

# All Birds (feat. French Montana)

[Rick Ross](#)

Walk with a rel nigga  
Self-made millionaire  
What more could you ask for, huh? I'm a kamikaze in a Maserati  
I'm a John Gotti, got my own army  
Worth fifty million and it's all on me  
Fifty on my Rollie knowing yours phony  
Last problem I had, a nigga head-shot him  
Say the word on the street is that my man got him  
If I wasn't involved you wouldn't hear about him  
I got Lears and all -- don't need Aaliyah problems  
May she rest her soul, I got a sleeping problem  
All my CDs gold but the Visa darker  
Bastard child but I got a fleet of cars  
Double-M G this little thing of ours  
Take it to the door, motherfucker, plea  
Niggas layin' on your crib while your momma sleep  
Home-cooked meals for the real niggas  
Hot Tec 9 for you little niggas  
Want to shoplift? Come and boost this  
We run the fucking game, nigga, truth is  
Cargo pants and my red bottoms  
Talking 'bout birds you know the boy got 'em  
No clothes in the closet, it's all birds  
No sneakers in the sneaker box, it's all birds  
No luggage in the trunk, man, it's all birds  
And I ain't going back  
I'mma ball first Anything you need know I get it cheap  
My nigga Rozay makes millions while he can't sleep  
Cars European come and see the fleet  
We're commercial; come and see us if you need the street  
I'mma bring it home nigga bet the bank  
Sierra Leone all up in the link  
'Bout to double up, some Mason Betha shit  
Huddle up, round table, King Arthur shit  
Shorty ass fat, she can't stand straight  
Spent your down payment on my landscape  
Niggas sideways like the Phantom door  
Hundred round drum sound like round of applause  
Slicker than a can of grease  
Paid the state in the ice, hundred grand a piece  
Coke, boy, I'll be thirty for sure now  
Coke damn near same price as dope now

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>