

# Byrd Call

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 ready  
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This 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, clap  
A 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, uh  
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Songwriters

Bigram John Zayas;Rusty Brito;Cameron GilesPublished by

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