

Esham, 30 Birdz

30 birdz, 30 birdz all I want is 30 birdz
I'm never catchin cases, stead I'm clockin 3rd
I got 36 ounces, thousand grams of scams
anything over 500 is life so damn
I'm goin for broke, I ain't no joke when I flip flop
niggaz want static, automaticly the clip pops
born into this life with no escape from playa hates
down to stack papes, goin pyscho like Norman Bates
amphetmenes, the dope fiends, I stacks greens
damn niggaz tryin to stick for my cream
my lifes turned upside down, don't fuck around
bustin bullets for stacks, so dead bodies is found
on a mission for money, shit seems funny to me,
nigga try to take my birdz and set em free,
now how can this be I heard he caught a federal case,
caught with more dope in his crib than scarface,
talkin to federalies from Detroit to Cali,
nigga tryin to catch me slippin like silly Sally,
I dumped his body in the alley, and shot em a close range
nigga wasn't loyal to the game so i popped his ass

Chours x2

30 birdz, 30 birdz got no loyalty, 30 birdz flew away from me, them dirty birdz

I got away as clean as a whistle, another 187 on my pistol
visions of my burial, got make another move 20 birdz to go
life ain't nuthin but money, so I make snow
sometime it get slow, i get paranoid
jail and hell is 2 thingz that i can't avoied
mama always saw certain shit I couldn't see
its hard for me to see gone of v.s.o.p.
a deal is deal, plus I'm tryin to make a meal
feelin bad a nigga had to kill, just to stay real
it started out samll time, big time, and no time
crime is my life and my life is crime
I'm sick of seeing dope fiends and burned down blocks
hearin screams and 17 shots from hot glocks
back in the days I used to roll down to crack spots
now i watch niggaz cry right before they die
niggaz be snitchin, you cookin keys in your kitchen
buried a half a mill, in my backyard steel
trought all the excitment, federal indietment
now I'm on the run, with 10 birdz and a gun
and even if I get caught they only know my name
I ain't tellin no shit, cause I be loyal to this game

Chours x2

I went to ten fuckin states, dropped of ten birdz
1996, january, the 3rd, I was in a Detroit motel with a trick
thinkin bout goin out like Maserati Rick our the Chambers family, Y.B.I
200 key stole like redbird and I, from all the shit I did growin up as a kid
now they got my ass facing a lifetime bid, I'm on the run from the law
runnin out of time, goin out my mind, from my life of crime
seems I must a been slippin, didn't catch the setup
bullets flying through the window and my bitch got wet up
seems I had to get my pay like Demetrius Holloway
down at the broadway from the AK spray
as my heart stop beating all I was hoping was not to die with my eyes open

Chours x2