

Hayward Justin

"Who Got Tha Birds"

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{Baby}

Fa'sho nigga

{B.G.}

Black Connection back up on that ass once again

{Baby}

All the time

{B.G.}

Somethin' to blow somethin' nigga

{Baby}

Nigga Pimp Daddy fool

{B.G.}

Uptown for life

{Baby}

Like this nigga

{Baby}

I shuffle my money, like a card game on the cool and

Fuck mo hoes then that green done sold {Fa'sho}

I beat my bitches out a pocket when they break the rule

{Bitch give me mine}

And I'm a cut these nigga's when I'm drunk actin' a fool

Big Bro, wusup nigga, let me use yo fuckin' tool

I need the chopper Mag-11 so I can act a fool

{Chopper, Chopper}

They got some nigga's from Texas, comin' down with
some birds

So what's the word nigga, {jack 'em} straight serve

Chorus: {Mannie Fresh}

I got some birds nigga {what}

Y'all ready to serve nigga {what}

Spread 'em out good nigga {what}

Cuz this hood is your's nigga {Fa'sho nigga look}

{Baby}

I went from rag's to riches, I went from riches to rag'
Now I'm saggin' in my bitch {B I heard you puttin' yo
foot}

In them hoes ass, {Huh-bra} pass me the gar
Nigga blow me a gun, snort some dope fool
Time to have some fun {I'm prepared, I'm prepared}
They got some nigga's down in LA comin' with some
ki's
What's the word nigga {Jack 'em straight serve}

Chorus

{B.G.}

Well nigga best's to hide that Ye because
I'm a jack move, I'm try'na come up
Lil' Doogie, on a stack move
Motherfucker, if you ballin' best believe I got's to have
it
Out to get mine, I ain't no hoe so I'm a grab it
If you worse up, you ducked taped in the back of the
trunk
Call his people, tell 'em I want twenty for this chump
It's goin' two way's he get sprayed, I get paid
Try some funny flicke shit, he on Amanester dead
With a slug in his motherfuckin' dome
They was tight with that drug money so I had to
Send 'em home, victim of that chrome
I'm straight takin' it, ain't fakin' it
Ya heard me, robbin' and hustlin' is a B.G. way of
makin' it
So if you got it, keep it on that down low
Cuz I'm a test ya if know, try to play you like a hoe
Punk bitch, I'm take yo shit when I'm try'na come up
Them o'l coward ass nigga's got's to drop drop

Chorus

{Lil' Ya}

My nigga P-I-M-P Daddy started off young
Snatchin' emblem's off them Caddy's
Then he went on, and started stealin' car's
Respect no bitch, he called 'em all broad's
My nigga had a talent that couldn't be fucked with me
Now he's dead and gone, all cuz a bitch
He used to shine with that iron, a Pimp
That never wined or dined, and he always rocked
Club 49, I let him meet my manager and
B-tro-duce, promised him he get better but and
Had to leave them buster's alone
Left Full Pack, and got with the Black Connection and it

was on
We used to hit the rode, and make a lot of mil
The day I went to jail, my nigga fell
It hurt me to my heart, to hear my nigga got smoked
It's time for the Black, the Gat's let's handle business
Lok
We got to put them birds on the side
This nigga, fucked over my boy, uhh , this nigga gotta
die
It took a coward to kill him, now's he's in jail and a
nigga
Steady nailin' him, and if he hit the street again
Lil' Ya gonna do him in, because Pimp was my
motherfuckin' friend

{Rest in Peace my nigga Pimp Daddy}

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