

Birdman Radio, Baby You Can Do It

Oh yeah, believe it baby
Aight Toni, come on Toni

(Toni Braxton)
Baby you can do it
Take your time do it right
You can do it birdman, do it tonight
Get your shine baby
It's your time, do it tonight
(Do it yeah)

(Verse 1)
Ay, ay, ay
See this stuntin, pimpin, cadalliac dippin
Grey-head miss Gladys, your son new mission
Birdman daddy, no divin for fishes
Until you ducks, I'm stackin my riches
Brought mami to the mall and she ball wit a genius
Frankie B, Kristen Desmenfifler
Stilleto boot, wife beater and I minked her
Spend like crazy, if the broad freak me
Dro back jersey, the world wide champion
Baby, in a coupe spin bout eighty
Bird island, know that I'm smilin
Broads on my yaught, wit that gucci and prada
Hood rich, I'm sellin that
Hood rats, cost dime a dollar
Boss pimpin got sick off of power
Get it how you live, I'm a known survivor

(Chorus - Toni Braxton)
Baby you can do it
Take your time do it right
You can do it birdman, do it tonight
Get you shine baby
It's your time, do it tonight
Uh, uh, oh, baby, take your time
Bust they eye (bust they eye)
Uh, uh, oh, baby, take your time
Bust they eye

(Verse 2)
Well it's the birdman daddy, I'll fly in any weather
I keep the birdlady with the feather in the pezzle
Always on the rock with the full length leather
I'm in the Benz, she in a new Lexus
22's cause we bird infested
Ruby red with the platinum necklace
She in the Escalade, so wild stretchin
I'm so so fly, the man done blessed me
Mami in the village so while dressed em
Mink on the boots wit the minked out sweater
Mink on the floor, with the mink chinchetta
Mink on the Gucci, with the mink on the leather
See I'm fly on these , mami ride on voles
Stop and go's on that new Range Rover
Time to go home, cause I gots to go because
(Mami is in the bed with the breakfast on the stove)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)
Hey pimp, it's the rich and famous
You drivin wreckless, you drivin dangerous

Twenty inches on the caddy, don't blame me
Slab on the floor, but it's my turn baby
Money ain't natin to me
See that birdman Jr., that somethin to me
What you know about runnin these streets
Get it how you live, and get it how ya be
Get it how ya hustle, and get it how ya see
Off parole so i'm puffin these trees
I'm so so high, I'm a world wide G
Connected to these streets, playa this cash money

(Chorus)

(Baby in the background)
Oh yeah, Stunner and TB man
Yo turn baby, got your mink on
Your gucci on, your prala on
Do it, do it big
In yo new truck wit yo stop and go's, mami
It's supposed to look so so so fly
Ya done dig, 23's they on turn and shine ya done dig
Birdman daddy, I'm fly in any weather
Ok, fo sheezie baby