

Radio Birdman

"What Happened To That Boy-Just Birdman"

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Stunna and pancake, the worldwide porsha,
Birdman nigga leave a gun in the bushes.
Been shittin up bricks, my load on the gussic's,
Boss of the ghetto with the round shaped cookie.
Shit one, drove one nigga flood the block,
If I dont go to jail nigga birds gon fly.
Nigga's sittin on my tummy, bitch get off the pot,
The bird just landed so the hoods gon rock.
New whips big chips the pride of gucci shit,
But mami you fly ? the wide screamin lips
She takes my flight, she holds my weight,
While im caught for state out from state to state.
It aint nothin to a balla baby,
Black cars, big money everyway hood boss.
Baby steppin on my line I sho her a lil somthin
Been callin, yon come out in the black court toucher.

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