

## South Park "He's a Bird, He's a Plane"

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First verse (spm):

The dopehouse, got it snowin' in the summer  
Drug runner, fuck the "i'ma gonna wanna"  
Fast learner, attack like piranhas  
My next big hit's called "hubba, hubba, hubba"  
I smoke her 'cause I love her  
Bought a danny glover  
Now I'm burnin' rubber in somebody baby mother  
From the gutter diggin' in your trash can  
Fuckin' with my niggas it'll be your last dance  
I came up off the cut, buyin' 'lacs and trophy trucks  
The only thing I sell is submersible products  
My all-white chucks turn a man into dust  
You wanna meet the devil, ha? you in a bad rush  
I'ma keep a smile, I was born the crack child  
Got the rap game shinin' up my reptiles  
Make your ears ring when I sting like a scorpion  
Pronounce him dead by four p.m.  
Call me los kevorkian

Chorus (ayana m.):

Some do it for the money and fame  
He just don't wanna sell no more 'cane  
Now his flow is a beautiful thing  
S-p-m, he's a bird, he's a plane

(2x)

Second verse (spm):

In hillwood, we didn't have many choices  
I'm hearin' noises, outside I hear voices  
The coys is a family who didn't have much  
Except the love of a single mother's touch  
The lust of money, had me slangin' cane and weed  
I was first on the block, and last to leave  
Feel the rain as it falls on this, tricky game  
Breakin' cane, clear your sinuses, like liquid dran...  
Lift my name against my pain is used  
To entertain, a simple thing in every city seems like...

Shit's the same  
Born loser, v-12 cruiser  
I opened up a store for the common drug user  
Thirty-six eggs, come from one chicken  
Some of you ain't livin', fuckin' with the unforgiven  
I'm wishin' I could hug those dead or in prison  
They go to jail or hell just because it's free admission  
Man!

Chorus

Third verse (spm):

Five on the dot when I hit the crack spot  
Thirty slab rocks in a little matchbox  
Hoe ass cops hit the cut around seven  
Got a fiend on the pipe, and arrested him for resin  
Fuckin' pigs want me so bad, they can taste it  
But you bitches gonna have to settle for a basehead  
'cause I don't slip, broke quicker than a ship  
Wrap a platinum hit, make the police captain sick  
Backstreet legends, the world feel my prescence  
I'm the first man to touch it when the dope gets to texas  
You can keep the lexus 'cause I bought two benzes  
On the microphone I broke you off with one sentence  
Stay aware for what's out there, I smell hate all in the  
air  
They asked me what my race was, I told them it was  
player  
A very rare breed, almost extinct  
The way I walk, the way I think,  
The shit I wear, the shit I drink,  
The way I stink, I smell like fruity hydroponic  
When haters see my car, they turn around and vomit  
I'm loco, fuck any player hatin' punto  
You ain't got no love for me? I ain't got no love tan poco

Chorus

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