

Birdboy

NLE Choppa

[Intro]

Ayy, huh, yeah

(I don't even think y'all niggas ready)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

SGULL

(They not ready, bruh, Tay, they ready?)

Yeah, yeah

(Tay said "No")

What? Yeah

(Huh, huh)

[Verse 1]

Bullets hit a nigga up, like I'm playin' Pac-Man
Choppa got a kick back, leave him on a kick stand

Nigga call me doo-doo, yeah, I'm the shit, man

Nigga talkin' shit, so I fired on his bitch ass

Glock freeze him up, yeah

Call that freeze tag

Chopper leave him stuck, yeah

That's a glitch, man

If a nigga play, I'ma hit him broad day with the K

Make a nigga go, "Ah", yeah

Do the race, call it Tay-K, yeah

Fuckin' on another nigga bae, yeah

Make a nigga shake, earthquake, yeah

Nigga, I'm real, you fake, yeah

I be totin' them glizzies, we love totin' guns

I do it for real, you do it for fun

When an opp see me, you know they gon' run

I hang out the window, shoot shit like LeBron

You know that I hit 'em, I had to get 'em

They thought I was bowlin', I had to split 'em

7.62, cut him down the middle

Cookin' him up like a fuckin' McGriddle

Saw me in the game

And you know that I'ma score, bitch

Pull up with the gang, twist your finger, make it bang

To be honest, I'm an animal, I can't be tamed

Bullets fallin' out the sky, let that bitch rain

2-3 shots, take him out with a bang

Back in the summer, I didn't have a name

Now she suck on my dick while my balls be hangin'

Damn, lil Choppa, she say that you slangin'

Hit from the back, have her changin' language
[Break]
Huh, huh?
(*Ringer*)
What the fuck?
Bitch, stop calling my phone![Verse 2]
I hit her one time then I leave her alone
I know I'm not right, 'cause I'm doin' her wrong
Just like a dog, I just wanna bone
We makin' 'em serve, we serve in a cone
I'm a real nigga, you cannot clone
I'm cold with this shit like my first name was stone
I'm still a menace (Huh?), wait (What the fuck?)
I am a devil, whole other level
I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable
She eatin' my dick like that bitch is an edible
I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable
She eatin' my dick like that bitch is an edible
I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable
She eatin' my dick like that bitch is an edible
Back in 8th grade, I was lame, I was boostin'
Now I'm up in high school gettin' head from my tutor
Used to be a fighter, graduated to a shooter
Shoot him in the head, I'm tryna knock out his noodles
I'm a big dog, little nigga, you a poodle
I sell a bitch a dream like my name Young Ruler
Pop off, like I'm Martin Luther
Bullets bless him, that's a hallelujah[Outro]
Hrrrrr
Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop
(They shootin')
Slatt, slatt
(Choppa)

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