

## **Birdman**

### **"Follow My Moves"**

Visit "[Follow My Moves](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Freeway]I was piss poor, water used to leak in my place  
first we struggled then we hustled till the paper got straight  
Copped weight, place got straight then we chopped it up bagged it twelve twelves five eight's  
24/7 on my Kane shit, no half steppin'  
for protection kept my weapon always  
we grind hard and we hopin to catch a charge  
2 lawyers, Frank Minyard on the case  
spank that then we straight  
I'm a neighbourhood legend, Benz waggin with the hatchback  
that was way back before the contract  
my right hand had a red ac legend  
and we stay smokin reefer having marijuana sessions  
we had your bitches gettin high catching contact  
any problem with you guys nickel nine that  
bring my hood everywhere I'm at  
I define reppin

[Chorus- Freeway]We from the bottom now we shining with jewels  
we keep on grinding and we rhyme like we got something to prove  
but don't follow me, follow my moves yung'un  
don't follow me follow my moves yung'un

[Birdman]We from the bottom and we grind with tools  
make money everyday, candy paint with jewels nigga  
don't follow me follow my moves yung'un  
don't follow me follow my moves yung'un

[Birdman - Verse]Fresh paint, (?) hundred rags on the Harley  
and we grind every day big mansions and ferrari's

uptown nigga where it all started  
big money big guns out the hallways  
went to hood in something new stuntin everyday  
blowing purple haze with a hundred cake

with a hundred B's all stacking cheese YM CMB  
with the Louie frames with the curtains back  
in the new phantom stunting like laid back  
born rich, hood rich, cash money, more shit  
MOB UPT, spent a mill on some keys, candy leather  
seats  
project life, tats and fleets  
hundred mill, it's what we eat

[Chorus]

[Freeway]Put up, shut up, y'all niggas run up  
tag you with the burner for the number 1 stunna  
y'all niggas never had flows like freezer  
nigga please you'll never have cheese like baby  
keys to the phantom not the keys to the mercedes  
last of the Mohicans, I'll be sleeping with the cannon  
I'll wake with it on and quake it on whoever's drawn  
you play with it on, I stay with it on  
nigga try me, put the cannon to his wig  
if he eating now he creeping bring the cannon to his  
crib  
no doubt we will go on route  
we move out for the money dummy this is how we live  
this is Birdman and Philly free  
we are eating getting money off of words man  
came along way from flipping birds man  
if y'all niggas hatin just let it be

[Chorus]

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