

All Birds (feat. French Montana)

Rick Ross

Walk with a rel nigga
Self-made millionaire
What more could you ask for, huh? I'm a kamikaze in a Maserati
I'm a John Gotti, got my own army
Worth fifty million and it's all on me
Fifty on my Rollie knowing yours phony
Last problem I had, a nigga head-shot him
Say the word on the street is that my man got him
If I wasn't involved you wouldn't hear about him
I got Lears and all -- don't need Aaliyah problems
May she rest her soul, I got a sleeping problem
All my CDs gold but the Visa darker
Bastard child but I got a fleet of cars
Double-M G this little thing of ours
Take it to the door, motherfucker, plea
Niggas layin' on your crib while your momma sleep
Home-cooked meals for the real niggas
Hot Tec 9 for you little niggas
Want to shoplift? Come and boost this
We run the fucking game, nigga, truth is
Cargo pants and my red bottoms
Talking 'bout birds you know the boy got 'em
No clothes in the closet, it's all birds
No sneakers in the sneaker box, it's all birds
No luggage in the trunk, man, it's all birds
And I ain't going back
I'mma ball first Anything you need know I get it cheap
My nigga Rozay makes millions while he can't sleep
Cars European come and see the fleet
We're commercial; come and see us if you need the street
I'mma bring it home nigga bet the bank
Sierra Leone all up in the link
'Bout to double up, some Mason Betha shit
Huddle up, round table, King Arthur shit
Shorty ass fat, she can't stand straight
Spent your down payment on my landscape
Niggas sideways like the Phantom door
Hundred round drum sound like round of applause
Slicker than a can of grease
Paid the state in the ice, hundred grand a piece
Coke, boy, I'll be thirty for sure now
Coke damn near same price as dope now

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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