

Birmingham

Bryson Tiller

Oh, you said, we wasn't gon' pop off?
That's what I thought you said
Now, let me offer this as a rebuttal
Ooh, ooh
Gang, gang, gang
Fuck what y'all was talkin' 'bout
Gang, gang, gang
This how we used to do, you know what I'm sayin?
Drop the shit, fuck it

Ever since I got to Europe, I've been planning to see
20 million once again, this time, I'm playing for keeps
I went double on my first, fuck you saying to me?
I'll quit talking shit when these niggas quit playing with me
God damn Birmingham, I got them bands on me
He see 9, 000 when he put the scan on me
Now, he seen 20, 000 apple, put the scan on me
You-you get knocked off, get your dapper dan from me
O-okay, I got the sauce, go heat up the pan for me
You fast food r&b, yeah, that's too bland for me
Aye, she a freak, oh, she gon' do that with two hands for me
She never fucked a rapper, she gon' take a chance for me
I go beastmode nigga, God Tiller, know that's me hoe
He ain't no threat to me, I turn him to a mink coat
You ain't safe, it's a breach hoe
Get down on your knees, ya'll gon' make me trigger squeeze
Gah damn, hold on, hold on, hold on

(Ya'll gon' make me trigger squeeze)
Like metaphorically tho, not actually busting gats and shit
Fuck it, hold on, we ain't done, let me rap

Before you drop another track, I'm gon need my swag back
Couple niggas been my sons, fuck a dad hat
I ran up on my stats, you gon have to match that
Before you talk anymore trash, not behind my back
Buddy, say it to my face, shawty told me everything
Don't you love when niggas hate on the shit they can't make
I got a lot to say, I should drop a mixtape
Fuck it, that shit is on the way
Let's go!

Gang, gang, gang
God Tiller!
Back on my shit, you know what I'm saying, just having fun