

Breeze

Birdman

Yeah, this how we fucking with it, D-Roc
Juvey, Stunna
Uptown, real nigga, rich nigga shit
(D-Roc)
Let's get it (Rich Gang)

I'm Uptown hardbody
And I got downtown four partners
And I'll go to war 'bout 'em
Smoke weed on the west by my dawg house
Feel like the Godfather and I don't have mob ties
Happy like a little kid first time going outside
I would not lie about it, I would go live-wire
I pull out my money, you pull out your money, you don't have five dollars
I live and I die about it, I would not cry about it
You know you the shit when you travel around with a fly-swatter

Yeah, years and years later (Yeah)
More money, more problems
Hundred mil' up (Hundred mil' up)
You understand me?
Highways with this pimpin'
We gon' keep gettin' it

I'm an artist like Shakespeare
I was born in the eighth year
Ain't take a nigga long, got straight, yeah
Juvenile, Birdman, no fake here
You don't trust nothin', put your faith here
With the bullshit, nigga, stay clear
Bitch, I got gifts like Saint Nick
And it ain't nothing broke that I can't fix
You don't do nothin' but hate me
And yeah, that made me
Rice in the pot cooking
Who care where the steaks be?
Beef ain't nothing to me
I was raised on bare meat
Hairpin trigger, nigga, knock a nigga bare feet
What, y'all ain't aware of me?
Pay up and just see
New Orleans my city, nigga
And I make the mayor leave
Streets take care of me
You're looking at a rare breed
Fly-swatters for the insects
And I'm killing any bug come near me

Camo
Soulja flow, it's top floor all the way up (All the way up)
Just like that
Big money, boy
Rich Gang
I see you Roc (I see you, D-Roc)
B's up, miles of man
Uptown where we stand
But we live on what we die for, boy

Fuck with this here, this how we fuckin' with it (Rich Gang)
Hah, let's get it now, simple
RIP C-Lo, real nigga, rich nigga shit