

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