keep talking that shit that you talking  
And we gone have to get into some gangsta shit  
My nigga... Cause you ain't really even 'bout all that  
You ain't really even 'bout all that  
And don't you forget.. I know ya, you ain't 'bout all that  
You ain't never been about all that... fall back

Niggas must want Joey to lean on 'em  
Flash the binky, splash his dreams on 'em  
Let 'em sleep on it, it's nothing to crack  
Lay the murder game down back to hustlin' packs  
Yeah Weezy homie's got your back, whether raps or macks  
Either way they both spit like BRRRRAT!  
Nigga... them muhfuckas is broke like them levees  
And we done sold so much dope ain't shit you tell me  
Nigga... how you want it huh coke or dog food?  
My shit'll have you running naked like an old school  
And yeah we 'bout it 'bout it, and you ain't ridin' on me  
Unless ya got a whole fuckin' suicidal army  
And I'm a rider homie, and you can find it on me  
That 40 cal'll get your shirt picture ironed on it  
This shit is funny to me  
All these niggas wanting war but they runnin' from me... Crack!

I had 'em as lil' niggas, raised 'em 'round real niggas  
Poppin' bottles fuckin' with them bitches nigga  
Made money to the ceiling, me and my young nigga chilling  
I'm in the streets, hustling, getting money nigga  
Changed all my new shoes nigga, got some new tools  
Nigga got some more jewels, we was getting money  
And ain't nothing ever changed, still doing the thang  
Still getting money, still spending change  
We hustling from Sunday to Sunday  
And we grinding everyday like the money ain't coming  
Nigga... yeah we riding woodgrains and minks  
Got the dope in the Hummer cold case for that thing  
I hate the law for what they done did they broke in niggas cribs

Wish I woulda caught 'em Idda split they fuckin' wig  
3rd Ward let me claim my fame  
I put it down, Uptown, I'mma do my thang believe that