

Call My Phone

Z-Ro

Bitch, you ain't gotta call my phone
Matta fact all you hoes can leave me alone
I just want my money
And now one of you nappy-headed hoes goin get none from
me
Nigga, you ain't gotta call my phone
Matta fact all you niggas can leave me alone
I just want my money
And now one of my fake ass homeboys won't get none from
me

I don't need know help my nigga
I can do bad on my own
And I don't need no company lil momma
Even tho I know you give graded on
I rather play my Xbox 360 while smoking and sipping
drank
Ain't even goin waste no gas, going to get some ass,
I'm a keep my gas in my tank
Keep my money in my pocket I never leave it with hoes
Put a ring on my own finger cause I sleep with Z-RO
Homie I'ont giva fuck about what you drive or how much
money ya got
And I don't giva damn if y'all really like me or not
I see ya lips moving but I can't hear nothing, cause
I'm not listening
Hoe you only talking to me because my teeth are
glistening
Y'all niggas be riding dicks so much y'all need a dildo
That way when you think about Z-RO, you can shove it up
on yo ass real slow
I'm a gangsta but I'm a man first, then I tallerate, no
disrespect
My momma if it's money for me to make weed goin slip
the sex

Slim Thugga, Mothafucka
I'm tryna stay rich, fuck a bitch (fuck a bitch)
I rather hit the studio and make another hit (another
hit)
Stop calling on my phone mayn I'm on some other shit
Just leave a nigga 'lone, I ain't goin suck cause ya
fucking with
Cause bitch you ain't about to get no dime or no
quality time
I rather be on my grind, smoking weed, writing rhymes

All you rapping ass niggas calling me to get signed
Want me to rap for free, you done lost yo mind (you
done lost yo mind)
I'ont care how long I knew ya give a fuck if we can
Went to high school together giva fuck if we friends
Ya ain't talking bout shit if you ain't talking bout
N's
Bring ya ten G's, I see what'cha talking bout then
All you roaching ass niggas and hoes in my face
Can't get it crunk for me, no so don't waste

Yo mothafuckin crime tryna plot on mine
I got my cash in my stash locked down, so now...

It's a shame having a cell phone, but don't want it to ring
Cause I don't wanna deal with bull shit people and the bull shit they might bring
That's why I send them the voice mail heaven (I don't wanna talk)
Cause bull shit run a marathon, I rather keep it real and walk
I don't giva damn how pretty you look, you can still kiss my ass
Especially if I die to choose between you and my cash
I'm a choose money everytime, anyway I always get a new whip
Besides, I'm what bitches be tryna find, I'm young, black and I'm rich
If you thinking I'm goin pay money to hit that ass
I gotta trick fo yo ugly ass
I'll just miss you right after I hit you and then go fuck yo friends
Then you'll be ready to committing suicide and then I'll never speak to you again
My nigga Gredy, my nigga Rickby, my nigga Michael Coleon
There them only three niggas phone number programed in my phone
They call me the king of the ghetto, because I rule this bitch
I'm bout business I don't participate in foolishness, bitch