# Lil' Keke, Birds Fly South

Southside, hot Westside, hot

(Lil' Keke)

Off in the Dirty Dirty, you know we do it with these Poetic and Don Ke, known for getting that cheese I'm a calculator, calculate my feddy It be sixteen a bird, if your chips is ready Where your cash at nigga, cause I stay in the mix Nextdoor to Mexico, I get it thirteen six C.D.'s and L.P.'s, keep it legally true I'm a underground king, rest in peace to Screw You know my click on the creep, with no time to sleep You can hit me all night, got them thangs for cheap Where them real hustlas at, where them real ballas at Get your grind on playa, for real and live fat We legendary thugs, known for shooting slugs Sitting in front of clubs, on brand new Dubs The Escaladea, is looking good no doubt And one thang fa sho, mayn the birds fly South

## (Chorus)

From the East to the West fa sho, that's how we does it Southside for life, won't you tell me how you love it You get it how you live, or you close your mouth And for the hustlas round the world, mayn the birds fly South From the East to the West fa sho, that's how we does it Southside for life, won't you tell me how you love it You get it how you live, or you close your mouth And there's one thang fa sho, mayn the birds fly South

### (Lil' Keke)

I'm bout to touch down, headed to Oak-Town A fat sack of smoke, I'm ready to straight clown Leave the airport, headed straight to the spot And my nigga Mr. Changra, he be punching the clock I'm a certified G, giving all I got They go South for the winter, cause the tracks is hot I be laying low, in the studio writing Remember Lil' Ke, like they did the Titans It's a earthquake, from California to Texas 22's on that thang, don't you touch that Lexus Gotta get it baby, cause you know I'm a savage And that Fed-Ex bout to drop off, a beautiful package We some independent masters, causing a disaster Get ghost on the FED's, like my name was Casper Bastard fa sho, when I'm moving in route And there's one thang fa sho, mayn the birds fly South

## (Chorus)

#### (Lil' Keke)

Commission, Avarice, don't really get us pissed Sell a quick hundred thousand, is first on the list Lay it down, cause we just some young Hoggs This for real dogs, we doing this for y'all I pop up the trunk, let em hear the funk Setting up the shop, got the neighborhood crunk We slab riding, and everything is thick From the quarters to the halves, to the whole damn brick Let's get this money Pete, cause it don't matter to me You can smoke a gang of hours, have a bag or tree We drop hit after hit, lick after lick All the real gangstas, gonna feel this shit

(Chorus)

They fly South