

Phone Tap

Rick Ross

I think a nigga phone tapped
Wanna give me time for my old raps
Indict me for my own raps
I think a nigga phone tapped
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If you callin' me, I think your phone tapped
My phone tapped
Got a feelin' that my phone tapped

18 nigga wildin', trafficin' with a pilot
Crazy net worth, Miami bred the tyrants
First day of trial, courtroom was silent
Till the wiretap replayed back the dialect
Had tears in my eyes as you took your oath
Sweaty palms have on niggas who be touchin' dope
Open the doors, smell the Pyrex in the air
I'm dealin' raw, D-boys so debonair
In the barber shop, it's known that I can sell a pair
Count to forty-five before that man could shave his head
Pistol underneath the apron as I'm in the chair
Raise it to my neck, I tip a hundred for the beard

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My right hand, I knew him since fourth grade
'88, afros with no fades
Fist fights, the box Chevys on blades
Chief all they gave us the rules to play
They trynna paint a picture of a hungry nigga
Another lion runnin' in the jungle with us
Told the bitches we was brothers, shared the same people
Introduce you to my mother, made sure you eatin'
Now you hangin' out with different people on the weekend
Quotin' different numbers nigga, like I wouldn't peep it
If it's war, here come murder, cause that come the cheapest
Call me on my sister phone, keep it on some G shit

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Niggas tellin' cause the jealous, look at what I'm wearin'
They want me in the prison when I'm just apparent
Quarter million in Atlanta, boy I had some talent
Throw a stack in Magic City, make a hater panic

305 nigga, ridin' in the Chevy
Count a half a milli in a couple seconds
Fuck two bitches then I want seconds
Richest nigga in the city, boy I broke some records
Puttin' spinners on your cars, suspendin' on the smoke
What your spendin' on your home, spendin' on the boat
Everybody watchin', everybody tellin'
When your days numbered, nigga, cherish every second

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