

J.R. Writer f/ Cam'Ron

"Byrd Call"

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[Cam'Ron]

Yo JR, they've been waitin for you dawg, they've been askin
You ready? You up motherfucker, DipSet let's go
Writer!

[Hook]

To all my hustlers, rock smugglers, strugglers
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 and runnin
Quick and drop that onion, ain't no stoppin young'n
Put away that herb raw, let us know the word or
Clap... that's the bird call

[Verse 1]

I still be where the weed flip, in the P's wit the trees lit
So much water in the order it's just leavin 'em seasick
Wit a ski in my V6, tryin to skeet on a B lips
Down low, like I'm tryin to keep her a secret
Acura on chrome, passin me dome
Next minute, shit I'm finished, she'll be flaggin it home (cab)
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 the grams flippin
Tan pitchin, corner to the damn kitchen
Gained a couple fans, had to make a transition
But I'm still in the hood like your transmission
No cat could match me, I'm passin fastly, who's half as nasty
I got it locked from here all the way to Cakalakie
But keep a mac for scrappies thinkin it's just Laffy Taffy
Shit this beat'll be the only thing clappin at me

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - Cam'Ron]

Damn homey... in high School you was the man homey
That's what a fan told me, shit

Same old cat, get his Kangol clapped
Brains blown back; dissin Dame, Dame don't rap
Shame on black, the game's so whack; Dame search
for children
from in front of ya buildin right to a hundred million
Go ahead pimpin, pimpin, go ahead act up doggy
Getcha limp on pimpin, if they actin froggy (what)
Tell 'em back up off me, I come down clap the 40
Child that's a badder story, I'm not in my category (not
at all)
Mess around, Dame held Def Jam down
So pardon my back, jackin any left hand pounds
Redneck found, tech tech pound, duck duck goose
Pump pump shoot, shoot, let's get down, down
It may seem petty, but we all turn mean deadly
For green fetti, my whole team ready

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

This ain't only bars and tracks, this is for the hardest
cats
Flippin all the hard and back, make 'em catch a heart
attack
When you see the narcs attack, let me know, start to
clap
Clap... clap... (I'm outta here)
A star with a deal, Chapar be on chill
The car is Deville, it's real ill, pardon the grill
It's foreign my nills (foreign) cruise the city with the
semi
All silly on skinnies like I'm starvin my wheels, uhh

[Hook]

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