

## Hausmarke Feat. Yvette Michele "Who Got Tha Birds"

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{Baby}

Fa'sho nigga

{B.G.}

Black Connection back up on that ass once again

{Baby}

All the time

{B.G.}

Somethin' to blow somethin' nigga

{Baby}

Nigga Pimp Daddy fool

{B.G.}

Uptown for life

{Baby}

Like this nigga

{Baby}

I shuffle my money, like a card game on the cool and

Fuck mo hoes then that green done sold {Fa'sho}

I beat my bitches out a pocket when they break the rule

{Bitch give me mine}

And I'm a cut these nigga's when I'm drunk actin' a fool

Big Bro, wusup nigga, let me use yo fuckin' tool

I need the chopper Mag-11 so I can act a fool

{Chopper, Chopper}

They got some nigga's from Texas, comin' down with  
some birds

So what's the word nigga, {jack 'em} straight serve

Chorus: {Mannie Fresh}

I got some birds nigga {what}

Y'all ready to serve nigga {what}

Spread 'em out good nigga {what}

Cuz this hood is your's nigga {Fa'sho nigga look}

{Baby}

I went from rag's to riches, I went from riches to rag'  
Now I'm saggin' in my bitch {B I heard you puttin' yo  
foot}

In them hoes ass, {Huh-bra} pass me the gar  
Nigga blow me a gun, snort some dope fool  
Time to have some fun {I'm prepared, I'm prepared}  
They got some nigga's down in LA comin' with some  
ki's  
What's the word nigga {Jack 'em straight serve}

Chorus

{B.G.}

Well nigga best's to hide that Ye because  
I'm a jack move, I'm try'na come up  
Lil' Doogie, on a stack move  
Motherfucker, if you ballin' best believe I got's to have  
it  
Out to get mine, I ain't no hoe so I'm a grab it  
If you worse up, you ducked taped in the back of the  
trunk  
Call his people, tell 'em I want twenty for this chump  
It's goin' two way's he get sprayed, I get paid  
Try some funny flicke shit, he on Amanester dead  
With a slug in his motherfuckin' dome  
They was tight with that drug money so I had to  
Send 'em home, victim of that chrome  
I'm straight takin' it, ain't fakin' it  
Ya heard me, robbin' and hustlin' is a B.G. way of  
makin' it  
So if you got it, keep it on that down low  
Cuz I'm a test ya if know, try to play you like a hoe  
Punk bitch, I'm take yo shit when I'm try'na come up  
Them o'l coward ass nigga's got's to drop drop

Chorus

{Lil' Ya}

My nigga P-I-M-P Daddy started off young  
Snatchin' emblem's off them Caddy's  
Then he went on, and started stealin' car's  
Respect no bitch, he called 'em all broad's  
My nigga had a talent that couldn't be fucked with me  
Now he's dead and gone, all cuz a bitch  
He used to shine with that iron, a Pimp  
That never wined or dined, and he always rocked  
Club 49, I let him meet my manager and  
B-tro-duce, promised him he get better but and  
Had to leave them buster's alone  
Left Full Pack, and got with the Black Connection and it

was on  
We used to hit the rode, and make a lot of mil  
The day I went to jail, my nigga fell  
It hurt me to my heart, to hear my nigga got smoked  
It's time for the Black, the Gat's let's handle business  
Lok  
We got to put them birds on the side  
This nigga, fucked over my boy, uhh , this nigga gotta  
die  
It took a coward to kill him, now's he's in jail and a  
nigga  
Steady nailin' him, and if he hit the street again  
Lil' Ya gonna do him in, because Pimp was my  
motherfuckin' friend

{Rest in Peace my nigga Pimp Daddy}

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