

Birdgang

LUCKI

Niggas put they fucking stains on they mouth fam, real talk
I don't know shit 'bout that dude
I'm so high, I'm birdgang, feel me

I power dan-cing
Watch how my mood switch
Imma put you through hell for a month
Straight for making me beg for you bitch
I'll act all clueless, like who robbed you man
Look at the smile on face when you ask how I just bought these shoes man
Say thank you then I'm off in the wind
Like a corner store bag
Y-3 belt for show
Got the old ladies mad
I forgot I had a show
Standing on this corner man
I'ma save this and spend the whole cheque on xan
Getting older, moms surprise to see me sober
Still running niggas over
Jerome Bettis on my shoulders
Started off with a few rocks, that wasn't shit
Turn this whole thing to boulders
Screaming fuck these hoes
Down dusty roads
Collecting golddust
I know my purpose
I know how bitches do
She snort the right cut
Her boyfriend scissor loose
I just can't be the same
I miss my train of thought
I watched they whole rehearsal
They don't know how they lost
I just can't be the same
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