

DJ Quik, Birdz N Tha Beez

[Verse 1: DJ Quik]

I don't really give a f**k what you think

I only really give a f**k what you drink

I'm a bar-tender, car spender, a dick lender, cash spender, ass bender

A ass spender

Get it crackin like a bar throw in here

A whorehouse, got these bitches walkin naked through out the whole house

What the f**k U think my life is about?

Bitches hatin

What the f**k U think that butter knife was about?

Bitches hatin

Tell what the f**k this nigga's dick is about

Do he just be talkin' shit? No I doubt

He got years of clout

Like reballin credit line on a Mastercard

Drived it right between the pussy then I bash the broad

Then I took it for a minute

As I punch through my code

Tehn I waited for the pearls come out

Loan put on hold, Bankrupt, get ya stank stunk

Frontin like Pooh bear, I opened up ya cock && hollered sayin

Who there? (Nobody, what?)

That's nice, little buggers done grew up the be the size of rice

So I jumped back && grabbed for my collar

Her pussy appreciated the pennies on the dollar

Now what the f**k

If U want the dick get the f**k up

And stop actin like an old tampon, stuck up

Give me somethin to get my step on

Then trek on, what up

I'll make you bust nuts till I nut up

(Chorus 2X)

The birdz and the beez

All the forties

Not with consume, drink up become roomed

The f**k up in the room with the door locked (Door locked!)

Wake up, divorce the bitch, leave'er lookin' for some more cock (More cock!)

[Verse 2: Hi-C]

We ride, sweet cock, juicy boo

Like Crips and Pirus, shit, we goin do

I fell in the club and hit the dance floor

Yo' boy got mad cause I dipped with his ho

Baby had my tootise, returnin' slow

She was sick got me lookin' for Pepto Bismol

Chips stackin, jaws smackin, dolla droppa

Dice shake ya money makin, dolla poppa

Home wreckin, ho checkin, dick is slow

Bring me back, cognac from the liquor store

Bet cha didn't know that yo ho is a freak

Every week she got something' up in the jaw meat

And I ain't policy

Spit it out

U goin zip my zipper before we get it out

They wanna be touched by the untouchable click

Don't hate, participate, y'all sing that shit

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: AMG]

When I bump on this trouble

What I'm sippin' on make it a double

When I'm wit who, think I'd a hustle

More money and muscle
Shake the hooker like a trick up
Leatehr'n'wood three up off to the good
When I'm dippin I'm jacky
When I'm a flippin I'm saggie
When I'm high I'm a fly guy in the khakis
Big dick of the day, better ran the man
When I put in floss mode lookin' for hands
U scrap gone bad
Ho wishin ya had
Knack it up in the pad
Dick suck and I'm glad
Neva knew what a ho was
Checkin yo buzz
While I'm sittin in a first class digit in the ass
Nigga, you done lost ya playa pass (strip nigga)
3 of 4 niggas been ran upon that ass
Scratch up on the gas of the S5 double
Like when I said when I bump on this trouble
Can I (oooooh)

[Chorus Till Fade]