

# Missed Calls

## EarthGang

[Hook: Johnny Venus]

Girl, I ain't no starâ€”I just ain't from round here  
My pilot told me I'll go far, if I stay from 'round here  
Hell, I'm so good at missing calls, bitch, I'm perfect this year  
And I suggest you trace your scars, if you get lost my dear

[Verse 1: Doctur Dot]

Nigga, I can't tell if I'm dreaming  
Lord, forgive me if I think I'm in charge  
But the snakes in the grass are starting to get smart  
And the snake in my pants is starting to get hard  
And I'm fucking everything with two legs and a heart  
And some ass, and some titties, and an ATM card  
Fetish for my flaws, and I lust for my scars  
And this broke nigga dick guarantee I won't starve  
Well I suppose, that you suppose, using hoes, is getting old  
And you oppose, that maybe I, should grown on up, and iron clothes  
And find some hope, find some work, and write in cursive  
Been a flirter since my birth, they wrapped me up so i ain't fuck the nurse  
Too numb to react when you struck a nerve  
So I hits the bitch in a circle jerk  
With me, myself, and my demon semen  
Canine teeth got me feline feenin'  
Hold up, rewind, make a beeline, feel like a bald eagle chiefin'  
I ain't even breathin'  
I'm a motherfuckin' ghost you can tell cause I flow  
And I lose my head without even bleeding  
Fuck what a motherfucker thought, that they knew about us  
We got the juice and we keep on squeezing  
Like drip, drip, drip, drip, drip  
Hold up me cup, me take a sip  
Hold up me pinky, me think me rich  
Me being foolish, me no pay rent  
Me look at roomies, all of em pissed  
Eviction notice, taped to the fridge  
Thank the most high, me no got kids  
They would be cannibals, eating your kids  
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[Hook: Johnny Venus]

(I told her)

Girl I ain't no star, I just ain't from round here  
My pilot told me I'll go far, if I stay from round here  
(You see me in that bentley, don't start to acting friendly)  
Hell I'm so good at missing calls, bitch I'm perfect this year  
(When the room's spinning and the who's who's in it)  
And I suggest you trace your scars, if you get lost my dear  
(Aye you ain't on the list, now the A-list enlisted)

[Verse 2: Johnny Venus]

I done had all night to think about this  
I done had all life to think about this  
Get a plate with strife and too South for shit  
Let me click my heels and toss on them grits  
Let a nigga hold five 'til my grinder click  
I done had all life to think about this  
All y'all judging, handful of Bics  
I done passed out twice and I ain't been hit  
Shit I might be blessed let me right this left  
Navigate this ride, I really don't need an apartment  
Line like who bought the fifth  
Hoop out the lobes and who had got kids  
Let me get that little piece together  
Pen start on my thesis sweater?  
? Head start on my nieces sweater  
Money thrown on my chicken, man pizza whatever  
Gotta go gotta go gotta leave you better  
Grew up where the leaves are wetter  
And I hope and I pray when you read this letter  
That the seeds don't catch up to your knees already  
Cause all my dogs good  
They running, they running don't run out the clock  
They living in a false hood for damn way too long, man, check out the stock  
But that's cool, y'all can keep on sipping out this narcissistic pool  
And I'ma sit outside that shit just like the old dudes  
Said I'ma sit outside that shit just like Kukoc do  
And watch you jump hula hoops to satisfy your sudoku

Lyrics Submitted by Zenjah

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