

Jr. Walker & The All Stars

"Bird Call"

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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 that's
what a fan told me shiiiit same old cat, get his Kangol
clapped brains blown back, dissin' Dame, but Dame
don't 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
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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