

## Bird Call

Ralo

Yeah, brrrrr  
Rich Gang nigga  
You already know I'm making bird calls  
Real street nigga

Bird call  
I ain't serving y'all  
Bird call  
But I ain't serving y'all  
That's a bird call  
Flying packs in the sky, that's a bird call  
That's a bird call  
I put wings on bricks and fly 'em to y'all

My hood, they treat me like I'm El Chapo  
You dig, I keep that dog food like I'm Ralo  
I did that  
They compare me to Pablo  
They compare me to Meech  
Look at my watch, look at my chain  
They cost a brick a piece  
I got it out the streets, they ain't do shit for me  
They ain't give shit to me, I done made history  
A young nigga made it that ain't listen  
Got no love for the snitches but that just come with the business  
I fell in love with that kitchen, [?] all my pistols extensions  
I made better decisions, put us in better conditions  
Lord I know that we be sinning, I just want my niggas winning  
I just hope that you forgive me, we just tryna make a living  
Stack that money to the ceiling

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Why  
Ask about VL Deck  
I'm still posted where it's [?] at  
Yellow tape, that's a daily thing  
Thirty clip out the 40s, look how they hang  
Bird call, that mean them units in  
Got this bitch sewed up from building 1 to 10  
Trap houses and jugg plays  
Got a nigga clutching every time I catch a play  
I'm knee deep, I'm finna come K  
My mama want me out the dope game  
Fuck east side with Stunna  
And if that shit don't work, I'm back to the jungle

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