

Liza Minelli

"Birdie Disease"

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Cuckoo.. cuckoo.. cuckoo.. cuckoo..
Cuckoo.. cuckoo.. cuckoo.. cuckoo..

[Tony D]

At first you might have thought this was a song from
the Blackbyrds
Nope.. it's a song about crack birds
The way they conduct themselves is absurd
I'm talkin about the feather crested wheezy woolie bird
Her body - is shriveled up like a prune
She's always chirpin that same ol' tune
On a mission, just to get a shoulder boulder
A bump, a pellet, so yo, I told her
to wise up - get your pants sized up!
Stop walkin around, with your eyes shut
It seems to me that you don't care if you have dirty
knees
(yeah I know why) "you got the birdie disease"

[Chorus]

{*scratching "You got it!" 3X*}
"You got the birdie disease"
{*scratching "You got it!" 3X*}
"You got the birdie disease"

[Tony D]

Lips for dips, dips for lips
While she's rubbin the T.D., you ease the hips
cause she don't care, she'll let you wax that ass
As long as her purple lips are on that glass
Cause she's a friendship bird, don't confuse it with a
bug
A friendship bird, knows how to thoroughly search a
rug
for a pebble, they know is not there
She's fiendin for more so she leaves she don't care
cause she's off.. on a brand new mission
To search the couch and perhaps your seat cushion
She comes up with a nickel a penny and a quarter
That's thirty-one cents, maybe more and she can order
a pellet, to burn it and smell it

Anything you had - she'll try to sell it
Cause she's fiendin, she's moanin, she's cryin
She's beggin you please (but yo) "you got the birdie
disease"

[Chorus]

[Tony D]
Ring around the rosie, a pocket full of crack
That's not where it's at, stop livin like that
On the hunt - stop tryin to be a stunt
If the jimmy was a (??) you'd smoke the blunts
So yo G, keep your eyes on your J-E-E-P
So don't S-L-E-E-P
Or you might be E-S-O-R or a Y
Go to the third eye with a bird eye, you gotta watch
your back
Because the duck-billed platypus is known to quack in
crack
Light as a feather she could blow away
with the slightest of a breeze "you got the birdie
disease"

[Chorus]

[Tony D]
Last verse is the curse of the worst in history
I'm gonna quench your thirst with a mystery
Surroundin the subject is a fine specimen
The wheezy woozy bird gets the best of them
Never an (?) bird although they can be ruthless
It's hard for them to whistle cause they mouths is
toothless
Bunions on they feet from her feather-crested hair
Dude there's nothin in the world, you could compare
to the smell of a skunk, kickin up funk
Pushin a shoppin cart full of junk
I wish they could put an end to this sleeze
and tell them, yo "you got the birdie disease"

[Chorus]

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