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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