

Byrd Call

Robb Bank\$

OW!

Whoo!

Whoo

C2

Turn me up

Turn me up

Turn me up

Phone

Phone

3peat

Phone

3peat

3peat

3peat

3peat

3peat

Double S

Double S

Let's go!

Yeah Nuez, these motherfuckers, where my shades at?

(Where my shades at dawg?)

This for all you hating ass bitches

That thought it was over

It will never stop

You bitch!

Aye

I might make her suck it on the camera

All I'm missing is a scandal

I remix it like it's Karo

I bet Ashley want me back now

It's the Dream Team boy we pass them

Slap you, remove your face tattoos

I walk in that talking did it

I flew in the rubber feathers

Moonwalk

My thriller renown

No snitch might single them out

Got head on the couch (I do)

I'm allergic to bitch

I just blew my nose in her blouse

They tell you it's round (Whoo!)

That bitch had you around

My ad-libs is out in her mouth

These pussy niggas make me so sick

I got to drink a whole pint of Coke with it

With the birds goes though (though)

Bitch it ain't a rooftop (No!)

Brad Pitt at the shows (I do)

Best lookin' nigga in the mall (I do!)

She DM'ed me like I gave a fuck

But she tweedle dee and tweedle dum
Know its Double S butt-fucking inglorious
The roid nigga no flock

Byrd call
Byrd call
Nigga, Bird call
Byrd call
Byrd call
Nigga, Byrd call
Phone on
From the side, turn the phone on
Can't stop, won't stop
Nigga, Byrd call

Bitch needa' chill with the texting that calling
You play to much
Got BBS sent me them BM's
She hopped I'm my DM's
I know that lil' lady loves
No touching no touching
No kids though you must be sick
Cause we do not do babies here
Yeah fuck nigga
You must be mental or Hansel & Gretel
I do not follow crows
My nigga I was gun toting
Sold a hundred pack of Copans
Even when I ain't have nothing
Meliodas with the broke shit
Now my money overflowing'
Kicking shit up in New York
Walk in the 300 office
I'm the big boss, Cohen

Extravagant, Savagery
You know I'm back in it
Mike Jack's in it
Nose Job, my nigga you smelling
Killin' it, Last week
Fucked a native American
Tore her back up, bare
Felt like the Revenant

Byrd call
Byrd call
Nigga, Bird call
Byrd call
Byrd call
Nigga, Byrd call
Phone on
From the side, turn the phone on
Can't stop, won't stop
Nigga, Byrd call

Aye
I might make her suck it on the camera
All I'm missing is a scandal
I remix it like it's Karo
I bet Ashley want me back now
It's the Dream Team boy we pass them
Slap you, remove your face tattoos
I walk in that talking did it

I flew in the rubber feathers