

Birdz & Da Beez

DJ Quik

I don't really give a fuck what you think
I only really give a fuck what you drink
I'm a bartender, car spender, a dick lender
A cash spender, ass bender, I'm ass in
Let's get it crackin like a brothel in here; a whore house
Got these bitches walkin nekkid throughout the whole house
What the fuck you think my life is about? Bitches hatin
What you think that butter knife is about? Bitches hatin
To see what this nigga's dick is about
Do he be just talking shit? No I doubt
He got years of clout
Like a rebound on a credit line on a Master Card
Swiped it right between her pussy, then I bashed the bone
Then I juke it for a minute as I punched in my code
Then I waited for the pearls to come out, low and behold
Bankrupt cus ya stank stunk, frontin like a pooh bear
I opened up ya cock and hollered then, "Who there?"
"Nobody just us lice" That's nice
Little buggers, done grew up to be the size the rice
So I jumped back shocked and grabbed for my colla
Her pussy depreciated to pennies on a dolla
Now what the fuck? If you want the dick get the fuck up
And stop actin like a old tampon; stuck up
Give me something to put my stamp on the tramp gone, "What up?"
I make ya bust nuts till ya nut up

The Birdz and Da Beez are the four things that we consume
Drink up become room
Then fuck up in the room with the door locked
Wake up Divorced looking for some more cock

Shabity wee-rock sweet cock, juicy boo
Like Crips and Piru, shit, we gone do
I fell into the club and hit the dance flo
Ya boy got mad cus what I dipped with his ho
Baby girl had my tinsel returnin slow
She was sick, got me looking for Pepto-Bismol
Shit stackin, jaw smackin, dolla dropa
Dice shakin money makin holla hoppa
Home wreckin, ho checkin dick is slow
Bring me back Cognac, from the liquor sto'
Bet you didn't know that ya ho is a freak
Every week she got something up in her jaw meat
And it aint policies, spit it out
You gone tear my zipper on me before we, get it out
They wanna be touched by the untouchable click
Don't hate participate, yo sing that shit

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When I bubble its trouble
What I'm sippin on make it a double
When I'm wit a ho, take her to hustle
More money ya muscle

Shake a hooker like a trick up
Leather and Wood 304 to the good
When I'm pimpin I'm jaggy
When I'm pimpin I'm saggy
When I'm high I'm a fly guy into the cat
?? the day Federan the man
When I put it on floss mode looking for ants
You a straight gone bad, ho wishin ya had
Now get up in the pad, dick suckin I'm glad
Never knew what a ho was, checkin ya buzz
When I'm sittin in first class
Take it in the ass
Nigga you done lost ya playa pass
Trick nigga, 304 niggas been ran up in that ass
Smashed up on the gas of the S-5 double
Like I said when I bouble its trouble
Can I hooo...

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