

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