

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

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