

# Birdman, Baby You Can Do It

Oh yeah, believe it baby  
Aight Toni, come on Toni

(Toni Braxton)  
Baby you can do it  
Take your time do it right  
You can do it birdman, do it tonight  
Get you shine baby  
It's your time, do it tonight  
(Do it yeah)

(Verse 1)  
Ay, ay, ay  
See this stuntin, pimpin, cadalliac dippin  
Grey-head miss Gladys, your son new mission  
Birdman daddy, no divin for fishes  
Until you ducks, I'm stackin my riches  
Brought mami to the mall and she ball wit a genius  
Frankie B, Kristen Desmenfifler  
Stilleto boot, wife beater and I minked her  
Spend like crazy, if the broad freak me  
Dro back jersey, the world wide champion  
Baby, in a coupe spin bout eighty  
Bird island, know that I'm smilin  
Broads on my yaught, wit they gucci and proper  
Hood rich, I'm sellin that  
Hood rats, cost dime a dollar  
Boss pimpin got sick off of power  
Get it how you live, I'm a known survivor

(Chorus - Toni Braxton)  
Baby you can do it  
Take your time do it right  
You can do it birdman, do it tonight  
Get you shine baby  
It's your time, do it tonight  
Uh, uh, oh, baby, take your time  
Bust they eye (bust they eye)  
Uh, uh, oh, baby, take your time  
Bust they eye

(Verse 2)  
Well it's the birdman daddy, I'll fly in any weather  
I keep the birdlady with the feather in the pezzle

Always on the rock with the full length leather  
I'm in the Benz, she in a new Lexus  
22's cause we bird infested  
Ruby red with the platinum necklace  
She in the Escalade, so wild stretchin  
I'm so so fly, the man done blessed me  
Mami in the village so while dressed em  
Mink on the boots wit the minked out sweater  
Mink on the floor, with the mink chinchetta  
Mink on the Gucci, with the mink on the leather  
See I'm fly on these , mami ride on voles  
Stop and go's on that new Range Rover  
Time to go home, cause I gots to go because  
(Mami is in the bed with the breakfast on the stove)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Hey pimp, it's the rich and famous  
You drivin wreckless, you drivin dangerous  
Twenty inches on the caddy, don't blame me  
Slab on the floor, but it's my turn baby  
Money ain't natin to me  
See that birdman Jr., that somethin to me  
What you know about runnin these streets  
Get it how you live, and get it how ya be  
Get it how ya hustle, and get it how ya see  
Off parole so i'm puffin these trees  
I'm so so high, I'm a world wide G  
Connected to these streets, playa this cash money

(Chorus)

(Baby in the background)  
Oh yeah, Stunner and TB man  
Yo turn baby, got your mink on  
Your gucci on, your prala on  
Do it, do it big  
In yo new truck wit yo stop and go's, mami  
It's supposed to look so so so fly  
Ya done dig, 23's they on turn and shine ya done dig  
Birdman daddy, I'm fly in any weather  
Ok, fo sheezie baby