

## Birds

Richie Rich

To all my hustler niggas  
To all the muthafuckas out there that's rollin'  
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Fuckin' with the birds

Check this out  
Bring me back a soda and I don't mean a Sprite  
I need the armor hammer so my shit'll bounce right  
I was cookin' dope, bringin' back full moons  
Fuck till November, I be gone till June  
Summer ain't shit if you ain't got the coke  
Flipped a drop-top with the all-gold spokes  
Oakland gettin' money, nigga, fuck what you heard  
Out of town niggas livin' half a bird

What you fuckin' with?  
Tell em what you fuckin' with  
I'm pushin' birds

Seen my nigga in a Benz and he spin in a ditch  
He be movin' things for like thirteen point six  
Try to tell his nigga how he hatin' the game  
Let's get them driver numbers, eighteen a thing  
Want to-be niggas can't tell him shit  
Two weeks pass, heard that nigga got hit  
Found him in the hills with a dick in his mouth  
Stupid muthafucka, game turned him out

Smoked  
The nigga got smoked  
Violated fuckin' with them birds

Niggas round the world screamin' they want some  
Used to get my shit from a straight Columb'  
Cracker fucked around and locked the connect down  
Now only Mex hold weight in the Town  
Dippin' in the thangs feelin' cash for dubs  
Now that's the type of shit that get your ass fucked up  
I'm spendin' big bread so I need the cream  
Cook ten zips, bring back fourteen  
Heard em in a drop on the strength of a  
Holdin' all that dough but I swear it ain't him  
Niggas in the Town gettin' mad at the rich  
Learn the game, punk, buy your dope through a bitch

'Cause I ain't fuckin' with you  
Snitch nigga, I ain't fuckin' with you  
Have your bitch get your birds

I'm puttin' up numbers so I'm changin' the stats  
You all know by now, yes, a nigga need gats  
All my Israeli with the Gaza chops  
Fully automatic, brand new in the box  
A funny style nigga but his guns be good  
He used to own a liquor store right up in the hood  
Smelly muthafucka, sto' filled with nats  
Never woulda thought he had the gats

Made his ass a offer at a thousand a bird  
With this type of shit I knew his ass'll stay in fur  
Either way it go I'm spendin' loot  
'Cause niggas got the word that it's birds in the coop

And they stay in there  
Nigga, AK's in there  
Come and try to get my birds

Two point two thirty-six or a g  
Hard or soft, that be I-R-D  
Man's best friend, nigga, fuck a dog  
Never got to feed him, plus he bought me a hog  
My bike worth fifty, Benz worth a hun'  
Unrecouped, I do this rap shit for fun  
Don't get it twisted, nigga, catch it cause it's real  
Had a presidential way 'fore I had a deal

Believe me  
I'm born and raised with em  
Nigga, I stays with em  
Pluckin' feathers off the birds

To all my muthafuckin' cola-rollers  
Out of muthafuckin' controllers  
Understand me?  
Get that bread, nigga  
Crack pays  
In so many muthafuckin ways  
I used to sell two dollar rocks  
Nigga, dollar fifty rocks, nigga  
On the real, I had eighty cent rocks