

## Rasaq "Birds"

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Ay, I pull birds my nigga  
I'm pullin' birds  
I'm pullin' birds my nigga  
I love birds birds birds birds  
Birds

[Rasaq]

And I'm talkin' bout the goods  
The ones that come in hurds, when I pull up to the curb  
Birds, I might let her sip some syrup  
Girl don't ya know, it's good for ya hips and curves  
Birds, and I ain't talkin' bout the kind that chirp  
It's the kind that's gettin' on a niggaz nerves  
Birds, and I ain't talkin' bout the drugs  
It's the kind that show me love, 'cause I'm rollin' on  
dubs  
Birds, some in the hood, some in the burbs  
Some talk country, some use proper words  
I get em, I hit em, I dismiss 'em  
Don't hug em, don't love em, I don't kiss 'em  
She love em, she hug em, she don't listen  
The jewelz glisten, call me an addition  
'cause if ya look around my sleeve, you might see two  
pigeons  
I flip em, then flick em, don't trick 'em  
Just trick em, she wishin', she wit 'em  
She wishin', she get em, she pissed n she trippin'  
He spittin', he flippin', no trickin, no spendin, no dissin'  
Just send her back home, with a bent back bone  
Skirt the last gone, and then I'm back home  
Lookin' for mo to mack on, lights camera action

I love birds birds birds birds  
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I love birds birds birds birds

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