

Dre Dog f/ Dubee

"Fly Like a Bird"

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[Dubee]

Yeah, bitch

Dre and the mothafuck Dog

Yeah the one (backflip)

Believe it, you know I'm sayin

This that bay shit, you know I'm sayin

That real shit, from back then to now

[Andre Nickatina]

Man I'm a coke rap spitter

A hair pin trigger

A crime rhyme dealer is illa but on the realer

Spin around tornado lust for the words

Rap it up, light dope, fly like a bird

Nothin but bakin soda the motorola do it well

Up in your face man with somethin to sell

I'm like a chronic vision pigeon tiga spinnin in time

Two 45's, 357's, and 9's

My figure eight, is real is not fake

Strawberry soda, garlic bread, and steak

Ahead of the chasin high behind the wheel

You talk for money and we can make a deal

[Dubee]

Make a deal you square ass nigga

We bay stunnas bitch

Turf top niggaz, nigga from the street up

Nigga, can you feel it

[Andre Nickatina]

I'm not a screw face, I keep my boots lace

Then listen to the homies brag about they gun case

They off taste, crank beat with more bass

My court date, in I came in hella late

No cross game, wear rangs with no chains

Holla at the god if you a rap cat mayne

Nickel plated, got a image is penetrated

I put that on my life I'm glad you never made it

Raw hide, all in my bloodline

You never find a drug like me of no kind

Don't hide, cause it makes it more divine

To put you in the fire in line on Valentine's
February, or was it January
I lose my memory when it come to you canaries
It's necessary, on guard with what you carry
Split the middle open swisher then add the blueberry

[Dubee]
Unravel the backwud nigga
With you stupid ass
That's what's wrong with you niggaz
You niggaz ain't laced
Nigga, we lace niggaz like boots

[Andre Nickatina]
I'm not a damn fool
I live like Babe Ruth
Bay slang, and I'm doin my bay thang
Make change, get bread to kick game
I know you got ass but you's a lame freak dame
No shame, and I'm greed to the brain
You know the pitbull is off the ch-ch-chain
To the lane, on the freeway of pain
I don't spend dollars on expensive champagne
Rip hearts, and I pound the Skylarks
Pedal to the madal in my Wu-Tang Clarks
New suade, from the stage to the grave
Hot day, these pistols in the shade
It ain't strange, motherfucker you sell caine
Add a little color to the picture frame
The rhyme cheetah, throw on a wife-beater
T-shirt, jeans, tennis shoes didn't see ya

[Dubee]
Din't see ya mayne
Gotta get away from you mayne
We shake it spit shit like v mayne
You know I'm sayin
The new nigga to table mayne
Bring it all mayne

[Andre Nickatina]
Man this analogy, is a new strategy
And this academy, is headed for a tragedy
It sound to me that your tryin to break free
And stakes like me don't allow that see
At close range you can see my vertigo
Venom in the soul and I'm ready to let it go
With no control, man it can grow like a rose
And I'm standin right there with my Fillmoe pose
When a child cries, In a heart a father dies
Punch you in the eye to let you know that you alive

Meetho, multiply the equal
Bumpin C-Bo, on the way to Tahoe
I'm stage left, at the store remain chef
Man cook it up and keep it from the ATF
The Barrucuda, yo the rhyme roof shooter
Runnin down the stairs of the projects doer
Kamikaze, grip your style just for a hobby
And rippin in the lobby, man while kickin it with Bobby
You say the work then here come the work
Put mustard on it, wrap it up, fly like a bird

[Dubbe]
And eat these niggaz up mayne
It's nothin mayne
It's my nigga Dre Dog mayne
You niggaz better get hip to this shit mayne
If you can't dig it like a shovel man (backflip)
I guess you ain't able
Nigga, more than rap cats mayne
This bay shit mayne, thuggin nigga
All-star shit fool

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