

## Focal Point

### "Birds"

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[ \*this song is styled after Ice-T's '6 'N The Morning'\* ]

To all my hustler niggas  
To all the muthafuckas out there that's rollin  
You know what I'm talkin bout?  
Fuckin with the birds...

Check this out  
Bring me back a soda and I don't mean a Sprite  
I need the armor hammer so my shit'll bounce right  
I was cookin dope, bringin back full moons  
Fuck till November, I be gone till June  
Summer ain't shit if you ain't got the coke  
Flipped a drop-top with the all-gold spokes  
Oakland gettin money, nigga, fuck what you heard  
Out of town niggas livin half a bird

What you fuckin with?  
Tell em what you fuckin with  
I'm pushin birds...

Seen my nigga in a Benz and he spin in a ditch  
He be movin things for like 13.6  
Try to tell his nigga how he hatin the game  
Let's get them driver numbers, 18 a thing  
Wanna-be niggas can't tell him shit  
Two weeks pass, heard that nigga got hit  
Found him in the hills with a dick in his mouth  
Stupid muthafucka, game turned him out

Smoked  
The nigga got smoked  
Violated fuckin with them birds...

Niggas round the world screamin they want some  
Used to get my shit from a straight Columb'  
Cracker fucked around and locked the connect down  
Now only Mex hold weight in the Town  
Dippin in the thangs feelin cash for dubs  
Now that's the type of shit that get your ass fucked up  
I'm spendin big bread so I need the cream

Cook 10 zips, bring back 14  
Heard em in a drop on the strenght of a ???  
Holdin all that dough but I swear it ain't him  
Niggas in the Town gettin mad at the rich  
Learn the game, punk, buy your dope through a bitch

Cause I ain't fuckin with you  
Snitch nigga, I ain't fuckin with you  
Have your bitch get your birds...

I'm puttin up numbers so I'm changin the stats  
You all know by now, yes, a nigga need gats  
All my Israeli with the Gaza chops  
Fully automatic, brand new in the box  
A funny style nigga but his guns be good  
He used to own a liquor store right up in the hood  
Smelly muthafucka, sto' filled with nats  
Never woulda thought he had the gats  
Made his ass a offer at a thousand a bird  
With this type of shit I knew his ass'll stay in fur  
Either way it go I'm spendin loot  
Cause niggas got the word that it's birds in the coop

And they stay in there  
Nigga, AK's in there  
Come and try to get my birds...

2.2 36 or a g  
Hard or soft, that b-i-r-d  
Man's best friend, nigga, fuck a dog  
Never got to feed him, plus he bought me a hog  
My bike worth 50, Benz worth a hun'  
Unrecouped, I do this rap shit for fun  
Don't get it twisted, nigga, catch it cause it's real  
Had a presidential way 'fore I had a deal

Believe me  
I'm born and raised with em  
Nigga, I stays with em  
Pluckin feathers off the birds...

To all my muthafuckin cola-rollers  
Out of muthafuckin controllers  
Understand me?  
Get that bread, nigga  
Crack pays  
In so many muthafuckin ways  
I used to sell \$2 rocks  
Nigga, \$1.5 rocks, nigga  
On the real, I had 80 cent rocks

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