

Birdman

"About All That"

Visit "[About All That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, like father like son
[Incomprehensible]
I smell murder, you know, Birdman
[Incomprehensible] and I got him

Look, young desperado, straight out the grotto
I'm so bad, my shadow chooses not to follow
Little n**** but see me as a f***** rhino
Lil' Weezy hit this b**** like Rocky Marciano

It's a drought ain't it? How the f*** would I know?
N**** I been gettin' my share in like Sonny Bono
I ran the streets, check my bio
I started high with two O's just like Ohio

I'm f***** nuts, cashews
But I'm so DC like fat shoes
I skate away, like later dudes
Never get caught baby I'm mashed potato smooth

And just when it stopped, I made it move
Respect me n**** I'm a dog, no Asian food
I wet up the party so have a bathin' suit
And daisy dukes you, b**** *** **

Keep talkin' that s*** that you talkin'
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta s***
My n****, keep talkin' that s*** that you talkin'
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta s***

My n**** 'cause you ain't really even 'bout all that
You ain't really even 'bout all that
And don'tcha forget, I know ya, you ain't 'bout all that
You ain't never been about all that, fall back

Oh, *** must want Joey to lean on 'em
Flash the binky splash his dreams on 'em
Let 'em sleep on it, it's nothin' to crack
Lay the murder game down back to hustlin' packs

Yeah, Weezy homie's got yo' back whether raps or
macks

Either way they both spit like brat
, them muhf** is broke like them levies
And we done sold so much dope ain't shit you tell me

N****, how you want it high coke or dog food
My s***'ll have you runnin' naked like an old school
And yeah we 'bout it, 'bout it and you ain't ridin' on me
Unless ya got a whole f***** suicidal warmin'

And I'm a rider homie and you can find it on me
That 40 cal'll get you certain b**** [Incomprehensible]
This shit is funny to me
All these n***** frontin' war but they runnin' from me,
crack

My n**** keep talkin' that s*** that you talkin'
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta s**
My n****, keep talkin' that s*** that you talkin'
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta s***

My n**** 'cause you ain't really even 'bout all that
You ain't really even 'bout all that
And don'tcha forget, I know ya, you ain't 'bout all that
You ain't never been about all that, fall back, yeah ***

I had 'em as lil' n***** raised 'em 'round real n*****
Poppin' bottles f***** with them *** ***
Made money to the ceilin' me and my young ***
Chillin' I'm in the streets hustlin', gettin' money ***

Changed all my new shoes, n**** got some new tools
N**** got some mo' jewels we was gettin' money
And ain't nothin' ever changed, still doin' the thang
Still gettin' money, still spendin' change

We hustlin' from Sunday to Sunday
And we grindin' everyday like the money ain't comin'
N****, yeah, we ridin' wood grains and minks
Got the dope in the hummer cold case for that thang

I hate the law for what they done did they broke in
n***** cribs
Wish I woulda caught 'em I'dda split they f***** wig
3rd Ward let me claim my fame
I put it down uptown I'ma do my thang believe dat

My n*** keep talkin' that s*** that you talkin'
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta s***
My n****, keep talkin' that s*** that you talkin'
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta s***

My n**** 'cause you ain't really even 'bout all that
You ain't really even 'bout all that
And you don'tcha forget, I know ya, you ain't 'bout all
that
You ain't never been about all that, fall back

Visit [Birdman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.