

Birdman, Ghetto Life

[Man talking]

Ok, we got the Birdman in the building (the birdman)

We got Killa in the building (yeah)

We got Young Weezy in the building (Weezy)

[Verse 1: Lil' Wayne]

Nigga it's, B-M, J-R, Weezy baby

Tryna see him, naw, he need to even eighty (shut yo chips up)

And, I ain't speakin G's, I'm talkin M

And I'm walkin like a pimp in (piiiiimp) them all street tims

Man shorty got more green than a Boston Gems

Green (?) , they don't cost in rims

Wayne appear, nigga put a walls in ya ear

Let ya know a f**kin boss up in here

How much it cost for this here?

How much it cost for this year?

'cause Me and Stunna bout to buy it

Put yo spoons down, Cash Money off the diet

I pass in a ride on triot, that's traze

But those who was in the days when the teachers was on that pay

I'm raise in the cajun cage, with a bit of amazing grace

And prone to move coke at a amazing pace

Man my daddy super Dave, let's race it

Real not have me, B I'ma win it, I'm a champ

[Chorus: TQ]

In the ghetto life, I'm a ghetto booooooy (ghetto booooooy)

Livin in the ghetto me, in the ghe-tto streeeeeets

(Somebody tell me what's crackin before)

I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup

For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin me

Ghetto, ghetto, Ghetto Life

[Verse 2: Baby]

Aye, aye, holla at me T-Keez, T-Keezy, Birdman, Birdman

See I ride in them shake (34's) when I'm pimpin these hoes (beyotch!)

It's just that, (TQ:Sunshine City!) when I'm smokin that dro

When it comes to this ice, real livin his life

Get moeny, pimpin hoes, with these ghetto type

Nigga check the background, I got O.G. stripe

Just a hoodrich nigga flippin birds on a bike

Not survive in this world with guns, pahs, and knives

Pour out, a lil' liquor, mami lost her life

All my niggas in the penitentiary holdin that life

See I'm stunnin for my niggas with this chromed out pipes

This swish interry foreign german lifes (beyotch)

And I keep this big toolie just protect my ice (holla at me nigga)

I act, a damn fool, when I'm full of that white (absolute beyotch)

But it's the Birdman daddy with these ghe-tto stripes

Ghe-tto hood (Uptown), Ghe-tto pipe (9 Millimeter)

Ghe-tto walk (yeah), With my ghe-tto life (Beyotch)

[Chorus: TQ]

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I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup

For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin meeeee

Ghetto, ghetto, I'm a Ghetto Life

[Verse 3: Cam'Ron]

Uh-huh, Diplomats, man listen

Ayyo the duck just born, I need seven more leaders

C-Five, Fo'-Fum, and a Seven-Fo' fever (what else)
Act up though I let the Fo' fever leave ya (leave ya)
Dice game, head crack, Six-Fo' fever (fever)
When I'm in L.A., I got Six-Fo' fever (fever)
Fever for the flava of a six-foot diva (let 'em know)
I told the po to feave her, I'm a bouty crook
Out to juuust, not a chef (?) know how to cook
With the piece stocks, cook up the rocks
Seventh Delenix is hot, I done cook up the block
Send glocks to ya block, out done cook up yo sspotss
That's how coke for that cook up his watch (what else though?)
I'm one of those, that will look up to Pac (why?)
'cause when I get pulled over, cook up the cops (damn, follow what)
All they say is, look at his drop (what else?)
Hand on my liscence, look at his watch (f**k em)
But, thug shit dogg, we down with Baby (baby)
We come through clownin baby (baby)
And if we, surrounded babies, ducktape the kids to the wall
Then shoot circle all around the baby, Killa!

[Chorus: TQ]

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I'm a ghetto life, any second dogg I can blow uuuuuup
For ghetto me, and you best to be watchin meeeee
Ghetto, ghetto, In a Ghetto Life

[Cam'Ron talking]

It's nothin man, Killa!
Diplomats, Cash Money
Baby, holla!
Jim Jones, Santana, what's good, Roc-a-Fella
(brrrrrrrr-brrrrrrrr!)

[Man talking]

Birdman
Fly, to hood near you
Then they got 'em cheap (whooh!)
(Yeah, ya know, ya know)
Get that call out one more time
(brrrrrrrr-brrrrrrrr!) 3x
beat fades