

Birdman

"Dark Shades"

Visit "[Dark Shades](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Ymcmb
I'm so twisted
Mack!

Chorus:
Dark, dark shades I can see them haters
... don't forget to tip the waiter
I don't drink champagne, it make my stomach hurt
I'm on that patron, marijuana get
Dollars, dollars, that go pu, that go dollars, that go pu
Got a mean ass swagger, my bitches do too

Yeah, back in this, tell 'em about it
These sweet niggers, a bunch brownies
You're talking about, I'm a g like a thousand
I'm on my one two, and I'm still counting
You got problems, well I got bigger problems
My soul back, make me bring, make me bring the...
You don't want that, homie
Plus I got that... you won't see tomorrow morning.

Be so, be so old, young money, money old
Life is full of choices and you chose
I'm so... to groove, the...
And if... I paint the picture
You know what I'm on, good and strong
You know where I'm going, I'm going, going, gone!
Holler at your boy, I don't give a, give a
Gotta tell these... make me shut you...

Chorus:
Dark, dark shades I can see them haters
... don't forget to tip the waiter
I don't drink champagne, it make my stomach hurt
I'm on that patron, marijuana get
Dollars, dollars, that go pu, that go dollars, that go pu
Got a mean ass swagger, my bitches do too

Just a third world gangsta, been filthy...
Hustler... I'm on, keep banking
Big mansions on the...
Popping shots out the bottle

Spending cause we're winning
Five star, money, power!
... man, hood rich
Build on some... bad boy rich
Chandelier, marble full of...
Out... with 'em dogs for the...
... throwing hundreds in the club.
Bouncing on the shine...
Head ride, green light, spend them at the green light
Flash light, fast life, for a cheap price.
Uh, uptown swaging life, living like we live it twice...

Chorus:

Dark, dark shades I can see them haters
... don't forget to tip the waiter
I don't drink champagne, it make my stomach hurt
I'm on that patron, marijuana get
Dollars, dollars, that go pu, that go dollars, that go pu
Got a mean ass swagger, my bitches do too

Yeah, down from new orleans, rest in peace like...
And I come from... it's a safari.
... I go retarded, the grass is green back in my garden
Pop, pop... we're arguing
Leave her leaking, if you're scared, go see the...
Got a bunch of... to tell me all of their secrets
And if I get in that... walls like graffiti
... I'm on my vampire, bloody red
... call it dead cash
And it's party time, excellent...
Party time, excellent...

Chorus:

Dark, dark shades I can see them haters
... don't forget to tip the waiter
I don't drink champagne, it make my stomach hurt
I'm on that patron, marijuana get
Dollars, dollars, that go pu, that go dollars, that go pu
Got a mean ass swagger, my bitches do too

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