

## **J.R. Writer Ft. Cam'ron & Lil' Wayne "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, cooks pot jugglers

What's the word y'all, Flip that herb raw

Clap..... that's 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 where

Clap.....that's 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, it's just leaving them sea sick

But it's me in my V6, trying to skeet on her bead lips

They don't 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, that's 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 it's 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, lâ ^™ m at it

Cuz 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 yaâ™ ll hate me like lâ™ m  
adolf,  
But yaâ™ ll can't see me, Ray Charles  
I steal whores  
lâ™ 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 donâ™ t breathe on the weed  
lâ™ m fucking with them birds  
Without feeding them seeds thatâ™ s creed you  
donâ™ t know about it,  
Full clip how I go about it, full body,  
Hard body, lâ™ m like yaâ™ ll got it yet  
(CHORUS)

[Cam'Ron]

SpokenKilla, dash, hoffa, you funny nigga.)  
Damn, Homie  
In high school you was the man homie  
That's what a fan told me shiiiit  
Same old cat, get his Kangol clapped  
Brains blown back, this is dame, but dame don't rap  
Shame on black, the game's so whack  
Dame sunk some 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 that's 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 I'll

Heart in the grill it's 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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