Make Way

Birdman

Hey!
See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder them all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way!
Me make way!
Uh Oh No!
Him fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ask to become solo!
Now me head so hot and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor!
Me come them say Hey!
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Coca Bitch!
Here is something you can't understand.
How I can just kill a man.
Shame what the mack can do, K's spit faster.
I'll make an ass of you, save the theatrics.
Watch like a quarter mil, chain like double that.
I ain't gotta to talk about the half up in the duffel bag.
Stunna my brother, Weezy Wee the syndicate.
Hundred Phantoms, hundred Maybachs, I guess we're niggerich.
I'll yellow bottle your face in, trust me.
Look at all the shit I be talking and no one touched me.
"Pray and pray for my downfall"
BIG said it; so I made it rain till it poured.
Speak from the heart, this emotional rap.
Catch feelings when you hear me, I'm supposed to do that. Crack!
A G what the streets done made me.
And the only language I speak is "Fuck You Pay Me!"
Bitch!

And when me come them say Hey!
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Say Pardon!
Bad man no take Pardon!
Peer gunshot army them make backup!

A man no fear no man, man no fear no one!
Man a real Islam, man a get down done!
A me no hear them talk, me eat in me car!
Respect a soldier, him in a middle of war!
Me I'm a Babylon gangster, holly grove monster
You no look familiar, roofers them kill ya!
Gunshots I will cut then open toolbox and drill ya!
Jump off body and let the mailman meal ya!
Me think I'm gon need the almighty one to heal ya!
And me behind the jungle with the lion and we killa!

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Yup! Put it in the air nigga.
Light your lighters in the air.
This for my dead homies.
Yeah!

"Gangsta Gangsta" that's what we yelling!
Shoot him in his head, let his bitch go and tell them!
We in the hood, getting money, we swelling
Bigger than life, you know it's the cheaper price
Bigger your stripes, you know what we doing tonight
We getting it right, we plan, then hit, then flight
We know the rules nigga, live by none
Get it by none, bitch I'll kill for my son

Yeah! Gangsters don't live that long.
That's why we gotta party everyday like Frank came home.
And it's hard for me to say that my heart ain't yearning.
To walk up in a church and believe the sermon.
But instead, I spark up and relieve the burning.
Hoping that he understands my reasons for it.
No, I ain't evil; I'm equal.
And nigga I ain't sweet; motherfucker I'm diesel!

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