Bird Call

J.R. Writer

[Cam'ron] (Spoken)
Yo J.R?, they've been waitin' for you dog. they've been asking.
you ready? you up mother fucka Dipset, Lets go! Writer[JR Writer] (Hook)
To all my hustlers, rock smugglers, stugglers
block bubblers, pushers, cookers pot jugglers
Whats the word y'all, Flip that herb raw
Clap..... thats the bird-callIf the cops are comin, get to hop n runnin
Quick and drop that onion, ain't no stoppin youngin
Put away that herb raw, let us know the word or
Clap.....thats the bird-call[JR Writer]
i still be where the weed flip, and the P's with the trees lit
so much water in the order, its just leaving them sea sick
but i ski in my V6, trying to skeet on her beady lips
down low , like im trying to keep her a secret
act wrong, chrome, passin me dome
next minute, shit im finished, she'll be flaggin it home
but i always keep a straggler, thats known to bone
and run through a lap, faster than marion jones
man listen, i still got them grams flippin tan pitchen,
corner to the damn kitchen
gained a couple fans had to make a transition
but im still in the hood like a transmission
no cat can match me, i'm passin fastly who half as nasty
i got it locked from here, all the way to cak-a-lacky
but keep a mac for scrapping, thinkin its just laffy taffy
shit this beater be the only thing clappin at me(Hook)[Lil' Wayne]
(Spoken) Yeah, I'm ready now)
Birdman Jr. and J.R pigeons know who they are
Niggas gotta pay off
Snitches know to see yall
If chickens on the radar, Im at it
'cause I get it on my day off, aint nuttin like getting weighed off
Scrape off the plates
Shake off the fakes
bag daddy make all the cake yeah
I gotta lay off the way yall hate me like Im adolf,
But yall cant see me, Ray Charles
I steal whores
Ill probably take yours

because you peel off and I take off
Give me no space whatever I want I takes,
whatever I need I bleed and succeed
Bitch nigga dont breathe on the weed
Im fucking with them birds
without feeding them seeds thats creed you dont know about it,
full clip how I go about it, full body,
hard body, Im like yall got 'em yeah(Hook)[Cam'Ron]
(Spoken) Killa, dash, hoffa, you funny nigga.)
Damn, Homie
In high school you was the man homie
thats what a fan told me shiiiit
same old cat, get his Kangol clapped
brains blown back, dissin' Dame, but Dame dont rap
shame on black, the game's so whack
Dame sucks for children
from in front of yo buildin strike to a hudred million
dead pimpin pimpin, dead act up doggyy
getcha limp on pimpin, if they actin froggy
tell em back up off me, i come down clappin forty
cal thats a badder story, a mack in my category
mess around, dame held def jam down
so pardon my back, jacking in that left hand pound
red-neck foul, tech tech pound
duck duck goose, pump pump shoot,
shoot lets get down
down, it may seem petty,
but we all turn mean deadly
for green-fetti,
my whole team ready(Hook)[JR Writer]
this ain't only bars and tracks, this is for the hardest cats
flippin all the hard in back, make them catch a heart attack
when you see the narcs attack lemme know, start to clap, clap ,clap (I'm outta here)
a star with a deal, your paw be on chill
the car is DeVille, is real ill
pardon the grill its foreign in my nillz
Cruise the city with the semi all silly
on skinnies like i'm starving my wheels(Hook)

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