

# Bird Flu

[M.I.A.](#)

Big on the underground, what's the point of knocking me down?  
Everyone knows I'm already good on the ground  
Most of us stay strong, shit don't really bound us  
I can go on my own making bombs with rubber bands  
Have my hard dance, I'ma need a man for romance  
Streets are making 'em hard, so they selfish little roamers  
Jumping girl to girl, make us meat like burgers  
When I get fat I'm gon' pop me out some leaders  
Protocol to be a Rocawear model  
It didn't really drop that way, my legs hit the hurdle  
Protocol to be a rocker on a label  
It didn't really drop that way, my beats were too evil  
Now I got a little paper for later so I'm stable  
Better something, better come, I could get cable  
Ghetto pops, food drops, store them in my stable  
Pop 'em up, pop 'em down, eat 'em off my table  
Village got on the phone, said the street is coming to town  
They wanna check my papers, see what I carry around  
Credentials are boring, I burnt them at the burial ground  
They order me about I'm an outlaw from the badlands  
Put away shots for later, so I'm stable  
Live in trees, chew on feet, watch 'Lost' on cable  
Bird flu gonna get you, made it in my stable  
From the crap you drop on my crop when they pay you

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