

What Happened to That Boy-Birdman feat. The Clipse Lyrics

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"What Happened to That Boy"

Aye, Aye, Aye, Ya

Tot' 'em up, light it up nigga

Birdman motherfucker

Clipse, VA, NO nigga

What you smelt

Coke'll leave plastic

Get off the border motherfucker

Come on little'n handle your business for me boy

[Chorus: Pusha T & (Pharrell) (2x)]

(Brrrrrrrrrr) What happened to that boy (yo)

(Brrrrrrrrrr) What happened to that boy

(Brrrrrrrrrr) What happened to that boy

He was talking shit we put a clap into that boy

Whoa...Yeah...Malicious...Yeah

I heard they snitchin' on a player man say it aint so

Even as a young'n they consigned me to blow

Witches claims why I'm worth my weight in gold

While they was taking baby steps from an 8th to an O

Word in the streets that can envy as me

Enough ice on that watch to make a nigga lose sleep

Magnified face help the bitch see clearly

9 on the waist hit the bitch up severely

I'm know for the flip of that coke I ener

I'm heavy in the street like the 7 series Bimma

Man, hit 'em with the Nina man

Or that 4/5th guaranteed to lean ya man (Whoa)

I'm the reason that your block is vacant

Malicious will hit ya just to make a statement

Bitch! Clipse and Cash Money who aint rich

Don't compare me to you nigga you aint this (Whoa)

Aye...Aye...Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye...

Stunna and Patty Cake the worldwide Pusha (get this money)

Birdman nigga leave the guns in the busher (cuff 'em up, let 'em up bitch)

Been shittin' up bricks unload 'em to Gucci

Boss of the ghetto with the round shape cookie

Shit one, Dro one nigga flood the block
If I don't go to jail niggas birds gone flop
Nigga sittin' on the toilet bitch get off the pot
The bird just landed so the hood gon' rot
New whips, big chips the Prada Gucci shit
But mami your fly Benz the wide skinny lips
She takes my flight she holds my weight
While the po-po staked out from state to state
It aint nuttin to a baller baby
Pay the cars, big money, heavy weight, bird man, hood boss
Baby steppin on my line I'll show a little somethin'
They callin' you don't come out then the black crow will touch ya (touch ya)

Ughhh...Another soul lost
Had to make a shirt match my ox blood colored Porsche
Ughhh...The rims match of course
Blood hit his Timbs it reminded me of them
Glistenin' wrist on chiller
Gun in the same palm of gorgeous killer
I put this on my lord my niece was 4 when she felt chinchilla
I past the shore for that shit that made fiends rise from the dead like
Thriller
Gangster...Hustler

At night still found time to kiss my mother
Live like I'm dreamin' kick my feet up
Gun pulled my waist remind me of my demon
So quite ya yappin' fore I get to clappin
And have your body parts mix and matching fella

Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, there it is nigga, there you have it
Birdman, Clipse you under-smelt, VA you know
Uptown nigga, we go anywhere with this bullshit
We flip bricks you under-smell (gangster motherfucker)

Aye nigga put this puzzle together
Aye Pharrell you did this year (you did it nigga)
A 1000 pieces puzzles (startrak) 100, you know
Let's get this money (get the money)
Hey nigga I smell somethin', coke'll leave plastic bitch
Get money motherfucker

However you want it you can get it pimp
From gangster to blood nigga, take it how you want it nigga
We did it how we live, aint nothin' but the thug thing nigga
Money thing motherfucker

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