

## 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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