

# Bird's Eye View

## Statik Selektah

Lets do this man for real We smoke big blunts, cigars, it's us  
It's obvious, kids, we regulate up shit moving through brush  
The beats is grim, the ambiance plush  
The speaker won't bang, the sneaker won't lust  
Snitches wish dead, the eagle gon' bust  
Catch you in the wrong spot, you dust  
Statik ill, bring the havoc, this is magic  
Fake niggas flee out, fly out the mouth, I get you gatted  
Sports cars, re endorsed yards  
Everybody four stars, ray like forty jewelry gaudy  
Your creature game corny, I eat your dame, you hop up on me  
Head off the rip, grab the whip, rest maturely  
Hanging around the vets in the sweats  
Since '97 we was rolex-ing the extra  
Fuck around a hundred texts  
Flash flex, cash, drugs, money and sex  
Dumb check smashing Watching the game from a bird's eye view  
They say it's hard to keep trust so my third eye grew  
Chakras open, binocular scoping, sour smoking  
Hoping my best buzz ain't only in it only for the tokens  
Cause they say if who you joking with, chokin' potent with  
Tag team the joker chicks, the ones who do some bogus should  
Act cool on the strip, but want to put two on your hip  
Macking jewels in your whips, booming your hits, screwing your bitch  
Froze under my toes, bitches where my penis is  
Kicking it since the womb, now you see what the fetus is  
And what the fetus is? Would these niggas feed us shit?  
Rob a nigga for his number 2's to put my feet in, shit  
Flow slippery, rise to the tippity top  
I'mma make hot drops, make snakes history  
Dreams of living civilly in Sicily  
Laughing with a fan like It's the elephant in the room  
Created by a collision of the sun and the moon  
My sonogram was an image of a gun in the womb  
That was soon to be dooper than heroin in a spoon  
I'm astonishing, honestly my future looking promising  
As my skin tone and a crystal clean onyx is  
Darker thoughts let the beats break like a Amish's  
I'm a stroke of genius like Mickalene Thomas is

Hip-hop and body rocking and doing it dude  
I am the living definition of improving the groove  
I use the same tools to shoot that Kubrick used  
Take your hero to the river, give them two b-rick shoes  
Who lose? If you really ain't nobody till somebody love you  
I say you ain't nobody til they speaking highly of you  
And what I'm sure you wouldn't want is any kind of trouble  
Unless you got a crash dummy or a body double  
You got a couple homies down to catch a homi- for you  
Well I'mma fold niggas into origami for you  
The most notorious, Poet Laureate  
Whole story is glorious, stoic warriors  
And I got my eyes wide open on you quasi-  
Haters still smirking like the gators on an Izod  
Lacoste, y'all tomato head niggas are  
Imposters, long drawn out process  
Triple OG's got a worn out conscience  
Reminiscing to when we was all out monsters, on  
Our Sierra Leone reigning tyranny  
I strike fear in their hearts, rappers steer clear of me  
Black Sankofa, Ayatollah, Range Rover, games over  
Bill folder, give niggas that Ebola virus  
Huh? You got me chopped like Miley Cyrus  
Naw, I'm on your block with Somali pirates

Songwriters

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