

# 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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