

## DJ Quik "Birdz N tha Beez"

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[Verse 1: DJ Quik]

I don't really give a fuck what you think  
I only really give a fuck what you drink  
I'm a bar-tender, car spender, a dick lender, cash  
spender, ass bender  
A ass spender  
Get it crackin like a bar throw in here  
A whorehouse, got these bitches walkin naked through  
out the whole house  
What the fuck U think my life is about?  
Bitches hatin  
What the fuck U think that butter knife was about?  
Bitches hatin  
Tell what the fuck this nigga's dick is about  
Do he just be talkin' shit? No I doubt  
He got years of clout  
Like reballin credit line on a Mastercard  
Drived it right between the pussy then I bash the broad  
Then I took it for a minute  
As I punch through my code  
Tehn I waited for the pearls come out  
Loan put on hold, Bankrupt, get ya stank stunk  
Frontin like Pooh bear, I opened up ya cock & hollered  
sayin  
"Who there?" (Nobody, what?)  
That's nice, little buggers done grew up the be the size  
of rice  
So I jumped back & grabbed for my collar  
Her pussy appreciated the pennies on the dollar  
Now what the fuck  
If U want the dick get the fuck up  
And stop actin like an old tampon, stuck up  
Give me somethin to get my step on  
Then trek on, what up  
I'll make you bust nuts till I nut up

(Chorus 2X)

The birdz and the beez  
All the forties  
Not with consume, drink up become roomed  
The fuck up in the room with the door  
locked (Door locked!)

Wake up, divorce the bitch, leave'er lookin' for some  
more cock (More cock!)

[Verse 2: Hi-C]

We ride, sweet cock, juicy boo  
Like Crips and Pirus, shit, we goin do  
I fell in the club and hit the dance floor  
Yo' boy got mad cause I dipped with his ho  
Baby had my tootise, returnin' slow  
She was sick got me lookin' for Pepto Bismol  
Chips stackin, jaws smackin, dolla droppa  
Dice shake ya money makin, dolla poppa  
Home wreckin, ho checkin, dick is slow  
Bring me back, cognac from the liquor store  
Bet cha didn't know that yo ho is a freak  
Every week she got something' up in the jaw meat  
And I ain't policy  
Spit it out  
U goin zip my zipper before we get it out  
They wanna be touched by the untouchable click  
Don't hate, participate, y'all sing that shit

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: AMG]

When I bump on this trouble  
What I'm sippin' on make it a double  
When I'm wit who, think I'd a hustle  
More money and muscle  
Shake the hooker like a trick up  
Leatehr'n'wood three up off to the good  
When I'm dippin I'm jacky  
When I'm a flippin I'm saggie  
When I'm high I'm a fly guy in the khakis  
Big dick of the day, better ran the man  
When I put in floss mode lookin' for hands  
U scrap gone bad  
Ho wishin ya had  
Knack it up in the pad  
Dick suck and I'm glad  
Neva knew what a ho was  
Checkin yo buzz  
While I'm sittin in a first class digit in the ass  
Nigga, you done lost ya playa pass (strip nigga)  
3 of 4 niggas been ran upon that ass  
Scratch up on the gas of the S5 double  
Like when I said when I bump on this trouble  
Can I f--- (oooh)

[Chorus Till Fade]

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