

Birdman, Looks Like A Job 4...

Looks like a looks like a job job job for job for

(Baby in the background of chorus)

Oh yeah!

Oh yeah!

Birdman motherf**ker, holla at your boy nigga

Look, whew, fly in any weather nigga

Tryin to get this money

You know real real high, real real high

We tryin to stack it biatch

Bird call motherf**ker!

(Chorus)

Birdman, look looks like a looks like a looks like a job job job for job for

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(Verse 1)

Yeah, I'm on a mission lil daddy to scoop in the Caddy go visit Ms. Gladius

B(ah) to A(ah) to B-Y BIATCH!

Somethin' so fly and somethin' so slick

24's, 28's, got to be better, 18's never, nigga whatever

It's the New Orleans finest BIATCH!

I'm a worldwide rider with that Gucci and Prada shit

Look like I got to uplift my Prada, get a few dollars, holla at a model

Nigga if it ain't money it can't beat me

That platinum from the neck, wrists, finger, and teeth

But I'm so so cool and I'm so so ooh

Get outta line watch me bust my 2

I ran out the house and I ran in the building

Them people was comin, "Hands up!" ya feel me

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

I'm the bird of the nest

The shark of the sea

Hungry dog on the concrete that's tryin' to eat

Nobody move me cause I be who I be

The Uptown rider, the home CMB

I get what I want when I want I could have it

Lexus, Bentley, and the Jag nothin' average

Never got married but I'm lovin' Ms. Gladius

Birdlady in that brand new Caddy

I'm a boss nigga

Nothin' less, two boats no cost nigga

Fly nigga hold your hearts nigga

That what Daddy told you, Mommy told you

I stand my grounds, be a man homie

No quarters no halves, with them wholes thang

"F**k it, pitch in nigga!" and don't f**k with them chickens man

Flip whatever: cars, rims, and bucks

Live this life like you don't give a f**k nigga

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Do a doughnut, swing around, and come around the corner

Change feathers twice, come back with the homies

That fly shit, that Prada and Gucci sheets

Feather to the floor with swine on her feets

Bezel that glow with the 9 on the seats
And whether that's snow or white milk on me
See I'm hustlin' leathers and I'm chasin' cheddars
That's Eminem's bitch, it gets no better
With the wide D-lips with the custom leather
And I ball like a dawg Hood Rich forever
See I'm iced all up with that chrome metal
Fully equipped with the Coogi sweater
But it's the Birdman daddy, I run with the bird game
Birds got to have it with my birdy change
But it's the big thangs on the big Range, stop and goes
26's, 28's, it's the Birdman

(Chorus 3X)

(Baby in the background of chorus)

Oh yeah!

Oh yeah, you understand?

Birdman baby

Oh yeah, you're becoming my kind of a bird

You understand nigga?

Flip one, sell one, roll one baby

Whatever nigga, however you gonna go we gonna roll it to you bitch

I'm comin' to your hood boy, I'm flyin' too

18's is better, never nigga, 24's, 28's, I'm singing nigga

You understand this biatch?

Get rid of it little daddy

You understand?

Birdman motherf**ker!

You know, you gots to hate me nigga

Bird call bitch

Let's get this money, holla at your boy nigga!

The Stunna, Cash Money number one nigga!

Yeah, that's how you lace me nigga!

I'm lovin' it!

Hey Lil' Weezy, Papa doin' his thang nigga!

Later boy, BMJ out!

Let's get this money baby

CMR nigga!