

Dave Berry

"Ghetto Bird"

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Verse One:

Why, oh why must you swoop through the hood
like everybody from the hood is up to no good.
You think all the girls around here are trickin
up there lookin like Superchicken
At night I see your light through my bedroom window
But I ain't got shit but the pad and pencil
I can't wait till I hear you say
"I'm going down, mayday, mayday." I'm gonna clown
Cause everytime that the pigs have got me
y'all rub it in with the flying Nazi
military force, but we don't want ya
Standin' on my roof with the rocket launcher
"So fly like an eagle."
But don't follow us wherever we go
The shit that I'm saying, make it's heard
Motherfuck you and your punk-ass ghetto bird

["Run, run, run, from the ghetto bird" (2x)]

Verse Two:

Now..
My homey's here to lick on a trick for a Rolex
And let me try the four next
Now the four I was driving was hotter than july
looked up and didn't see it whippin' in the sky
Saw a chopper with numbers on the bottom
"Calling all cars, I think we've got em."
I hit the gas and I mashed past Inglewood
I think I drove through every single hood
South Central, Compton and Watts
Long Beach, bust a U, here come the cops
Wish I had a genie with about three wishes
Metal flake green on D's I look suspicious
You know that I'm running
Shit, I hear it humming
Fuck, I see it coming
Is it a bird? Yup
Is it a plane? No

I hit me a right on El Segundo
Wanted to holla, had to ditch the Impala
Let's see if they would folla
Me, hit a fence, hit a fence, and another
met me a baby pitbull and his mother
Ran up in some peoples house and looked out of the
window
I wish it was my ten-four
had to pull a strap on a fool named Louis the Third
cuz I'm getting chased by the ghetto bird

"Just put his hat, ehrrr, he combed his hair and then put
his hat back
on. Errr, he's acting nonchalant up there in that cockpit,
going 115
miles an hour, with the police chasing him. Ehm,
they're not gonna be
real happy when they catch up with him, no matter
what, the eh...
Ehrr, they hate, they hate a bigmouth even worse."

Verse Three:

Officer Bird's on his way, and I don't wanna see him
could you please give me the keys to the B.M.?
See, I didn't want to gank you
but don't make me bank you, thank you
Tried to get yo the hood, and you might guess
that a fool like me woulda shot Cyrus
Incognito, Ghetto Eagle
Saying, "Fuck, where did he go?"
I bust me a left from Rubellon. Park
The 735 and I'm bailin
Went to my homegirl's house and got a hug man,
She helped me run like Harriet Tubman
Looked out the window by the black bed
I saw the pigs and the four on a flatbed
Then the light from the bird hit me in the face
I close the blinds cause I didn't wanna catch a case
All that night, I heard the bird circle
while I was eating fish and watching Urkel
She said I could sleep on the couch
By two A.M. I was digging her out
Fuck the ghetto bird

"Which way is he going now?"
"Ok, now..now he's..he's actually southbound..on a
service street..
and, uh...Gee whiz, uh, I'm gonna get my maps out
here and figure
out which service srteet he suddelny turned off on. Uh,

the sherriffs
are..are...well I know that...Sherriffs ground units got
thrown off"

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