

# Phone Tap

AZ

yo this esco, who this?  
What's the deally?  
I just touched grounds down in philly  
Brought a pound with me, feds floatin around silly  
Tryin to find lynn, bitch supposed to be in the benz  
Parked in row ten, her and that slow hoe gwen  
Should of known she was a bitch that we both could of boned  
To post it alone, the ass had us both in the zone  
But you know the rules, both been schooled by older dudes  
I know the jewels  
No time for them thoughts, too much to lose  
Just tryin to vibe until them hoes role with the ride  
Where's your joy and pride?  
You know little des got your eyes

In the cut, drop-z okay, the top's up  
Left the mall bought little amal the toy truck  
Your boy's what, three years old now, correct?  
He and my daughter age neck and neck, they futures set  
Trees got me wet, in the background's an old cassette  
Fly stephanie mills shit  
What's the deal with, all this shit I'm hearin up top  
You got arrested, shot a fair one with a cop  
That ain't ya stee', you usually low key with no t  
I'm only goin off of what some weak bitch told me

That's some I'll shit, hear that bitch go with her click

Yo dunn,  
I'll hit you right back cause the static is thick

We got your phone tapped, what you gon' do  
Cause sooner or later, we'll have your whole crew  
All we need now is the right word or two  
To make all it stick like glue, then you through  
We got your phone tapped, what you gon' do  
Cause sooner or later, we'll have your whole crew  
All we need now is the right word or two  
To make all it stick like glue, we got you

We just hit the cribbo, I'm curled up on this pillow  
I'm still low, hold the I'll news, these niggaz killed mo'  
The shit touched me, tryin to chill just lit a dutchie  
From a while back - same foul cats who tried to bust me  
Caught 'em sleeppin, in spanish harlem with some puerto ricans  
Up in washington heights right off the deacon  
Feel awful speakin, for some reason, feel the phone's tapped  
Alone with gats left with a vest to watch my own back

Keep your eyes open - stay wide, shit is mind blowin  
Look for any sign showin one-time is knowin  
About the dynasty, shit is not minor leauges no more  
Cats bleed in this cold war  
Son we took an oath, then this life took us both  
We rich now, milk the whole cow, split the growth  
Now I'm on the car doin, headlights on  
Fluid in the windsheild wipes gone this light storm

That's formin in the sky, you comin home tomorrow?  
Will you drive or will you fly - hold up, my other side

Yo son some other cats tried to ruin our plans  
Sendin two decoy bitches with pictures of you and your man  
Askin your whereabouts - I gave 'em no leads  
For all the nigga know them hoes fuck with police

No shit I'm clickin over, i'ma tell sos' quick  
Son - them outta state bitches tryin to get us both hit  
That was nate, he hit me last night late while in my hoe's stomach  
Said it's no hundred, we fbi's most wanted  
So play the low, change your clothes, pack your bags  
Watch what you say on this phone, get home fast

Yo it's all good  
I'ma hit you when I touch down tomorrow son, word

Stay on point - don't even use the phone  
Just come to my crib yo, word up  
Out