

# Birdman, Dark Shades (Ft. Lil Wayne & Mack Ma

Dark, dark shades I can see them haters  
..don?t forget to tip the waiter  
I don?t drink champagne, it make my stomach hurt  
I?m on that Patron, marijuana get murder  
Dollars, dollars, that go pu, that go dollars, that go pu  
Got a mean ass swagger, my bitches do too

Yeah, back in this, tell ?em about it  
These sweet niggers, a bunch brownies  
You?re talking about, I?m a G like a thousand  
I?m on my one two, and I?m still counting  
You got problems, well I got bigger problems  
My soul back, make me bring, make me bring the?.  
You don?t want that, homie  
Plus I got that.. you won?t see tomorrow morning.

Be so, be so old, young money, money old  
Life is full of choices and you chose  
I?m so ? to groove, the?  
And if ? I paint the picture  
You know what I?m on, good and strong  
You know where I?m going, I?m going, going, gone!  
Holler at your boy, I don?t give a, give a  
Gotta tell these ? make me shut you?

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Just a third world gangsta, been filthy?  
Hustler? I?m on, keep banking  
Big mansions on the..  
Popping shots out the bottle  
Spending cause we?re winning  
Five star, money, power!  
..man, hood rich  
Build on some .. bad boy rich  
Chandelier, marble full of ?  
Out .. with ?em dogs for the?  
?throwing hundreds in the club.  
Bouncing on the shine?  
Head ride, green light, spend them at the green light  
Flash light, fast life, for a cheap price.  
Uh, uptown swaging life, living like we live it twice?

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Yeah, down from New Orleans, rest in peace like ?  
And I come from ? it?s a safari.  
..I go retarded, the grass is green back in my garden  
Pop, pop ?we?re arguing  
Leave her leaking, if you?re scared, go see the ?  
Got a bunch of ?to tell me all of their secrets  
And if I get in that? walls like graffiti  
?I?m on my vampire, bloody red  
?call it dead cash

And it's party time, excellent ?  
Party time, excellent?

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