

# Birthday

## Flo Rida

Flo Rida I got a story to tell (story to tell, story to tell),  
There once was a man that lived in a shoe,  
Next to a bakery that I knew,  
His excuse he had a sweet tooth,  
Ever since the days of his youth,  
I love cake, he said me too,  
Tastes so good I drive in the coupe (Err day),  
Traffic come through (err day),  
Capture that loot,  
For some strange reason that shop never close,  
And everybody leave have powder on they nose,  
Dunk in line, Betty Crocker bank row,

[Rick Ross]:

We eatin' every day, go check my resume,  
I'm blowing Mary Jane, off in this 7 tre,  
Yea I got 20 whips, close to 40 women,  
So I get plenty lips, I love swimmin',  
I'm shinin' every day, you shinin' once a year,  
Multi millionaire, I had a monster year,  
We own monster trucks, so ya we crush yea haters,  
Never squashin beef, got too much paper,  
You don't know, you better look around,  
Poe boy's the biggest crooks in town,  
Hood niggas like put me down,  
Fifty grand just to put me now,  
Rollin up on the good weed now,  
Who you hoes call and fuck me now,  
Baddest chicks wanna fuck me now,  
They screamin loud like it's a damn touchdown,

[Chorus (Flo Rida)]:

I could spend a hundred thousand in a day,  
Getting cake er day (er day), er day (er day),  
Comin through yo hood in that 7 tre,  
Getting cake er day (er day), er day (er day),  
I told ya'll, I don't want no cake on my birthday,  
I want my cake er day (maan), er day (maan),  
I could spend a hundred thousand in a day,

Getting cake er day (er day), er day (er day),

[Flo Rida]:

I don't want cake on the day I was born,  
I want my cake like I woke up in yawn,  
Flo Rida fought like a cat play with yarn,  
Look at my stacks I hatin the thorn,  
Rubber bands on the hundred grand,  
I'm in love with that cake from oven man,  
I'm in a trap with a bakin' that oven man,  
Cristal, rose keep bubblin',  
If you ain't talkin' bout your birthday,  
You ain't probably had cake in the first place,  
I go hard until the block get first aid,  
Do my part and Poe Boy my birth place,  
Stallin the block like Monday Tuesday,  
Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday,  
I'm still in the hood, ain't got away,  
Carol City all good in Mi. A.,  
I'm on my grind, I gotta have my dunk in line's,  
Betty Crocker on my mind, everyday, 365,  
Flo-rida own the bakery line,  
Look at them? chasin me now,  
I'm gettin domes for basically dimes,  
Do what I want I got dollar signs,

[Chorus (Flo Rida)]:

I could spend a hundred thousand in a day,  
Getting cake err day (err day) err day (err day),  
Comin through yo hood in that 7 tre,  
Getting cake err day (er rday) err day (err day),  
I told ya'll, I don't want no cake on my birthday,  
I want my cake err day (maan) err day (maan),  
I could spend a hundred thousand in a day,  
Getting cake err day (err day) err day (err day),

[Brisco:]

Happy Birthday,  
Baby what's your birth place, where your birth Ma,  
What's your zodiac and birthday day,  
Who gettin money, that's the only cake I ever knew,  
50 thousand the closest thing to candles I ever blew,  
I close my eyes, made a wish and it came true,  
Now I'm rockin clubs, arenas and all the bigger venues,  
Everyday we ballin', tippin that Phantom price,

Hit the club I come out wearin all the ice,  
I know the wrist enticing, like the Bentley bright,  
Somthin like a big song lightin it, wrist came hard,  
And I can do it again, see Flo Rida like my brother, yea he my twin,

[Chorus (Flo Rida)]:

I could spend a hundred thousand in a day,  
Getting cake err day (err day) err day (err day),  
Comin through yo hood in that 7 tre,  
Getting cake er day (err day) err day (err day),  
I told y'all, I don't want no cake on my birthday,  
I want my cake err day (maan) err day (maan),  
I could spend a hundred thousand in a day,  
Getting cake err day (err day) err day (err day),

[Rick Ross:]

Boss, yea, it's a hit baby, Flo-Rida, we rich homie, Poe Boy Entertainment  
Ricky Ross, Triple C's, we eatin err day man don't get that fucked up,  
We got the maybach's on deck n' V12's on deck,  
S 65's on deck and yachts on deck,  
Yea, boss.

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Lyrics submitted by andrew.

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