Byrd Call (ft. Cam'ron)

J.R. Writer

Yo, JR, they've been waitin' for you, dawg
They've been askin'
You ready? You up, motherfucker, DipSet, let's go
WriterTo all my hustlers, rock smugglers, strugglers
Block bubblers, pushers, cookers, pot jugglers
What's the word, y'all? Flip that herb raw
Clap, that's the byrd callIf the cops are comin', get to hop and runnin'
Quick and drop that onion, ain't no stoppin' young'n
Put away that herb raw, let us know the word or
Clap, that's the byrd callI still be where the weed flip, in the P's wit the trees lit
So much water in the order, it's just leavin' 'em seasick
Wit a ski in my V6, tryin' to skeet on a B lips
Down low, like I'm tryin' to keep her a secretAcura on chrome, passin' me dome
Next minute, shit, I'm finished, she'll be flaggin' it home
But I always keep a straggler that's known to bone
And run through a lap, faster than Marion JonesMan, listen, I still got the grams flippin'
Tan pitchin', corner to the damn kitchen
Gained a couple fans, had to make a transition
But I'm still in the hood like your transmissionNo cat could match me, I'm passin' fastly, who's half as nasty
I got it locked from here, all the way to Cakalakie
But keep a mac for scrappies thinkin' it's just Laffy Taffy
Shit, this beat'll be the only thing clappin' at meTo all my hustlers, rock smugglers, strugglers
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Clap, that's the byrd callDamn, homey, in high school, you was the man, homey
That's what a fan told me, shit
Same old cat, get his Kangol clapped
Brains blown back, dissin' dame, dame don't rapShame on black, the game's so whack
Dame search for children from in front of ya buildin'
Right to a hundred million
Go ahead, pimpin', pimpin', go ahead, act up doggy
Getcha limp on pimpin', if they actin' froggyTell 'em, back up off me, I come down, clap the 40
Child, that's a badder story, I'm not in my category
Mess around, dame held Def Jam down
So pardon my back, jackin' any left hand poundsRedneck found, tech, tech pound, duck, duck goose
Pump, pump shoot, shoot, let's get down, down

It may seem petty, but we all turn mean deadly
For green fetti, my whole team readyTo all my hustlers, rock smugglers, strugglers
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Clap, that's the byrd callThis ain't only bars and tracks, this is for the hardest cats
Flippin' all the hard and back, make 'em catch a heart attack
When you see the narcs attack, let me know, start to clap
Clap, clapA star with a deal, Chapar be on chill
The car is DeVille, it's real ill, pardon the grill
It's foreign my nills, cruise the city with the semi
All silly on skinnies, like I'm starvin' my wheels, uhTo all my hustlers, rock smugglers, strugglers
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