

Sta

You already know what it is niggaz  
Exactly what the fuck y'all was afraid of  
Riot Squad, Dipset, Byrdgang  
Max, Bynoe waddup  
Capo where the fuck you at nigga

Yo, get them the fuck from round me  
I don't care what P's he hang in  
I never heard of him so tell him to keep bangin'  
My niggaz is riders, it's strength and numbers  
Whether 6 or that 5, there's gangstas among us  
Got the hood in a frenzy, they see how he  
Open the suicide doors on that CLE  
I been doin' this, hoppin' out, lookin' all Harleemish  
Shoe game marvelous, heavy on his charm and wrist  
You ain't got the heart to risk ya life for ya lifestyle  
Pay to get acquitted for the charges like Mike trial  
I leave a white trail, follow your nose  
Gorgeous gangsta around, just follow the hoes  
They all juicy, sweatin' 'em, believe I'm flattered  
But with' a starting five like mine, your binks don't matter  
Tints don't matter, they know who that car belong to  
I'd fuck her but you who the broad belong to  
No matter the avenue, diddy-bop, swaggin' through  
G'd up, flaggin' through  
Two-tone wagon through (Yeah)  
We in the City Of God, city is ours  
Riot's the squad, gang is the Byrd, movin' them birds  
Man something that murder the third

We rockstars, fast money, and cars  
YA DIG  
You niggaz hustle but you not on your job  
YA DIG  
Play gangsta but you not that hard  
YA DIG  
Fly high with the Byrd and the Riot the squad  
YA DIG

Byrdgang

I got my back to the wind (Speeding)  
90 grand for the Range with the racks in the rims (Ballin')  
They say I'm local from the jump (Uh-huh)  
Cause I ride around town with explosives in my trunk (Fully loaded)  
My jeans saggin', pockets swollen with the mumps  
Tints on the V while I'm smokin' on a blunt (That purple)  
My neckware chilly, fresh gear illy  
I'm hoppin' out the box bitch, next year Bentley ('06 shit)  
It's six dollars a record nigga (Check the units)  
And don't be mad ya bitch holla to check a nigga  
I heard you B.I.G., but money ain't the problem  
I'm hoppin' out of Jimbo's if I'm hungry up in Harlem (Yeah)  
Yeah, that's how we on it in our hood  
I'm rockin' all my jewels, Henny quarter in the hood  
We all got aliases, there's warrants in the hood  
And nigga what your ass, take caution, understood

We G'd up

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