

BIRD CHEST

Cochise

Treat that nigga like Raising Canes
Nigga, I alr-, nigga, I already know how to get him
Yah, lame ass nigga, already know how I get down
Nigga need to stop-

Yeah, it is what it is, I hop in the crib
I brought me a bib
She talkin' too crazy, look at my crib
Send me a baddie, I call up my dips
Yeah, niggas is pissed, hol' it
My nigga on a piss, hol' it
My wrist got a cyst, hol' it
I'm sippin' on Cris', hol' it, yeah
This ho got the wrong one, think I care 'bout a kiss
These niggas are weirdos, think I care 'bout a diss
I call up my brother, huh, I call up two shorties, huh
Give a f- 'bout the rubber, huh
I fill her with paint, huh, I give her some color, huh-huh
I'm prayin' to God, huh, I pass it like roller, huh
Yeah, yeah (Push it)
Yeah, yeah (Push it)
Yeah, yeah (Push it)
Yeah, yeah
Bitch, I want space in the earth
I put his face on the dirt
Yung Lean, I make it hurt, yeah
White tee, all on my shirt, yeah
Rub by the time you think they blamin'
Who the hell put the lean on my Fanta
I call up Yachty when I'm in Atlanta
He talkin' crazy, get hit with the hammer
I went to college, I got me some grammar
Shawty she sloppy, I bought her a planet

Hahah, hahah
Hahah, lame ass niggas
Yeah, huh

Yeah, nigga think it's competition, this is not a standoff
They say they got paper, okay, let's go have a band-off
Rick Owens, all white, I feel like I'm Gandalf
Nigga think he ratted in my lane, then he get ranned off
Heard you got some opps, nigga, you a nerd
Why you drivin' to the hood, 'cause you livin' in the 'burbs
Told that nigga, "Be yourself", no, the truth could really burn
Why he dissin' on the brick, talm 'bout, "Who tryna get served"
Go to Waikiki, nigga, that's Hawaii if you knew
Call up Habibi, he like, "Nigga, who we finna shoot?"
I just caught the whip, so I had to tell my nigga Bruce
Once I'm done with these retainers, I put 30 on my tooth (For real)
Step out the track (Uh-huh), niggas they know I'm back (Uh-huh)
Bro got a scope, the MAC (Uh-huh), no, I don't fight, I scrap (Uh-huh)
I told him "Hold the strap" (Uh-huh), shawty she like the gap (Uh-huh)
I told her, "Hold the front" (Uh-huh), I told her, "Show your crack" (Uh-huh), yeah
Niggas sayin', "Bro, what happened?" (What happened? Huh)
Nigga talkin' crazy, so we slapped him (So we slapped him)

Just like Chuck E., this some cheese, we gon' wrap him (We're gonna wrap that nigga)
Heard that nigga want a feature, so we taxed him (We're gonna tax that nigga)
Call me Luffy 'cause I'm feelin' like a captain (Ah)
Just like water, baby, all my niggas tapped in (Ah)
Catch me in the backseat, makin' sure they strapped in
Niggas tryna test me, told that—

Yeah, turn it off, I don't wanna rap anymore