

J.R. Writer **"Bird Call"**

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[Cam'ron] (Spoken)

Yo J.R?, they've been waitin' for you dog. they've been asking.

you ready? Dipset, Lets go! Writer

[JR Writer] (CHORUS)

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-call

If 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 whore

Clap.....thats the bird-call

[JR Writer]

i still be where the weed flip, and the peas with the trees lit

so much water in the order, its just leaving them sea sick

but its me in my V6, trying to skeet on her bead lips

they dont know, 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 pitchin,
corner to the damn kitchen
gained a couple fans having made the 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 beat dun be the only thing clappin at me

(CHORUS)

[Lil' Wayne]

SpokenYeah, 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, I'm at it

'cause I get it on my day off, aint nuttin like getting
weighed off

Scrape off the plates

Shake off the flakes

Dad daddy make all the kit kat

I gotta lay off the way ya'll hate me like I'm adolf,

But ya'll cant see me, Ray Charles

I steal whores

I'll 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 see

Bitch nigga don't breathe on the weed

I'm fucking with them birds

without feeding them seeds that's creed you don't
know about it,

full clip how I go about it, full body,

hard body, I'm like ya'll got it yet

(CHORUS)

[Cam'Ron]

SpokenKilla, 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 sonned you children

from in front of yo buildin straight to a hudred million

bad pimpin pimpin, bad actin doggyy

getcha limp on pimpin, if they actin froggy

tell em back up off me, i come down clappin forty

pow thats a badder story, not in my category

mess around, dame held def jam down

supporting my back, jackin and they left their pounds

red-neck found, tech tech pound

duck duck goose, pump pump shoot,

shoot lets get down

it may seem petty,

but we all turn mean deadly

for green-fetti,

my whole team ready

(CHORUS)

[JR Writer]

this ain't only bars and tracks, this is for the hardest
cats

flippin all the harder back, make them catch a heart
attack

when you see the narcs attack lemme know, start to
clap, clap ,clap

but start with he deals, your pa be on chill

the car is DeVille, is real ill

heart in the grill its far in my mills

Cruise the city with the semi or the celly

on skinnies like i'm starving my wheels

(CHORUS)

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