

Blues Traveler

"No Pigeons"

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* rereleased - originally on Hot 97 FM and "white label" vinyl

Nada, Franchise
Nada, Shotcallers
Yeah, Sporty Thievz, Sporty Thievz
Uh huh, nada

A Pigeon is a girl who be walkin' by
My rimmed up blue, brand new sparklin' five
Her feet hurt so you know she want a ride
But she frontin' like she can't say hi
What?

1 - (Uh oh) Ya'll chicks ain't gettin' nada
(Uh oh) Your pussy ain't worth the Ramada
(Uh oh) Anyway your friend looks hotter
(Uh oh) Game is somethin' we got alot a

2 - (Uh oh) Cause I don't want no Pigeons
Them be them girls who gets no dubs from me
Playin' the bar dumb broke wit her best friend's coat
Tryin' to holler at me

I don't want no Pigeons
Them be them girls who gets no dubs from me
Playin' the bar dumb broke wit her best friend's coat
Tryin' to holler at me

In the front of the club I see this girl like, "Yo love"
Thought she said thug but she called me a scrub
Scrub? What? She musta talk me a joke
Broke Pigeonhead freak, you lucky I spoke
This ain't my Benz there, it's my man's, yeah
But this ain't my car like that ain't your hair
(Uh-Oh) Pigeon, take them fake jewels off
(Uh-oh) Pigeon, take your friend's shoes off
(Uh-Oh) Pigeon, the hell with that crazy shit
Ya'll make me sick, go home and fuckin' babysit
My big dogs don't love this
King Kirk bitch, get a brush, and scrub this (right)

Repeat 1

Yo, chill cousin, these birds is ill cousin
Cause they call me scrub like we can't even bill cousin
Trick Ronald's, you ain't worth the McDonalds
Throw you on the street team, make you shit vinyls
Hey yo Flex, shorty tried to flash me wrong
How she gonna wear sandals wit nasty corns?
That be wrong
I wonder how you get hearts
In dirty Victoria draws with the skidmarks
Uh, ya flat ass gets enough laughs
Take it to the salon, pluck ya mustache
So next time you shotgun, and that hoe bitchin'
Hittin' you a scrub, call that bitch a Pigeon

Hey yo, I got two nuts bitch, choose a ball
You only walk Pigeon-toed cause ya shoes are small
You don't shop, you just cruise the mall
No dough, with Lee Press-Ons
Frontin' with ya girlfriend dress on
You birds wanna take over?
Get some cash and a Jenny Jones makeover
Broke Bitches, I hate Pigeons
Dirty braid Pigeons, medicaid Pigeons, Section Eight
Pigeons
Got me fed, burned I tell these birds Shutup
And how my left ear be double her whole getup
Go ahead with your lame ass, blow at night
Throw a ripped dolla at her, tell her put that on her
depraved ass

If you got more than one baby father
Oh yes girl, we's talkin to you
If you strip all week to go clubbin'
Oh yes girl, we's talkin to you
Buy a dress to front and take it back to the store
Oh yes girl, we's talkin to you
Wanna smoke wit me, wit no money
Oh no, I don't want no

No Pigeons
No Pigeons

(DJ Rhude)
Greet your highness, Queen's finest
Gleam shin as three clip street fighters
Deep dish Jeep riders
Outlandish in they expanded rover
Passenger in my own whip, yeah that's my chauffer

I rap for ya, that's my culture
When I holla holla like Ja Rule
You in a trance from the god's jewels
Glance at my car, drool
Grand like the Concourse
Wonderin' damn, how much the car cost?
Ya just another fan, applause, encores
And when I fly through world tours on Concorde
Don't need no chicken drippin, save that for Lipton
No scrubs here, strictly Mo' Thugs, dear
Check the listings, no Pigeons
Flat broke chicks, out to get rich off the next bro's shit
Instead of TLC, you give us brotha's B.I.G. trouble
We're just Sporty Thievz, huddle game with the illest
rebuttal

Repeat 1

Repeat 2

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