

# Looks Like a Job 4...

## Baby

Looks like a looks like a job job job for job for

*[Baby in the background of chorus]*

Oh yeah!

Oh yeah!

Birdman motherfucker, holla at your boy nigga

Look, whew, fly in any weather nigga

Tryin to get this money

You know real real high, real real high

We tryin to stack it biatch

Bird call motherfucker!

*[Chorus]*

Birdman, look looks like a looks like a looks like a job job job for job for

Birdman, look looks like a looks like a looks like a job job job for job for

Birdman, look looks like a looks like a looks like a job job job for job for

Birdman, look looks like a looks like a looks like a job job job for job for

*[Verse 1]*

Yeah, I'm on a mission lil daddy to scoop in the Caddy go visit Ms. Gladius

B(ah) to A(ah) to B-Y BIATCH!

Somethin' so fly and somethin' so slick  
24's, 28's, got to be better, 18's never, nigga whatever  
It's the New Orleans finest BIATCH!  
I'm a worldwide rider with that Gucci and Prada shit  
Look like I got to uplift my Prada, get a few dollars, holla at a model  
Nigga if it ain't money it can't beat me  
That platinum from the neck, wrists, finger, and teeth  
But I'm so so cool and I'm so so ooh  
Get outta line watch me bust my 2  
I ran out the house and I ran in the building  
Them people was comin, "Hands up!" ya feel me

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

I'm the bird of the nest  
The shark of the sea  
Hungry dog on the concrete that's tryin' to eat  
Nobody move me cause I be who I be  
The Uptown rider, the home CMB  
I get what I want when I want I could have it  
Lexus, Bentley, and the Jag nothin' average  
Never got married but I'm lovin' Ms. Gladius  
Birdlady in that brand new Caddy  
I'm a boss nigga

Nothin' less, two boats no cost nigga  
Fly nigga hold your hearts nigga  
That what Daddy told you, Mommy told you  
I stand my grounds, be a man homie  
No quarters no halves, with them wholes thang  
"Fuck it, pitch in nigga!" and don't fuck with them chickens man  
Flip whatever: cars, rims, and bucks  
Live this life like you don't give a fuck nigga

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

Do a doughnut, swing around, and come around the corner  
Change feathers twice, come back with the homies  
That fly shit, that Prada and Gucci sheets  
Feather to the floor with swine on her feets  
Bezel that glow with the 9 on the seats  
And whether thats snow or white mink on me  
See I'm hustlin' leathers and I'm chasin' cheddars  
That's Eminem's bitch, it gets no better  
With the wide D-lips with the custom leather  
And I ball like a dawg Hood Rich forever  
See I'm iced all up with that chrome metal  
Fully equiped with the Coogi sweater  
But it's the Birdman daddy, I run with the bird game

Birds got to have it with my birdy change  
But it's the big thangs on the big Range, stop and goes  
26's, 28's, it's the Birdman

*[Chorus 3X]*

*[Baby in the backround of chorus]*

Oh yeah!  
Oh yeah, you understand?  
Birdman baby  
Oh yeah, you're becoming my kind of a bird  
You understand nigga?  
Flip one, sell one, roll one baby  
Whatever nigga, however you gonna go we gunna roll it to you bitch  
I'm comin' to your hood boy, I'm flyin' too  
18's is better, never nigga, 24's, 28's, I'm singing nigga  
You understand this biatch?  
Get rid of it little daddy  
You understand?  
Birdman motherfucker!  
You know, you gots to hate me nigga  
Bird call bitch  
Let's get this money, holla at your boy nigga!  
The Stunna, Cash Money number one nigga!  
Yeah, that's how you lace me nigga!

I'm lovin' it!

Hey Lil' Weezy, Papa doin' his thang nigga!

Later boy, BMJ out!

Let's get this money baby

CMR nigga!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>