

# He's A Bird, He's A Plane

## SPM

First verse (spm):

The dopehouse, got it snowin' in the summer

Drug runner, fuck the "i'ma gonna wanna"

Fast learner, attack like piranhas

My next big hit's called "hubba, hubba, hubba"

I smoke her 'cause I love her

Bought a danny glover

Now I'm burnin' rubber in somebody baby mother

From the gutter diggin' in your trash can

Fuckin' with my niggas it'll be your last dance

I came up off the cut, buyin' 'lacs and trophy trucks

The only thing I sell is submersible products

My all-white chucks turn a man into dust

You wanna meet the devil, ha? you in a bad rush

I'ma keep a smile, I was born the crack child

Got the rap game shinin' up my reptiles

Make your ears ring when I sting like a scorpion

Pronounce him dead by four p.m.

Call me los kevorkian

Chorus (ayana m.):

Some do it for the money and fame

He just don't wanna sell no more 'cane

Now his flow is a beautiful thing

S-p-m, he's a bird, he's a plane

(2x)

Second verse (spm):

In hillwood, we didn't have many choices

I'm hearin' noises, outside I hear voices

The coys is a family who didn't have much

Except the love of a single mother's touch

The lust of money, had me slangin' cane and weed

I was first on the block, and last to leave

Feel the rain as it falls on this, tricky game

Breakin' cane, clear your sinuses, like liquid dran...

Lift my name against my pain is used

To entertain, a simple thing in every city seems like...

Shit's the same

Born loser, v-12 cruiser

I opened up a store for the common drug user  
Thirty-six eggs, come from one chicken  
Some of you ain't livin', fuckin' with the unforgiven  
I'm wishin' I could hug those dead or in prison  
They go to jail or hell just because it's free admission

Man!

Chorus

Third verse (spm):

Five on the dot when I hit the crack spot  
Thirty slab rocks in a little matchbox  
Hoe ass cops hit the cut around seven  
Got a fiend on the pipe, and arrested him for resin  
Fuckin' pigs want me so bad, they can taste it  
But you bitches gonna have to settle for a basehead  
'cause I don't slip, broke quicker than a ship  
Wrap a platinum hit, make the police captain sick  
Backstreet legends, the world feel my prescence  
I'm the first man to touch it when the dope gets to texas  
You can keep the lexus 'cause I bought two benzes  
On the microphone I broke you off with one sentence  
Stay aware for what's out there, I smell hate all in the air  
They asked me what my race was, I told them it was player  
A very rare breed, almost extinct  
The way I walk, the way I think,  
The shit I wear, the shit I drink,  
The way I stink, I smell like fruity hydroponic  
When haters see my car, they turn around and vomit  
I'm loco, fuck any player hatin' punto  
You ain't got no love for me? I ain't got no love tan poco

Chorus

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