

Birdview

Lil Poppa

Neighbors say them bitches ain't stop hittin' 'til they heard that click-clack
Ask him what he did it for, say he did it for get back
Boom, don't nobody move, you get your shit splat
If they don't die, then put 'em in the shit bag
I just lay low and get cash
You know the bag different
And fuck the opps, they must ain't learned from the last nigga
My face good in the hood, I ride past niggas
And all my niggas know that I'll split my last, nigga
If it's two hundred on the dash, I ride fast in 'em
Bitch, we drag racing and I got somethin' bad in it
My G's ain't cost that much but I got a lot of cash in 'em
I used that same cash to turn a nigga past tense
And now we doing more adding than subtracting
Give a fuck about your fashion
That same 'fit you just bought gon' be the same one you was last in
Body baggin', toe taggin'
Put a nigga up in shells, doin' all that cappin'
I ain't the one doin' the killing, I'm the one rapping
Laugh now, cry later, I'm the one laughing
Better think before you speak and practice what you preach
'Cause the last nigga didn't left blood in the street
Tired of stepping over leftover slugs in the street
Be a whole lot of leftover slugs when it's beef
Whole lot of leftovers, yeah, that come from niggas gettin' stepped over
Wonder is it worth losing your breath over?
Don't get caught leaving that nasty ho crib, you should've slept over
Hell yeah, I regretted every day I fucked a check over
But fuck it, we ain't stressing
That same shit you losing rest over don't faze us
And them lil' boys you scared of, they pay us, extortion
I done did it all in a pair of Air Forces
Rubber on, we don't even get to think about abortion
Another home what I'm workin' on, bitch, I need a fortress
Check my garage, bitch, I'm living large, 'Raris and Porsches
But I'm dreamin', shit ain't what it seem when you think it
Caught him slippin', he had his eyes closed, bitch nigga, stop blinking
Ho, I'm trending, my name ringing, nigga, what you mean, huh?
Everything I drop be good dope, I keep everybody fiending
Like, "Poppa, when you gon' drop?" Right now
And I heard Under Investigation 2 brought the vice out
I might take the doors off the Jeep if it's nice out
My dawg say he wanna roll, okay cool, bring the dice out
Oh, you a dude? We knockin' dykes out
Lil' kid on the mood if the ice out
Promise with these pitches I got, you gon' strike out
Bad little bitch from 'round the way, I beat her back out
Peep shit with my third eye, left and right eye
Peep shit with a bird eye, I got a birdview
My brother left the dope game alone, he can't serve you
Want a feature or a verse, nigga, that's who you refer to
Left the bitch alone and told her, "I don't deserve you" (Don't deserve you
at all)