

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

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 'em one time
Tickets on my phone line
We gon' break it down, middle finger to the 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

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'

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 'em one time
Tickets on my phone line
We gon' break it down, middle finger to the 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

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)