

# Like a Bird

## Lil Boosie

[Lil' Boosie]

Ugh! We dropped again on you bitch ass, niggaz! (Laughing)

Every album like a bird! If you buy Trill shit

Then you buy that real shit!

And the D.A. and the judge gone get it

If they don't free Pimp C, bitch!

And when I drop shit, it's hot shit!

You know I ain lyin'

I only gave y'all half the shit, but I got more in my mind!

If you heard that green and yellow cd

You bout love a lil nigga!

You a girl, in this thug world

You might wanna fuck a lil nigga! I don't really give a fuck

About the fortune and fame

I want the money

So my daughter wouldn't have to beg, no mane!

I'm in the studio, daily nigga!

Wit my pen and my pad

Where I run rhymes about my life

And how I'm missin' my dad

Dedicated, to makin' these hundreds

I get paid for my shows

Niggaz hate it, cause' my name

That's what takin' these hoes!

Thirty-six zones, on the fuckin shelf at the stores

Ya better get before it goes! .....And [Chorus: repeat 4X]

Every album like a bird....steady flippin!

Every album like a bird! [Lil' Boosie]

My first album was bout a 7 (It was aight)

But I talk me some shit

About this world

About these girls

And how I dog, my bitch!

My next album was bootleg

Ain even come to the stores

Cause a nigga stole it

And they sold it for the price of some "O"!

Six months later, they heard that "For My Thugs"

The cd that have you niggaz and bitches tearin da club up! Huh!

Ain nothing but raw rhymes  
No flashy shit, just hard times!  
Nigga don't wanna hear bout ballin  
If he ain' got a damn quarter!  
Ya hear me talkin'  
But to see that ghetto D, that's real shit!  
Cause I'm feelin' the power  
Cause I get 5 G's, to be on stage, for a half a hour!  
Shit, I heard... (Don't say no names) ... wanna holla!  
I want 2 billion dollars  
Not no million, you dick rider! I got two 24,80's dawg  
They filled up!  
With shit that'll make you get kill  
Or even kill us!  
Then I drop....huh!  
Then I drop again!  
And I get sicker every time  
I touch dat fuckin' pen! ...And[Chorus]Every album like a bird in a corner store  
Keep it real boy  
Trill got the good dope!  
See grill, big bills, with a thick hoe  
About an ounce of that good dolja  
We gone big blow! Wanna beef, motherfucker?!  
Ain no problem with that!  
I barely hit you in ya chest  
Made it come out ya back!  
And while you put yo look on hard  
I be rippin them tracks  
And by the time it hit the shelves  
I'll be gettin' it back!  
So many niggaz playa hatin'  
So I'm totin a gat  
Pistol grippin', steady waiting on a nigga to act!  
That's how you livin' when you on  
And ya got that crack  
And wake up with a new bone  
I can get left flat! So fuck that, ride strapped  
Give another nigga what he deserve  
And I'ma keep a bad bitch  
Cause I'm flippin' these birds!  
Trill niggaz bout to fuck it up  
I know you nerv (nervous)  
Because them niggaz got dope in them birds! [Chorus]

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