

Birdcall

The Diplomats

Yo J.R.
They been waiting for you dawg
They been asking
You ready?
You up motherfucker
Dipset, let's go
Writer!

To all my hustlers, rock smugglers
Strugglers, block bubblers, pushers, cooks, 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

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

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 wan't I take
What ever I need I bleed & succeed bitch nigga don't
Breath on the weed, i'm fucking with them birds without 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

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

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 I'll pardon the grill
It's foreign my nillz
Cruise the city with the semi all silly on skinnies like i'm starving my whe
els
Uh!

[HOOK]