Bird Talk

Fredo Santana

You want a wrist like this
Expensive kicks like this
Drive whips like this
You want a bitch like thisBird talking with them pigeons
Make them bitches fly to you
Looking like the police
I'mma have to lie you
Run up on me wrong boy
You don't wanna die do you?
Them shooters at your head
And they killing everybody thats riding with you
Gino got the pistol and we solving all these issues
In the field we play with missiles and these niggas soft as tissue
Savage squad records man this the new world order
And we kidnap your daughter catch a case i call my lawyer
Call up Pablo and place my fucking order
Every-things good as long as he get em cross the border
40 for a whole and them halves for a quarter x2
Last week i met a plug in Minnesota I know this one fiend she a very mad snorter
Fredo Santana mr chef up in the kitchen
Got what u want extra chickens with them biscuits
Call my phone man u know that i deliver
I wouldn't be shit if it wasn't for my whipping
Bitches see me getting money and they wanna kick it
My neck is very cold man i think its frost bitten
A nigga try me then he must of fucking lost it
I got goons i got goons that will put u in a coffin
Buy a pint a lean then i put it in the soda
Buy a couple keys then i need some baking soda
I got toasters i got shooters that will put u on a poster
Keep my gun in my hand man i dont use a holster
War time, doing hits out a Toyota
Scoring when im shootin', just like I'm 'spose to
Savage squad man these pussies can't control us
Savage squad man your bitch want to know us
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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