

# Written On Her

## Birdman

Yeah, she got it written on her, her swag on lean  
The way she dancin' on me, can tell that she a queen  
Her mama wouldn't like it, her daddy wouldn't either  
And the way she grindin' on me, you can tell shawty's a keeper  
She got it written on her, aye, aye, aye, aye  
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(Yeah, born rich, yup)  
Gucci bag poppin' tags  
New crib brand new jag  
Birdman born to shine  
Bad bitch all the time, stay fly, ride fly  
I'm stuntin', stay high  
Straight G, just like that  
Blow 100, bounce right back  
Red hot, hard top  
Cash money, hard knock  
Bentley frame, drop top  
50 G's, the bottles pop  
Iced out, so we chill  
Tunin' up every automobile  
Tatted up, life of a G  
Counting stacks and five star suits  
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(Yeah, yeah)  
250 on the dash, yeah, I'm livin' fast  
Yeah, I'm gettin' cash, I need a bitch that's bad  
Shawty play your role, we slammin' phantom doors  
She be like drive slow, we burnin' purple smoke  
I said I'd never fold, I promise not to stop

Just like my rolls Royce, the way that girl drop  
I need a hot girl, the way the girl hot  
Dollar signs tatt'd on her on her private flight  
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I wanna be all over your body like it was Miami with tattoos  
Baby, I have to, I ain't playin'  
And I needa some good girl in front of me baby  
You drivin' me crazy, yeah  
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