

M.I.A., Bird Flu

BIG on the underground
What's the point of knocking me down?
Everybody knows
I'm already good on the ground
Most of us stay strong
Shit don't really bound us
Then I go on my own
Making bombs with rubber bands
I have my hard down
So I need a man for romance
Streets are making em hard
So they selfish little roamers
Jumpin' girl to girl
Make us meat like burgers
When I get fat
I'll pop me out some leaders
A protocol to be a Rocawear model?
It didn't really drop that way
My legs hit the hurdle
A protocol to be a rocker on a label?
It didn't really drop that way
Our beats were too evil
But I put away paper for later so I'm stable
A better something better come
So I could get cable
Ghetto pops, food drops
I store them in my stable
I cook em up , pop em down
Eat me it off ya a table
The village got on the phone
Said the street is comin' to town
They wanna check my papers
See what I carry around
Credentials are boring
I burnt them at the burial ground
Don't order me about
I'm an outlaw from the badland
Put away shots for later
So I'm stable
Live in trees chew on feet
Watch lost on cable
Bird flu gonna get you
Made it in my stable
From the crap you drop
On my crop when they pay you.