What Happened To That Boy

Baby

Aye, aye, aye, ya, tot' 'em up, light it up nigga
Bird man motherfucker, clipse, VA, hey no nigga
What you smelt, coke'll leave plastic
Get off the border motherfucker
Come on little'n handle your business for me boy
What happened to that boy?
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He was talking shit we put a clap into that boy
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I heard they snitchin' on a player man say it ain't so
Even as a young and they consigned me to blow
Witches claims why I'm worth my weight in gold
While they was taking baby steps from an 8th to an O
Word in the streets that can envy as me
Enough ice on that watch to make a nigga lose sleep
Magnified face help the bitch see clearly
9 on the waist hit the bitch up severely
I'm known for the flip of that coke I ener
I'm heavy in the street like the 7 series bimma
Man hit 'em with the Nina man
Or that 4/5th guaranteed to lean ya man whoa
I'm the reason that your block is vacant
Malicious will hit ya just to make a statement
Bitch clips and cash money who ain't rich
Don't compare me to you nigga you ain't this, whoa
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Stunna and patty cake the worldwide pusha
Bird man nigga leave the guns in the busher

Been shittin' up bricks unload 'em to Gucci
Boss of the ghetto with the round shape cookie
Shit one, dro one nigga flood the block
If I don't go to jail niggas birds gone flop
Nigga sittin' on the toilet bitch get off the pot
The bird just landed so the hood gon' rot
New whips, big chips the Prada Gucci shit
But mami your fly Benz the wide skinny lips
She takes my flight, she holds my weight
While the po-po staked out from state to state
It ain't nuttin' to a baller baby pay the cars, big money
Heavy weight, bird man, hood boss
Baby steppin' on my line I'll show a little somethin'
They callin' you don't come out then the black crow will touch ya
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Another soul lost
Had to make a shirt match my ox blood colored Porsche
The rims match of course
Blood hit his timbs it reminded me of them
Glistenin' wrist on chiller, gun in the same palm of gorgeous killer
I put this on my Lord my niece was 4 when she felt chinchilla
I past the shore for that shit that made fiends
Rise from the dead like thriller
Gangster hustler at night still found time to kiss my mother
Live like I'm dreamin' kick my feet up
Gun pulled my waist remind me of my demon
So quite ya yappin' fore I get to clappin'
And have your body parts mix and matching fella
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He was talking shit we put a clap into that boy
Aye, aye, aye, aye, there it is nigga, there you have it
Bird man, clips you under-smelt, VA you know

Uptown nigga, we go anywhere with this bullshit
We flip bricks you under-smell
Aye nigga put this puzzle together, aye Pharrell you did this year
A 1000 pieces puzzles 100, you know, let's get this money
Hey nigga I smell somethin', coke'll leave plastic bitch
You know get money motherfucker
However you want it you can get it pimp
From gangster to blood, nigga take it how you want it nigga
We did it how we live, ain't nothin' but the thug thing nigga
Money thing motherfucker

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