

# Birds

Lil' Wayne

(M-M-M-Murda)

I got them birds, so many birds, it is absurd  
I got them Percs, so many Percs  
So many colors, they look like Nerds  
When it come to numbers, bitch, I'm a nerd  
I'm doin' numbers, bitch, I got birds  
I got 'em hummin', I got 'em twerkin'  
I got 'em jumpin', I got a servant  
I got a butler, I got a worker  
I got a runner, she got a Birkin  
I got my gun in it in case you lurkin'  
First she ain't fuck with cocaine, she converted  
I gave her too much of the yay, she got nervous  
I put my thumb in lil' bitch, she squirting  
I put some beads on her waist and her girdle  
I put that ho in the air on commercial  
I sent her all the way down with them turkeys

Tiger Woods in the Sunday clothes  
I sell whole birds, I don't do wings, this ain't Buffalo, bitch  
Whole bunch of vultures, whole bunch of crows, bitch  
I'm the Eagle Street Russell Crowe

I'm too cold to be a hot boy  
And, I got birds flyin' south, boy  
Yeah, I'm too brrrr to be a hot boy  
I got them birds by the flock, boy, yeah  
I'm too cold to be a hot boy  
I'm too brrrr to be a hot boy  
I make them birds sing like choir boy  
Free as a bird in the clouds, boy, yeah

I got them birds, birds, I got them birds, word, I got them birds  
I got them birds furs, get 'em and brrr, I made 'em "prrr, prrr"  
All these birds, damn, I'm 'bout to serve  
Yeah, I'm servin' them birds  
Ahead of the curb, yeah, I'm 'bout to swerve fast  
Flag red as a bird  
All of these feathers, damn  
All these treasures, remember to always measure  
Always business, yeah, never pleasure  
Remember, always, never  
Wings stretchin', yeah, both directions, yeah, always flexin'  
Charge him extra  
I got Big Birds, you need Tweety, call Sylvester  
Tiger Woods, I got birdies dawg  
If it's a drought, it snap my finger, all the birds gone fall  
No discounts, fuck you mean? You talkin' bird shit, dawg  
Number thirty-three, sell the jersey, bitch

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Got them birds flyin' south, boy  
Yeah, I'm too brrrr to be a hot boy  
Got them birds by the flock, boy, yeah  
I'm too cold to be a hot boy  
I'm too brrrr to be a hot boy

I got more birds than you got clout, boy  
Free as a bird in the clouds, boy

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It's Tiger Woods