

Ali Birdman-Juvenile Lyrics

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"Ali Birdman"

[Intro: Juvenile]

Rich gang

Rich gang

(D-Roc)

[Chorus: Juvenile]

I got weed and the cognac

Riding in the Jag'

Give a fuck what nigga think about me yeah

My heart ain't got no feelings

My career ain't got no ceilings

I'm the goat like Muhammad Ali yeah

I got weed and the cognac

Riding in the Jag'

Give a fuck what nigga think about me

I said my heart ain't got no feelings

My career ain't got no ceilings

I'm the greatest since Muhammad Ali

[Verse 1: Birdman]

One, uh

I'm selling packs and kept a shop up off the sale racks

I'm cutting deals, kept it real in the Maybachs

I put Beezo on, he bought himself a Hellcat

Nigga be begging, ain't no limit to a niggas ask

We open gate, it ain't no flood, we will pay it back
We get it back, little one fried, we'll pay it back
She want me buy the crib, nigga, so I did that
'Cause I already know what come with that
We got some cardinal rules, and we don't break 'em
Never loan a nigga money, never give 'em information
Never let 'em know what I'm doing and where I'm stationed
And never let a bitch get involved with situations
Blatt

[Chorus: Juvenile]

I got weed and the cognac
Riding in the Jag' (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Give a fuck what nigga think about me yeah (Woo, woo, woo)
My heart ain't got no feelings
My career ain't got no ceilings
I'm the goat like Muhammad Ali yeah (Ha, ha, ha)
I got weed and the cognac
Riding in the Jag'
Give a fuck what nigga think about me ('Bout me)
I said my heart ain't got no feelings
My career ain't got no ceilings (Yeah)
I'm the greatest since Muhammad Ali (Pour it up then)

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

Pour it up then
Pour me some more liquor in my glass
I got too much money to give a nigga my last (Never)
This is why I laugh
I love it when they fuss over how much money I have
And they was in the streets like I was, none of them lasted
I smoke and drink, but I'm a always be on that mask shit
The way I ball with my homies they think I'm Patrick (Yeah)
When I say my life is a movie, bitch I ain't acting (Yeah)
They know I'm straight from New Orleans, it's in my accent

That's where I am with it
They say, "What's up with you Big Woo?," I say, "What's happenin' with it"
I got that hustle in my blood, that shit was transmitted
And ain't no business going on without my hands in it (Break bread, break
bread)

[Chorus: Juvenile]

I got weed and the cognac
Riding in the Jag' (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Give a fuck what nigga think about me yeah (Woo, woo, woo)
My heart ain't got no feelings
My career ain't got no ceilings
I'm the goat like Muhammad Ali yeah (Ha, ha, ha)
I got weed and the cognac
Riding in the Jag'
Give a fuck what nigga think about me ('Bout me)
I said my heart ain't got no feelings
My career ain't got no ceilings
I'm the greatest since Muhammad Ali

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