

# Birdman

## "B Boyz"

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Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Talk about it, make em talk about it  
Life to me is currency, prosperity I got it  
And your life to me is lifeless like its livin' on life  
support  
I license everything in my wallet, lightest boy with the  
biggest heart  
Nigga play your part or parallel park your ego next to  
me and violence  
Next to me is definitely no one, I'm one of one  
And I musta won that from anybody who had it or better  
yet forgot it  
Mack in the back of a 'Lac with a mac in the back of a  
'Lac  
With a latch on the back of the trunk  
Hit a punk in the back with a pump in the back, till he's  
off balance  
And I'm back in the front of the front of the future when  
you are mentioning talent  
And I'm in the back in the back of the block with a cop  
wanna cop anybody's allowance  
Iraq on the block key watch for the block or whatever  
And cut no cut more guns more guts fuck boy you  
fucked up twice you fucked considerin' you drownin'  
Die in a lake with a date with a catfish back flip head  
first smilin'  
C-cry in the face of Jesus we just pray we keep on stylin'  
On you bitches TDE YMCMB business bitch

[Verse 2: Ace Hood]

Okay nigga riding in a May-be, and I'm probably with  
baby  
Dont talk nigga fuck you pay me, intercept your bitch  
like Bailey  
Okay big money on this side, 100 grand for the whip  
my bitch drive  
Need a new safe money getting too high, dead  
presidents all in my Levis  
Boy I swear this nigga be swagging, and I'm living  
lavish  
Might cop me an Aston, Martin on 'em  
Anything I drive I own 'em, bad bitch and that ass ain't

normal

Gotta put that pound game on her, beat it up she deep  
in a coma

I'm super paid, 2 shows a day

My rollie gold, no time to waste

What it do Berg, my fuckin' brother

Keep that pistol by me like my lovely momma

Hot as the summer, cold as the winter

Stay on them charts, I heard that they plotting my  
timber

Young nigga, got a lot of flows

Any nigga don't believe me, I make it look easy easy  
out of control

[Verse 3: Birdman]

Box full of choppers, hand on the trigger

Uptown gangsta, get it how we get it

Third Ward soldier, suicide rider

Militant minded, hundred mill on the counter

Hand Persian rug nigga, flame on the Bugatti

Christian Louboutin, Chanel for my models

Higher than Bugatti nigga, fishing on the fish scales

Nose diving for them hundreds, strapped up making  
mail

Fr-fresher than I been before

Higher than we even been, shining on them 24<sup>h</sup> s

Junior doing time ho

On the grind ho, while he doing time ho

[Interlude: Mack Maine]

Ya know!

The time is money and money still was made baby

Eight months ain<sup>t</sup> stop nothing nigga

It<sup>s</sup> like jail was third base and my lil<sup>nigga</sup> still  
came home, ya understand

[Verse 4: Mack Maine]

I<sup>m</sup> from the hood where bitches hold coke in they  
baby diapers

That<sup>s</sup> why when the babies grow up damn they be  
like us

I came a long ways from rhyiming up in crazy cyphers

Man I<sup>m</sup> so happy my lil<sup>brother</sup> came home  
from Rikers

Shout out to BP, Thugga, Flow and [Fail Boy?]

My flow Lucifer, I spit hell boy

My heart numb, ain<sup>t</sup> no pain I can<sup>t</sup> withstand

And I hold my niggas down boy like a kickstand

Get off my nuts, stop acting like a bitch fam

Lil<sup>nigga</sup> finish puberty, grow ya own dick damn

I went from watching time fly on Earl and Red porch

To cruising through the streets of Miami in a red  
Porsche  
Me and Stunna fly, we should join the Air Force  
Stand up niggas, the fuck you brought them chairs for?  
I went from making money from people with crack  
habits  
To thanking God I'm in a whole 'nother tax  
bracket  
Amen

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