

Birdman & Lil Wayne, King Kong

I pop my trunk and everybody get to running,
The "fireman" bitch like my body in the oven.
I'm one egg short, I'm just tryin to get a dozen.
My name like honey, it got all the bitches buzzing.
The neck of the barrel is so long and narrow,
And it shoot a bunch, you just lunchin and munching like Farrel.
Bloodshot eye's on the sparrow,
I stay high, but on-point like an arrow.
Street nigga baby Im in love with the gravel,
Money gives me life like the man with the gavel
I'm strapped at home, I'm strapped when i travel
I pop my trunk and make the bitches spread like cattle

(chorus)

(I got King Kong in the trunk)...and i feed him banana clips,
And he sing like Gladys Knight and the Pips
Im just sticking to the muthaf**king manuscript,
Understand im tryin to get the chips and the dip.
Better know i hold that gun with a Panther grip,
My hollow bullets got tips like a dancer bitch.
Where my money? Where my money? You need to answer quick,
Or I'll get back on my ransom shit. (Put him in the trunk)
So you'll be laying ontop of speakers.
Holes all in you like an old pair of sneakers.
Before I do a day, on the edge, I will leap first.
Bet you any money that I will land feet first.
Married to the Benjamins, battle all my enemies,
Riding with Big Foot, Harry, and the Hendersons.
Godzilla, King Kong...and if i have to park,
I will open up my trunk and it wil be Jurassic Park