

Ghetto Bird

Gunplay

Why, oh why must you swoop through the hood
Like everybody from the hood is up to no good
You think all the girls around here are trickin'
Up there lookin' like Superchicken
At night I see your light through my bedroom window
But I ain't got shit but the pad and pencil
I can't wait till I hear you say, "I'm going down, mayday, mayday"
I'm gonna clown 'cause every time that the pigs have got me
Y'all rub it in with the flying Nazi military force
But we don't want you, standin' on my roof with the rocket launcher
So fly like an eagle but don't follow us wherever we go
The shit that I'm saying, make sure it's heard
Motherfuck you and your punk-ass ghetto bird
Run, run, run from the ghetto bird
Run, run, run from the ghetto bird
Now, my homies here to lick on a trick for a Rolex
And let me try the four next
Now the four I was driving is hotter than July
Looked up and didn't see it whippin' in the sky
Saw a chopper with numbers on the bottom
Calling all cars, I think we've got 'em
I hit the gas and I mashed past Inglewood
I think I drove through every single hood
South Central, Compton and Watts
Long Beach, bust a U, here come the cops
Wish I had a genie with about three wishes
Metal flake green on D's, I look suspicious
You know that I'm running, shit, I hear it humming
Fuck, I see it coming, is it a bird? Yup, is it a plane? No
I hit me a right on El Segundo
Wanted to holla, had to ditch the Impala
Let's see if they would follow
Me, hit a fence, hit a fence and another
Met me a baby pitbull and his mother
Ran up in some people's house and looked out of the window
I wish it was my ten-four
Had to pull a strap on a fool named Louis the Third
'Cuz I'm getting chased by the ghetto bird
Just put his hat, he combed his hair and then put his hat back on
He's acting nonchalant up there in that cockpit, going 115 miles an hour
With the police chasing him, they're not gonna be real happy
When they catch up with him, no matter what, but the
They hate, they hate a bigmouth even worse
Officer Bird's on his way and I don't wanna see him
Could you please give me the keys to the B.M.?
See, I didn't want to gank you
But don't make me bank you, thank you
Tried to get to the hood, and you might guess
That a fool like me woulda shot Cyrus
Incognito, Ghetto Eagle
Saying, "Fuck, where did he go?"
I bust me a left from Rubellon

Parked the 735 and I'm bailin'
Went to my home girl's house and got a hug man
She helped me run like Harriet Tubman
Looked out the window by the black bed
I saw the pigs and the four on a flatbed
Then the light from the bird hit me in the face
I close the blinds 'cause I didn't wanna catch a case
All that night, I heard the bird circle
While I was eating fish and watching Urkel
She said I could sleep on the couch
By two a.m. I was digging her out, fuck the ghetto bird
Which way is he going now?
Okay, now, now he's, he's actually Southbound on a service street
And, Gee whiz, uh, I'm gonna get my maps out here
And figure out which service street he suddenly turned off on
The sheriffs are, are, well I know that sheriffs ground units got thrown off
Motherfuck you and your punk-ass
ghetto bird

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