

# Phone Lit

Freddie Gibbs

Hello?  
(Got my, got my lit  
Got my phone lit  
Got my phone lit  
Got my phone lit  
Got my, got my, lit)  
Yeah  
(Got my phone lit)  
Yeah, yeah  
(Got my phone lit)  
Yeah  
(Got my phone lit)  
Yeah, yeah  
(Got my, got my, lit)  
Yeah  
(Got my phone lit)  
Yeah, yeah  
(Got my phone lit)  
Yeah  
Got my phone lit  
Yeah, yeah

Give it to me one time  
Once I put it down, girl I bet you'll love me long time  
Tickets on my phone line  
We gon' break it down, middle finger to the one time  
Tickets on my phone line  
We gon' break it down, middle finger to 'em one time  
Give it to me one time  
Once I put it down, girl I bet you'll love me long time  
Got my phone lit  
Fuckin' up the town, got my phone lit  
Got my phone lit  
I done touched down, got my phone lit  
Got my phone lit  
Fuckin' up the town, got my phone lit  
Got my phone lit  
I done touched down, got my phone lit

I can hear the stripper  
Once I give her to my niggas my feelings'll make her bitter  
Type of bitch that makes average niggas change up their livin'  
Trickin', 'bout to run up the credit max out the limit  
Coke and marijuana, that molly I'm out here with it  
Plus my Maserati that new edition, that Michael Bivins  
Diamonds, diamonds, coppin', I profit on opposition  
And my Maserati that new edition, that Michael Bivins, yeah

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Fuckin' up the town, got my phone lit  
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Yeah, they say the real niggas never die  
I swear my niggas would do bids to spot a nigga dead  
I went by baby [?] you was candy red  
I put that there my mama, [?]  
I put that there on my mama, streets'll never forget you  
Them niggas basic, to hit you, boy they was soft as tissue  
Rolled up with so many choppas lookin' like a militia  
Chopper go pop, ain't no snitches, my niggas know the business  
Yeah she know the business and that pussy hit me like wow  
Stuck in the cell, I wish I had that pussy right now  
I like to see it, I don't need it with the lights down  
Your nigga trippin', tell that pussy nigga pipe down  
Sellin' yola [?] like Bobby Brown  
Maserati Michael Bivins, nigga, that new edition  
Pray my baby never end up payin' for my decisions  
Treat her different [?] ain't used to my type of livin'

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Rollin' up a blunt  
(You don't even... I thought you don't even smoke no more)  
Nah I smoke sometimes, I just don't, I don't drink  
(See I don't even know this person, 'cause when you was out of the country y  
ou was completely a sober person)