

Birmingham J

"Out of Control"

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[Verse 1: Birmingham J]

Life is a bitch, world full of crime
Every single day, niggaz that's dyin'
Gotta watch my back, nigga want crack
My motherfuckin' skully leave ya layin' in a backpack
So... nine millimeter is what I carry
Birmingham J, but they call me Dirty Harry
Niggaz gettin' dropped with some flips of a dime
"Heads up, hit the deck!" Bullets started flyin'
Now you in a coffin box, you a goner
Six feet deep, cause your hood to you under
When you on a mission, do it - do it right
Cause if you caught slippin', you won't see no daylight
Mind it you knowledge, put it all together
Plan it out smooth, sneaky, and clever
The feel of the trigger when your cap is gettin' peel
Livin' in this world today, it's killed or get killed
Gangsta

[Chorus: Little kids + Birmingham J]

Woe-woe-woe-woe
- Man, these streets like out of control
Woe-woe-woe-woe
- Don't wanna work and don't wanna vote
Woe-woe-woe-woe
- I wanna live like the videos
Woe-woe-woe-woe
- Gettin' this money all I know

[Verse 2: Birmingham J]

Everybody watchin', everybody lookin'
Heard me on the radio, now everybody wit' me
Kim and William Eason little brother, I'm J
Used to be at William Edom on the one-way
Sackin' up blow... on the third flow
Walkin' in the midnight, nuts full of snow
Seen a whole lot growin' up as a youngster
In the neighborhood shot-house, me and my sister
Standin' on the corner, tuckin' my chain
Drawin' my weapon if a nigga look strange
I lost my baby, my life got hard

The Lord stayed with me, cause I kept Him in my heart

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Birmingham J]

Money is the root... of all this evil
People on the grind doin' thangs that's illegal
Ridin' in the Regal, lookin' for some reefa
Shit is on my mind, man I'm tryin' to release 'em
Bill after bill everyday, it's coming
It's time to vote, Democrat or Republican
Who can I trust? Man I'm bout to blow
I got me a woman, I don't need no hoe
Business slow, man fuck Bush
He fuckin' up the world, it's the devil in the flesh
A peanutbutter-top oldschool green Caddy
Pistol in the trunk if nigga try to play me
Money kill niggaz, can't kill money
Got his drawls in is ass, now a nigga actin' funny
Sit back a peep the whole motherfuckin' picture
Get yourself straight, then a nigga might fuck wit'cha

[Chorus]

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