

# 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.