

BIRD2007

Death Plus

Comin up outta the crypt wit it, my pants saggin, my wrist glis-
ten

I'm on the hunt, I gotta get get it, got this hunger, I'm sick
wit it

All that they sayin they got me clickin clickin triple sixes
Devil up on my shoulder, visions visions, crucifixes

Life or death, what's the difference?

When I die Ima fly like a pigeon

Catch me posted out here chillin

Smokin on this shit and I'm fried just like some...

I don't got no problems yeah I'm fine

I don't talk to no one cuz I'm so high

After midnight's the only time I go outside

Feel like Wayne in 2007, how the fuck I'm still alive?