

My Jewel

Birdman

Yeah
Just like that, baby boy
Brrat
Y'all understand me
Bigger than life (crazy)
Y'all understand me? (yeah)
The sun do shine
Believe me (yeah)
Dolla Dolla (yeah)
Brrat (yeah)
[Hook] (Birdman)
Give me my tool
Die for my goons
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels
Bullshit or hustle, money mothafucka
Buyin' yo self
Private jets mothafucka
Yo, we live a luxury life
Don P., pearl white
Harley Davis bike
Nigga, mansion on sight
Do the five mikes
Take the five mikes
Jam the five mikes
Five star and nigga life (brrat)
(Birdman)
Bounce back, rebel
Fuck, going in a nigga sell
I'm raising hell doing swell
Make the mil, fuck the mirror
Make the money, fuck who tells
Make the money
Flip the money
Nigga show and tell (yeah)
From the bottom
Where the roaches at
Hit the light switch
Where the roaches scat

Bounce back, hella choppers
More stacks, out the back
To a bus nigga mill stack (yeah)
So she love me
So I fuck her right
From the floor, no ceilings
What a hella sight
Harley Davis is a nigga bike
Eleven-hundred, twelve-hundred
Models every night (yeah)
Put the suede with the plush leather
Leather so soft, nigga do it any weather
Fly in any weather
Hustle in any weather
Shine in any weather (brrat)
[Hook] (Birdman)
Give me my tool
Die for my goons
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels
Bullshit or hustle, money mothafucka
Buyin' yo self
Private jets mothafucka
Yo, we live a luxury life
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Harley Davis bike
Nigga, mansion on sight
Do the five mikes
Take the five mikes
Jam the five mikes
Five star and nigga life (brrat)

(Bun B)

Nigga this is G shit
Straight up out the wars, from out the back of the projects
Where niggas pull cards and choppers get pulled out
Like you at the barber
Fresh up out the blue water like we at the harbor

This is my life (life)
A ghetto dream come true
Paper plates on the Benz (Benz), ridin' so new
On some 2011 shit, when I come through
Black paint, black seats
And the black rims, too
Can you see me mothafucka

I'm creeping on the low though
In the big-body four-door
With the four bar logo
Smokin' purple kush rolled up
In a damn splif getting high as
mothafucka eagle dare drift
Ain't that some damn shit
And it's true though
But it ain't like I'm telling you
Something that you ain't knew though
So don't get it twisted like a noodle
I'll put one in your noodle
And leave a nigga twisted
So what it do, Bro
[Hook] (Birdman)
Give me my tool
Die for my goons
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels
Bullshit or hustle, money mothafucka
Buyin' yo self
Private jets mothafucka
See, we live a luxury life
Don P., pearl white
Harley Davis bike
Nigga, mansion on sight
Do the five mikes
Take the five mikes
Jam the five mikes
Five star and nigga life (brrat)
(Young Jeezy)
Give me my tool
Jizzle got it bad
He ain't no fool
Bitch Jizzle 'bout his bag
2010 droppin head, 26-inch mags
Stick in the back with the 100-round mag (yeah)
Call him shit bag, bitch I'm Mr. Toilet Paper
Call me half a clip with the gasoline chaser
Fuck the hollow tips we make the gasoline chase you
Smoke that fire shit, that shit'll gasoline face you
Cause young nigga heartless, he walkin' with a pacer
Blue and yellow mirror, that's my Indiana placer
Black with the red beam, my Portland trail blazer
No playin where I'm from, we'll fucking trail blaze you

Don't love no bitch
And that's on everything I own
But I swear nigga love every strap I ever owned
Black head to toe with the Louis V. holster
Straight gangster shit, I match my four-door Porsche
[Hook] (Birdman)
Give me my tool
Die for my goons
Cooked up the food
Got the ice for the jewels
Bullshit or hustle, money mothafucka
Buyin' yo self
Private jets mothafucka
Yo, we live a luxury life
Don P., pearl white
Harley Davis bike
Nigga, mansion on sight
Do the five mikes
Take the five mikes
Jam the five mikes
Five star and nigga life (brrat)
Yeah, I see you Brad
Yeah, OG
Believe That
Pay attention man
010, yeah, every summer we shine

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