

# 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]