

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Ain't That A Bitch

Hey Hey Hey!

(Chorus)

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers
And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch!

And this here is the Carter oh! yo! And this here is the Carter yo! oh!
This one here is just to clarify the fact that I'm a muthafuckin mack
This one here is just to verify the fact that I got straps on my back
This one here is just to clarify the fact that the boy is back! Oh!

(Verse One)

Slick as I wanna be born to be hustla gonna be rich till I'm gone
Gonna keep spittin this shit for the hustlaz gonna keep livin this shit I'm gutless
Bet I'm gonna reap this when I'm gone defeat this while I'm here
Gonna keep beatin this street shit in ya ear
Gonna speak in every single street this year
My shit beat in every jeep on every street this year
Wizzle F Baby ya'll niggaz can have the Weezy I'm the Birdman Jr. junior
I'm a man to another man to a bitch I'm a pimp in the whip I'm a hundred grand
And in the streets I'm a money man
And I'm a hunt it with the streets I get money in the streets like a hundred men
A hundred proof in my other hand
If ever fall spring back like a rubberband know what I'm sayin

(Chorus)

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers
And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch
The cops is watchin streets are talkin
Hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers
And everybody saw ya and aint that a bitch

(Verse Two)

Now all the bitches got me strollin wit my dick in my hand
And these niggaz got me rollin with my clip on my hip
But this is my land so prick dont trip cause K's dont jam and a nigga dont miss
They tellin me I'm the shit like a nigga dont piss
But nigga dont slip cause I'll kill a punk bitch Word Up!
And I dont affiliate with niggaz I dont love neither bitches just money and drugs nigga
Leave ya bitches ya money and drugs nigga
Three to ya wisdom five more to ya mug nigga
How many more do ya love nigga
cause I got plenty more to give out I aint never been a mouthpiece
Ask ya reverend bout me I'm the young God
Aim the shotgun at ya frame and bust boy
Brain and guts leak in the drain and such pour
Plain yuk at a fuck boy. Fuck Boy!

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

I'm a muthafuckin man so respect me as one or the tech meet ya ass son
The tech heat ya ass son put ya fuckin chest beneath ya ass son
Blooka blook blap bleep ya ass son (laughin)
Nigga tryin to see his grandson and we
got niggaz in the pen tryin to see me wit a Grammy
Wanna be me and don't even understand me
Could'nt see me even if you was standin with me
I'm that damn convincing not invisible that mans invinsible

And advance a little due to the pine
My niggaz call me little Russell Crowe for my beautiful mind
And I let you do the time I do the crime
When the crowd call my name I bring my crew to the line
Nigga thats S.Q. and we fine nigga thats S.Q. and we firrin Nigga!

(Chorus - 2X)

Ha! Wizzle F Baby fa ya muhfuckin neck nigga
Got Streets in da buildin Gotti in the buildin
KL, Fee Fee in the buildin Rome, DI, Ceeti...