

Diplomats, Birdcall

(Cam'ron)

Yo J.R.

They been waiting for you dawg

They been asking

You ready?

You up motherf**ker

Dipset, let's go

Writer!

(HOOK:JR Writer)

To all my hustlers, rock smugglers

Strugglers, block bubblers, pushers, cookers, pot jugglers

What's the word ya'll, flip that erb raw

Clap (clap clap) that's the bird call

If the cops are coming, get the hopping, running

Quick & drop that onion, ain't no stopping young'n

Put away that erb raw, let's us know the word or

Clap (clap clap) that's the bird call

(JR Writer)

I still be where the weed flip in the p's with the tree's lit

So much water in the order it's just leaving em' sea sick

Skeet in my V-6 tryna skeet on a b lips

Down low like i'm tryna keep her a secret

Acura on chrome, passing me dome

Next minute shit i'm finish she'll be flaggin it home

But I always keep a straggler that's known

To bone & run to a lap faster than Marion Jones

Man listen I still got them grams flippin, tan pitch it

Corner to the damn kitchen

Gained a couple fans had to make a transition

But i'm still in the hood like a transmission

No cat can match me i'm passing fastly who's half as nasty?

I got it locked from here all the way to cackalacky

But keep a mack for scrappy thinking it's just laffy taffy

Shit this beat'll be the only thing clapping at me

(HOOK)

(Lil' Wayne)

Bird man JR and J.R.

Pigeons know who they are, niggas gotta pay off

Snitches know the say all, if chickens on the radar

I'm at it cause I get it on my day off ain't nothing like getting weight off (yeah)

Scrape off the plates, shake off the flakes

Bag daddy make all the cake

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

Cause you peel off, and I take off

Give me no space, what ever I want I take

What ever I need I bleed & succeed bitch nigga don't

breath on the weed, i'm f**king with them birds withought feeding em' seeds

that's green, you don't know about it

full clip how I go about it, for body, hard body i'm like God got em', yeah

(HOOK)

(Cam'ron)

Damn homey

In high school you was the man homey, that's what a fan told me

Shit, same ole cat, get his kangol clapped

Brains blown back, dissing Dame, Dame don't rap

Shame on black, the game so wack
Dame sonned you children
From infront of ya building right to a hundred million
Dead pimpin pimpin, dead actor doggy
Get ya limp off pimpin, if they acting froggy
Tell em' back up off me, I come down clap the 40
Cal, that's a badder story, i'm not in my catagory
Mess around, Dame held Def Jam down
So pardon my back, jackin in em' left hand pounds
Red neck 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

(Exit Verse: JR Writer)

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 u see the narc's attack, lemee know, start to clap
(Clap Clap).. i'm outta here
A star with a deal, shit pa be on chill
The car is Deville, it's real ill pardon the grill
It's foreign my nillz
Cruise the city with the semi all silly on skinnies like i'm starving my wheels
uh!

(HOOK)