

## **Birdman Radio**

# **"What Happened To That Boy"**

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[Baby (talking with echo)]

Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye

Tot' 'em up, light it up nigga

Birdman motherfucker

Clipse, VA, NO nigga

What you smelt

Coke'll leave plastic

Get off the border motherfucker

Come on little'n handle your business for me boy

[Chorus: Pusha T & (Pharrell) (2x)]

(Brrrrrrrrrr) What happened to that boy (yo)

(Brrrrrrrrrr) What happened to that boy

(Brrrrrrrrrr) What happened to that boy

He was talking shit we put a clap into that boy

[Malice]

Whoa...Yeah...Malicious...Yeah

I heard they snitchin' on a player man say it aint so

Even as a young'n they consigned me to blow

Witches claims why I'm worth my weight in gold

While they was taking baby steps from an 8th to an O

Word in the streets that can envy as me

Enough ice on that watch to make a nigga lose sleep

Magnified face help the bitch see clearly

9 on the waist hit the bitch up severely

I'm know for the flip of that coke I enaa

I'm heavy in the street like the 7 series Bimma

Man, hit 'em with the Nina man

Or that 4/5th guaranteed to lean ya man (Whoa)

I'm the reason that your block is vacant

Malicious will hit ya just to make a statement

Bitch! Clipse and Cash Money who aint rich

Don't compare me to you nigga you aint this (Whoa)

[Chorus]

[Baby]

Aye...Aye...Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye...

Stunna and Patty Cake the worldwide Pusha (get this money)

Birdman nigga leave the guns in the busher (cuff 'em

up, let 'em up bitch)  
Been shittin' up bricks unload 'em to Gucci  
Boss of the ghetto with the round shape cookie  
Shit one, Dro one nigga flood the block  
If I don't go to jail niggas birds gone flop  
Nigga sittin' on the toilet bitch get off the pot  
The bird just landed so the hood gon' rot  
New whips, big chips the Prada Gucci shit  
But mami your fly Benz the wide skinny lips  
She takes my flight she holds my weight  
While the po-po staked out from state to state  
It aint nuttin to a baller baby  
Pay the cars, big money, heavy weight, bird man, hood  
boss  
Baby steppin on my line I'll show a little somethin'  
They callin' you don't come out then the black crow will  
touch ya (touch ya)

[Chorus (2x)]

[Pusha T]  
Ughhh...Another soul lost  
Had to make a shirt match my ox blood colored  
Porsche  
Ughhh...The rims match of course  
Blood hit his Timbs it reminded me of them  
Glistenin' wrist on chiller  
Gun in the same palm of gorgeous killer  
I put this on my lord my niece was 4 when she felt  
chinchilla  
I past the shore for that shit that made fiends rise from  
the dead like  
Thriller  
Gangster...Hustler  
At night still found time to kiss my mother  
Live like I'm dreamin' kick my feet up  
Gun pulled my waist remind me of my demon  
So quite ya yappin' fore I get to clappin  
And have your body parts mix and matching fella

[Chorus (2x)]

[Baby (talking)]  
Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, there it is nigga, there you have it  
Birdman, Clipse you under-smelt, VA you know  
Uptown nigga, we go anywhere with this bullshit  
We flip bricks you under-smell (gangster  
motherfucker)  
Aye nigga put this puzzle together  
Aye Pharrell you did this year (you did it nigga)  
A 1000 pieces puzzles (startrak) 100, you know

Let's get this money (get the money)  
Hey nigga I smell somethin', coke'll leave plastic bitch  
Get money motherfucker  
However you want it you can get it pimp  
From gangster to blood nigga, take it how you want it  
nigga  
We did it how we live, aint nothin' but the thug thing  
nigga  
Money thing motherfucker

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