

Birdman

"4 My Town"

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[Birdman Talking]

Yeah, so priceless
Life so priceless nigga,
You understand me it's just like that,
My car so priceless,
My bitch so priceless,
My familia is so priceless nigga,
You understand me?
Either you with us,
Or you ain't with us,
Or either you in the huddle,
Or you out the huddle,
Either you ridin' or,
We passin', flyin' by saying fuck it,
It's Young Money Cash Money playboy,
That's about the size of it,
At the rooftop,
So hot up here nigga,
Yeahh!
Let's go!

[Chorus: Drake]

Take yourself a picture when I'm standing at the
mound,
And I swear it's going down, I'm just reppin' for my
town,
Off a cup of C.J. Gibson, man I'm faded off the brown,
And I'm easily influenced by the niggas I'm around

See that Aston Martin when I start it hear the sound,
I ain't never graduated I ain't got no cap and gown,
But the girls in my class who were smart enough to
pass,
Be at all my fucking parties, grabbing money off the
ground.

[Verse 1: Drake]

Yeah,
All hail Mr. Lyrical
Space to the Opus baby,
What you got a feeling for,
I can show you new things,

Have you feeling spiritual,
Pastor Kerney Thomas to these hoes, Miwacles!
Yeah, ok they say that I'm the one in fact,
Some say I'm they favorite,
But I ain't hearin' none of that,
I'm about my team hoe, Young Money running back,
Cash money superstar, where the fuck is Stunna at?

[Verse 2: Birdman]

Untouchable,
40 with my AK,
Mastermind,
Big money heavyweight,
On the grind, flippin' money in every way,
Headlines, my bitch shine everyday
Pearl white Don P., Marc Jacob glove,
Cartier Louis case with a dope blood,
From the mud where they wet you leave you in ya
blood,
Goin' in flip a hundred get the young plug,
Show em where it go, floatin' on the float,
Gettin mo dough, grind hard, go
Black diamond show, watch the flame blow,
And how you stay grounded, cash no go,
And how you stay mounded, cash no flow,
And how you stay shinin', Bentley off the floor,
And how you stay high, purple pine dro,
Diamond mink furs, February snow.

[Chorus: Drake]

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[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

Uhhh, you know you're paid,
When you got Baby with you,
It's Young Money, like Ben Frank's baby pictures,
I'm the lady twista, I kiss her whiskers,
I been runnin' this shit, blisters,
Stickin' to the script, movie star money,

And if you gassed up, I leave the car runnin',
I'm a big smoker, I'm a little drinker,
The peace sign is just a trigger and the middle finger,
W-what you know 'bout it, man y'all clueless,
I let two women ride me, that's carpoolers,
I rock stupid ice, Mr. Water Coolers,
If y'all in the building, then we are intruders,
Simmer down pimpin', let me handle this,
I know the game, analyst,
Man I'm the shit, and y'all janitors,
Blow out the kush and crack a smile for the cameras!

[Chorus: Drake]

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