

Richie Rich "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

