

## **Sporty Thieves "No Pigeons"**

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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 da girls who gets no dubs from me  
Playin' the bar dumb broke wit her best friend's coat  
Tryin' to holla 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 friends coat  
Tryin' to holla 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  
Concur 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

(Digi' rules)  
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 chauffeur  
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  
Ran like the concourse

Wonderin' damn, how much the car cost?  
Ya just another fan, applause, encores  
And when I fly through world tours on Concords  
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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