Bird's Eye View

Statik Selektah

Lets do this man for realWe 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 smashingWatching 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 likeIt'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 doper 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 stear 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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