

Lil' Wayne "Bird Call .J.R. Writer"

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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
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 shiiiiit
same old cat, get his Kangol clapped
brains blown back, this is dame, but dame dont 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 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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