

Birds

Migos

[Intro: Quavo]

Wassup, Pablo? What's poppin'?
You got them birds? D-low?
I need 'em, I want it

[Hook: Quavo]

Had this dream that I woke up in a 'Rari (skrt, skrt, skrt)
Can't fuck with you niggas, I'm sorry (no way)
I'm too fly, I spread my wings and I'm soaring
Used to trap them birds, now I'm fly like a bird
(I got 'em, who need 'em)
B-birds
(Come on, come on right now)
B-b-birds
(Come on, come on, come get 'em right now)
Birds

[Verse 1: Quavo]

Quavo!
Just hit my phone if you want a bird
My niggas out right now on the curb (serve)
You can get a re-rock
You can get a whole serve (serve)
We locked and now I can front you
Young nigga that's my word (word)
Walk in the bando, look at all them birds (birds)
Bando get low, re-up on the birds (birds)
Got shooters on pronto
Don't got no undo
At the age of 17, I hit my first kick do' (kick do')
Just me and Willie Mac, Offset
Shoutout Domingo (Domingo)
Then 12 tried to get me for gang activity (Migo)
The judge dropped the charge and I thank lord (thank you)
That's why I take this mic and I go hard

[Hook: Quavo]

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[Verse 2: Offset]

Offset!

Just got the word (hello?), just got the birds
Shabba Ranks gold, only kick it with Ferg
You think you finessing me? Run off with ya bird
You gotta be kidding me
Charles Barkley, I got that broccoli
Fuckin' these bitches committing adultery
Trap full of babies like an Elementary
Bando with burglar bars (bando), plugged in with Italian mobs (plugged)
Don't never put trust in a broad (no)
I'm puttin' my trust up in God
I got birds, I got chickens, I got seagulls
Too many birds, my gun is an eagle (birds)
When I talk birds, I'm talkin' a kilo (kilo)

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[Verse 3: Takeoff]

Takeoff!

The plug just hit my phone for some Funyuns, want an onion
Exotic crocodile skin Martens, call me Dundee
Tito want a brick, chico gotta cross the country
Carlito for a hundred, gave bout 50 to my mama
I'm an OG in my hood, no Aretha, well respected
Toucan Sam pigeons, call me Ace Ventura, Pet Detective
I see falcons on a daily basis, Takeoff Arthur Blank
Whippin' chickens in the kitchen, trap smell like a septic tank
Black n' gold everything, talkin' 'bout jewelry, not the sink
I don't need no translator, I comprehend in a way
My plug Carlito, he can't speak no Englo

All he knows is "andale"
I got bandos for the L-O
State-to-state, no real estate

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