

Birdman

"Ain't Worried Bout Sh*t"

Visit "[Ain't Worried Bout Sh*t](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ha, I'm, so cool, yeah ***
Stand one, blow one ***, Birdman
I promise you, we gon' give 'em what they want
'Til they come get us ***

You feel me? We gon' chase it 'til we can't chase it no
more
So y'all might as well eat this food ***
And it got to be the best of the best
One, come one shorty, get with me ***

See I, ride when I gotta, grind 'cause I gotta
Milk this game 'til it's sour
Why I gotta do the Backstreets when it's hotter
Even though the boy smooth sellin' like Prada, speak up

The tool yellin' like, holla, you heard me?
Got the fools bailin' like Jackie, Kersee
You try join him, I can help you with that
I'm important in rap but I'm special with gats

You know the young God bless you in fact
Like you sneezed or somethin'
Even with a stack of money in they hand
They ain't squeezin' nothin', I'm Weezy f*** it

Leave a motherf***** wheezin' when I asthma pump
him, yeah
And I don't ask for nothin' boy, I only ask them buggy
boy
And as for money, watch the young God turn cash to
money
'Cause that's him

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout s***
We grindin' like a mo'f***** tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See n***** with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout s***
We grindin' like a mo'f***** tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch

See n***** with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, pimpin', there's some fraud 'round here
N**** better stop hatin' before they disappear
I see the same ol' ***
And pop the same ol' *** 'til your neighborhood hit,
bitch

Disrespect that Nolia dogg
Them third world Hot Boy soldiers dogg
And make a n**** understand
When you f***** with a soldier with the grandmaster
plan ***

I'm tryin' to make a few millions
Buy a few buildings, one day stop dealin'
And go and raise my children
Got it on my mind, that's the way a n**** livin'

I bring ya back '84
*** game jumpin' when the water hit the flo' ***
'Cause we was doin' it dogg
Everybody gettin' money, we was doin' it dogg

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout s***
We grindin' like a mo'f***** tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See n***** with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout s***
We grindin' like a mo'f***** tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See n***** with money shouldn't act like this

Weezy, and I ride to the end of the road
And I'm hotter than a fire on the end of the fo'
And plenty times I had to get it from the flo'
But I made it to the ceilin' and every wall could hear me

And if these walls could talk, they probably cry
Like the strings on the guitar
And see you, you with that bull*** that's leave way to
the door
Only to cut off the lights, goodnight

Look, it's Sunday, we in the hood gettin' our groove on
Every n**** uptown gotta have they tool on
Yeah, and they Birdman'd down
N**** represent the bling 'cause I hold my own crown
n*****

***, a hood rich high clique
That come from the slums where they pack extra clips,
I love 'em ***
The only way that we know is how to flip and rescore
'em
And go and get some more dough, ***

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout s***
We grindin' like a mo'f***** tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See n***** with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout s***
We grindin' like a mo'f***** tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See n***** with money shouldn't act like this

Birdman, made man ***
Yeah, that's how it's goin' diggity ***
Give anything in between
If you in the line of duty n***** you got your issue,
n*****, feel me? One

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