

Birdman

"My Jewel"

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[Intro] (Birdman)

Yeah
Just like that, baby boy
Brrat
Y'all understand me
Bigger than life (crazy)
Y'all understand me? (yeah)
The sun do shine
Believe me (yeah)
Down bottom (yeah)
Brrat (yeah)

[Hook] (Birdman)

Give me my tool
Job for my goons
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels
Bullshit or hustle, money mothafucka
Buyin' or sell
Private jets mothafucka
See, we live a luxury life
Dom P., pearl white
Harvey Davis bike
Nigga, mansion on sight
Do the five mikes
Put the five mikes
Junior five mikes.
Five star and nigga life (brrat)

(Birdman)

Bounce back, rebel
Fuck, going in a nigga sell
I'm raising hell doing swell
Make the mail, fuck the mirror
Make the money, fuck who tells
Make the money
Flip the money
Nigga show and tell (yeah)
From the bottom

Where the roaches at
Hit the light switch
Where the roaches scat
Bounce back, hella choppers
More stacks, out the back
To a bus nigga mill stack (yeah)
So she love me
So I fuck her right
From the floor, no ceilings
What a hella sight
Harley Davis is a nigga bike
Eleven-hundred, twelve-hundred
Models every night (yeah)
Put the suede with the plush leather
Leather so soft, nigga do it any weather
Fly in any weather
Hustle in any weather
Shine in any weather (brrat)

[Hook] (Birdman)

Give me my tool(tool)
Job for my goons(goons)
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels(yeah)
Bullshit or hustle(hustle), money mothafucka
Buyin' or sell
Private jets mothafucka
See, we live a luxury life
Dom P., pearl white
Harvey Davis bike
Nigga mansion on sight
Do the five mikes(mikes)
Put the five mikes
Junior five mikes.
Five star and nigga life (brrat)

(Young Jeezy)

Give me my tool
Jizzle got it bad
He ain't no fool
Bitch Jizzle 'bout his bag
2010 droppin head, 26-inch mags
Stick in the back with the 100-round mag (yeah)

Call him shit bag, look at Mr. Toilet Paper
Call me half a clip with the gasoline chaser
Fuck the hollow, we make the gasoline chase you
Smoke that fire shit, that shit gasoline face you
*nigga heartless, he walkin' with a pacer

Blue and yellow mirror, that's my Indiana pacer
Black with the red beam, my Portland trail blazer
Play mothafuckas, we'll fucking trail blaze you
Don't love no
And that's on everything I own
But I swear nigga love every strap I ever owned
Black head to toe with the Louis V. holster
Straight gangster shit, I match my four-door Porsche

[Hook] (Birdman)

Give me my tool(tool)
Job for my goons(goons)
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels(yeah)
Bullshit or hustle(hustle), money mothafucka(fucka)
Buyin' or sell
Private jets mothafucka
See, we live a luxury life
Dom P., pearl white
Harvey Davis bike
Nigga mansion on sight(on sight)
Do the five mikes(mikes)
Put the five mikes
Junior five mikes.
Five star and nigga life (brrat)
(Bun B)

Nigga this is G shit
Straight up out the wars, from out the back of the
projects
Where niggas pull cords and choppers get pulled out
Like you at the barber
Fresh up out the blue water like we at the harbor
This is my life (life)
A ghetto dream come true
Paper plates on the Benz(Benz), ridin' so new
On some 2011 shit, when I come through
Black paint, black seat
And the black rims, too
Can you see me mothafucka
I'm creeping on the low though
In the big-body four-door
With the four boy logo(logo)
Smokin' purple kush rolled up
In a damn * getting high as
mothafucka eagle dare drift (drift)
Ain't that some damn shit
And it's true though
But it ain't like I'm telling you
Something that you ain't knew though

So don't get it twisted like a noodle
I'll put one in your noodle
And leave a nigga twisted
So what it do, Bro

[Hook] (Birdman)

Give me my tool(tool)
Job for my goons(goons)
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels(yeah)
Bullshit or hustle(hustle), money mothafucka
Buyin' or sell
Private jets mothafucka
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Nigga, mansion on sight(on sight)
Do the five mikes(mikes)
Put the five mikes
Junior five mikes.
Five star and nigga life (brrat)

Yeah, I see you
Believe That
Pay attention boy
Old Team,yeah, every summer we shine
Su woo

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