From Tha Block

Birdman

I done got in the mood, that liquor kickin' in
And all these average ass bitches lookin' different
The niggas workin' the door let all the chickens in
A ho I know from the hood in here with her stripper friends
And I got money, I could trick a bitch
And I don't give a motherfuck if she a six or ten
Fuckin' with my dough is when it's time to kill
I wreck shit like an alcoholic behind the wheel
Made a lot of deals, paid a lot of bills
You said a lot of fake, I said a lot of real
You got a lot of gimmicks, not a lot of skill
Nigga, this a Bentley coupe, this not a Bonneville
And you can smell the weed comin' out my folicles
I'm some "My, my, my" shit, Johnny Gill
I keep my bitch rockin' designer heels
I'ma kill all that kill, killer, so ride a wheel

Took it from the block, now I'm on the yacht
Cartier shades on, lookin' at the opps
I'm tryna leave that liquor 'lone but I can barely stop
My lawyer always on the case, he like Matlock
I got a reputation, menace or the fast guy
I'm 'bout to cash out and smoke until I pass out
LG money, bitch, I ain't 'bout to be franchise
The bad guy, got them killers on standby

One face, put 'em in a race
Lay them down for my rounds, never caught the case
Briefcase, hundred G's, different states
No lace, keep a K when I'm 'round my way
Big day, big pay, nigga quick to spray
Another way how we did it, nigga, back a day
Hustle ways, nigga did it in the hallway
Big paper, fast lane with the foreign frame

Took it from the block, now I'm on the yacht
Cartier shades on, lookin' at the opps
I'm tryna leave that liquor 'lone but I can barely stop
My lawyer always on the case, he like Matlock
I got a reputation, menace or the fast guy
I'm 'bout to cash out and smoke until I pass out
LG money, bitch, I ain't 'bout to be franchise
The bad guy, got them killers on standby

I got a pocket full of dead folks
Ridin' in the yellow Ferrari, lookin' like eggyolks
Matchin' jewelry and cars, and all that shit paid for
The only thing goin' backwards here is the Wraith doors, huh?
The High Life that we paid for
Bentley with them customs and we laid low
Bad bitch with some old soul
We hit 'em up 'bout this cash flow
You lil' niggas better take notes
'Cause when your money up and these bitches know it, they way more
'Cause shit we took it from the project to the lakeshores
You know she fuckin', nigga, tell her keep her legs closed
Uh, we went from platinum to a hundred shows

A hundred G's with a hundred floors
Rags to richs with the marble floor
And the Bentley with that calico

Took it from the block, now I'm on the yacht
Cartier shades on, lookin' at the opps
I'm tryna leave that liquor 'lone but I can barely stop
My lawyer always on the case, he like Matlock
I got a reputation, menace or the fast guy
I'm 'bout to cash out and smoke until I pass out
LG money, bitch, I ain't 'bout to be franchise
The bad guy, got them killers on standby

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!