

## Dj Quik

### "Birdz And Da Beez"

Visit ["Birdz And Da Beez"](#) on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[DJ Quik]

I don't really give a fuck what you think  
I only really give a fuck what you drink  
I'm a bartender, car spender, a dick lender  
A cash spender, ass bender, I'm ass in  
Let's get it crackin like a brothel in here; a whore house  
Got these bitches walkin nekkid throughout the whole  
house  
What the fuck you think my life is about? Bitches hatin  
What you think that butter knife is about? Bitches hatin  
To see what this nigga's dick is about  
Do he be just talking shit? No I doubt  
He got years of clout  
Like a rebound on a credit line on a Master Card  
Swiped it right between her pussy, then I bashed the  
bone  
Then I juke it for a minute as I punched in my code  
Then I waited for the pearls to come out, low and  
behold  
Bankrupt cus ya stank stunk, frontin like a pooh bear  
I opened up ya cock and hollered then, "Who there?"  
"Nobody just us lice" That's nice  
Little buggers, done grew up to be the size the rice  
So I jumped back shocked and grabbed for my colla  
Her pussy depreciated to pennies on a dolla  
Now what the fuck? If you want the dick get the fuck up  
And stop actin like a old tampon; stuck up  
Give me something to put my stamp on the tramp  
gone, "What up?"  
I make ya bust nuts till ya nut up

[Chorus] (2x)

The Birdz and Da Beez are the four things that we  
consume  
Drink up become room  
Then fuck up in the room with the door locked  
Wake up Divorced looking for some more cock

[Hi-C]

Shabity wee-rock sweet cock, juicy boo  
Like Crips and Piru, shit, we gone do

I fell into the club and hit the dance flo  
Ya boy got mad cus what I dipped with his ho  
Baby girl had my tinsel returnin slow  
She was sick, got me looking for Pepto-Bismol  
Shit stackin, jaw smackin, dolla dropa  
Dice shakin money makin holla hoppa  
Home wreckin, ho checkin dick is slow  
Bring me back Cognac, from the liquor sto'  
Bet you didn't know that ya ho is a freak  
Every week she got something up in her jaw meat  
And it aint policies, spit it out  
You gone tear my zipper on me before we, get it out  
They wanna be touched by the untouchable click  
Don't hate participate, yo sing that shit

[Chorus] (2x)

The Birdz and Da Beez are the four things that we  
consume  
Drink up become room  
Then fuck up in the room with the door locked  
Wake up Divorced looking for some more cock

[AMG]

When I bubble its trouble  
What I'm sippin on make it a double  
When I'm wit a ho, take her to hustle  
More money ya muscle  
Shake a hooker like a trick up  
Leather and Wood 304 to the good  
When I'm pimpin I'm jaggy  
When I'm pimpin I'm saggy  
When I'm high I'm a fly guy into the cat  
?? the day Federan the man  
When I put it on floss mode looking for ants  
You a straight gone bad, ho wishin ya had  
Now get up in the pad, dick suckin I'm glad  
Never knew what a ho was, checkin ya buzz  
When I'm sittin in first class  
Take it in the ass  
Nigga you done lost ya playa pass  
Trick nigga, 304 niggas been ran up in that ass  
Smashed up on the gas of the S-5 double  
Like I said when I bouble its trouble  
Can I hooo...

[Chorus] (2x)

The Birdz and Da Beez are the four things that we  
consume  
Drink up become room  
Then fuck up in the room with the door locked  
Wake up Divorced looking for some more cock

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.