

Get It All Together

Birdman

Shit, we tryin' to get it all together
And spend a lil chaddar and fly in any weather nigga
And homie you get the money and the power
Then them hoes come and holla and fly in any weather pimpin'

I see you haters, hatin' on the way a nigga think
But I'm laughing, laughing all the way to the bank
And I, I kinda act like my shit don't stink
On a toilet with the burner taped under the sink
Like a Russian I'll rullet the bullet
Yea straight to ya head give a nigga a mullet
I'm a Cash Money brother a lover of money
Yea the tummy is showin' but the hunger is growin'
What part cha' don't understand
What you ain't know I'm like Kobe
You niggaz can't check me go head Bowens
And I never left the team cause I'm catchin' every pass
Stunna McNabb yeah he like go head Owens yea
Bet I'd put a nigga on his ass
Squellou and Big Whop make show he don't last
And young Wayne do song about the story
With Birdman singin' on the chorus, nigga

Look, a ticket here and a ticket there
And I'm the first out the hood to get rich nigga still here
Its big paper in the prime of my life my nigga
We take it off ya' shoulder broad daylight my nigga
It's Stunna Island biggest baler in the city
The Range Rover rally strip on them 26's
Gucci down when the Birdman in ya' town
We blow out the pound rollin' through Uptown
Canary yellow Cash Money iced out piece
Like father, like son we beasts on these streets
Well let me bring you back to 1993
Where I met four lil niggaz in the 3
We got big, we grinded in them city streets
And three left and they all tryin' na beef me
There's one Birdman and one J.R
We neighborhood superstars fuck y'all

Murcing every murderer
In the garden I'm burstin' hittin' serpents up
And in the Carter we still workin' with that work for ya'
I'm the God and the turban fits perfect, word
Puffing' on that precious piff purple herb swerve
Dang, -is on the curve
The fed's walkin' so I'm talking with slurge
And we never sell a bird to a mockingbird
We find out where you stay and we mark your turf
Lace ya' house with a bomb make you walk in first
Oh, and ya' is sharp with hers
She cook a nigga steaks and cool-aid for thirst, yeah
See we murderers but do it like gangsta
We really never show it but everybody know it
And Slim askin' me to focus on the flow

While I'm tryin' to have coke for the low on the low, man