

I'm Ridin'

Birdman

Chyeah, cut me up, man
Cut me up in the phones, yeah
That's right
Chyeah
Chyeah
Uh-oh
Uh-oh
I got the Birdman in my presence, so you know it's crazy
Believe that, daddy

Check me, and I'm ridin' with a body on the shotty
Stretch a nigga out like Pilates
Catch a nigga outside his hidey
Snatch all the honey from your honeycomb, now the bees keep flyin' by me
I'm on that piff, that potty
That shit, smokin' like Vladi, spendin' dough from the '90s
Shiny P-90 in the lining
I'm dining, don't time me, motherfucker

I'm a young-ass piranha
Don't get caught in that water 'cause I'm waitin' for a drowner
And on the corner, I got packs on the counter
Before your bitch leave, I make Young Marl count 'em
Tryin' to get a dollar, I could turn it to a thousand
I'm so determined, it's an economic problem
Drama, that's why I carry the llama
Ready at any given day to bury my honor
Love weed so much, I tried to marry Juana
So pass the pastrami and asparagus, mama
I'm lunchin', 'cause in my area
If you got bread, you better break it or we sharin' ya
I got his ankles and his stereo
'Cause I could get a cool buck fifty for that, and the barrio, that's Hollygrove
It's Hollygrove 'til I adios
Gotta go, gotta go, got more bags to dope, yeah

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Hot Boy Wayne
Since the beginning, I've been in and out of some shit
Thinnin' out the thick
Living out the script for the role that was chosen
But I don't want an award, I'm tryin' to afford
Back to the road in a Honda Accord
The whole right side slam down with that raw
A city supply, the city get high, like
If I was cleared, I would've touched Claudette
Yep, I'm so fresh like sex in the sheets
But I'm from the dirty, dirty like sex on the beach

The checks on my Nikes, they match my Corniche
The button up shirt match my button seats
The AK-47 match my fuckin' heat
Watch your fuckin' feet 'cause I'm hot in the streets
Yeah, a quarter thing is how I got in the streets
I had money ever since that week, young Weezy

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Seventeen, gangster, Hollygrove soldier
Got a lil' money, got a lot more colder
My top don't roll up, it fold up
My money don't fold up, it build up
You niggas ain't fly, get your gear up
Copped my bitch the Marc Jacob boots and the earmuffs
Got her lookin' like Kamora or somethin'
Brought Kamora to the South, now Kamora stuntin'
Yeah, we big business pimpin', chyeah
Walkin' with a limp, talkin' with a slur
Barkin' at your bitch, bet her pussycat purr
She all on mine, she ain't lookin' at yours
And if a man trip, he get the blit-bla-blat-blurr
Credit Wayne for bringin' the hood back first, chyeah, chyeah
Credit Wayne for bringin' the hood back first, chyeah

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I'm dining, don't time me, motherfucker, Wizzle