

One Two

Birdman

Uhh, uhh-uhh-uhh-uhh
Rich Gang
D-Rock, D-Rock, D-Rock

Say one dead (One dead), Two dead (Two dead)
Just 'cause they was trippin' off that D'Usse
Little did they know I had an uzi
Shouldn't have let them hoes introduce me

One day I was hustlin', makin' money
Nigga caught me slippin' on that one way
Point blank range, yeah, they let go by the hundred
So I couldn't run, I had to hop out and start bustin'
Yeah, baby, I'm with all that street shit they talk 'bout
I walk down so close like I'm tryna hear they heart pound
These nig' can't sell no dope 'less I say so, [?]
I'm smokin' out the pound with the Magnolia landlord
Nineteen range, dropped a hundred grand large
All this fuckin' pain, bitch, I had to go hard
All that sneak dissin' you gon' have to come across me
And I can't wait until that day we go to war

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One day on my block we was out there with them sticks
Made a move, tried to spin, red light, I got hit
Had the chain, took my time, I figured out
Forever I spit that real, I hold it down for my squad
Largest in the game, never let a nigga cross ya
One wrong move in the 'Nolia, it'll cost ya
Hot boy shit, nigga, been fuckin' with Juvie
My job look like a movie, ready or not like Fugees
I come through (Get 'em) takin' y'all, hoodie up
Glock get loose (Woo), niggas muggin, niggas trippin'
What you wanna do? (What you wanna do?)
One dead, two dead, run them bags up
Shit get scary when we load the fuckin' vans up

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I sprayed like crazy when I first got my chopper
That was murder time, them niggas first killed my potna
Cash Money shit, I'm jumpin' off the helicopter
Birdman, shit, got fifty birds on an island
Graveyard shift, I'm politickin' with the pilot
Pound touch down, quarter million for the profit
Fifty on my princess, put baguettes on all my watches
You trippin' on the D'Usse, GTV, we on the vodka
That nigga want some smoke, I want some problems
Chopper city, baby, fell in love with them choppers
These boys with me fell in love with the Pradas

Still feel the adrenaline, catchin' my first body
On Tuesdays and Thursdays the task force ridin'

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Mm, mm, I'ma cash cow
Shoot you and your family first before I put that bag down
You was tellin' folks you was gon' kill me, you a fan now
I ain't really with the talkin' shit, it's gon' be man down
Boom, I just hit a milestone
Tote a lot of Styrofoam but it ain't what I'm ridin' on
I put on a motherfuckin' show so get your popcorn
Used to be on food stamps, fuck around and put the block on
Fuck around and put your pops on
When you in my hood, nigga, you up in the drop zone
Y'all think I'm trippin' off that Patron
I kill 'em all and play possum

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Birdman and Nino
Juvenile and Nino, nigga
Stunna and Juvie
Shoulda been happened