Bird Call

Dej Loaf

Aye, that's that bird call
All these haters got my nerves bad
Writing rhymes in my word pad, feeling like I can't be touched
Drinking VOSS as a chaser
I got to get this paper for my unborn creations
Promise we gon' live it up, we ain't worried about haters
I promise they gon' give it up, and if not we gon' take it
I got a temper this short and I barely got patience
He got a dick this long, I think he from Jamaica
These niggas talking like they killers, I just call them pretenders
I'm getting money with my niggas, I don't want y'all around me
Ain't drop an album in two years these dummies thinking I lost it
They done buried me alive, I'm bout' to climb out this coffin
Let me find out that you hating, I'ma fuck him and suck him
Put a hammer to your head, got some shit that would shock you
Put the plug in your ass, that's them battery chargers
Heard your plug had a shortage, need a battery charged
I'm looking in the sky like damn they can't handle your daughter
Fuck they mean I'm trying to pull up in that Phantom or something
Dirty Sprite, Cream Soda, dirty Fanta or something
I couldn't work no 9 to 5, I wasn't good taking orders
But I promise with this music I be feeling immortal
I swear she would have been a beast, R.I.P. cousin Portia
And just for you I'm a cop me like two of them Porshes
I was down on my luck I had to use all my sources
No magazine spreads, couple funeral service
Time to clean the hood up, that community service
We ain't tipping no dancers, y'all bitches be worthless
Might pull up to the club in like two of them suburbans
I touch souls nigga, from the hood to the burbs'
Bitches steady sending shots, they confusing their words
I'm a dog with this shit, I pooper scooper these turds
Diamonds dancing like Omarion in You Got Served
Tell that lame she don't want it, I been getting money
Stop flashing that little jewelery cause my little homies on it
They'll snatch it right up off your neck
Flaunt your shit then sell it back
Nicki said "Stop holding back", they sleeping on me, taking naps
It's time to wake these pussies up, big dog to these cats

All I know is keep it real, all I know is stating facts
All I know when I get home, ain't gonna' do no turning back
All y'all know is turning up, don't know how to get a check
I know it's my time now, I don't think they get it yet
Open up your lid and put a symbol on your fitted cap
Think about it, let it sit
Yeah bitch, remember that?
He think that we going far, he should have used this thinking cap
Old flames calling me, they trying to rekindle that
But they know I'm about my money, they know I'm not into that
Log off and get smacked, I ain't with the chitter chat
Million dollar baby, I'm so million dollar wavy
I can't wait to make a million goin' million dollar crazy
Millionaire in the making, Benjamins and them Franklins
I'm running right next to greatness, yeah bitch that's a chaser
Niggas be talking crazy, but they hustle so lazy
I'm out here grinding for a life that could never be basic
Leave you in the street, they gon' yellow that taper
I'm like free my little brother, fuck the law trying to take us
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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