

# Lil Wayne

## "Bird Call .J.R. Writer Feat. Cam'ron And Lil' Wayne-"

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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  
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 whore  
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-lucky  
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, 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 can't 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  
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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