

# 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 poped 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