

# Phone Tap (feat. Nas, Nature, Dr. Dre & The Firm)

AZ

Nas:

Yo this Esco, who this?AZ:  
What's the dilly?  
I just touch grounds down in Philly  
Brought a pound with me  
Feds floatin' around silly  
Tryin' ta find land  
They suppose ta be in the benz  
Parked in row ten, hard in that slohokwan  
Should of known she was a bitch that we both could of boned  
This post of this loan  
The ass had us both in the zone  
But you know the rules  
Both been schooled by older dues  
I know the Jews  
No time for them thoughts, to much to lose  
Just tryin to vibe to them ho's role with the ride  
Where's your joint Pras  
You know little Dezk gotcha eyes

Nas:

In the cut, drop Z ok the tops up  
Left the mall bought little Amo the toy truck  
Your boy's what, three years old know correct  
Here my daughter Ase neck in neck  
They futures set  
Trees got me wet in the backgrounds of oak set  
Fly steppin' they mail shit  
What's the deal with all this shit I'm hearin up top  
You got arrested, shot affair, one with a cop  
That ain't ya stee, you usually low key with no t  
I'm only goin on for what some weak bitch told meAZ:

That's some ill shit

Hear that bitch go with a clickNas:

Dun I'll hit you right back cause the static is stick

Guy Speaking in SpanishChorus (Dr.Dre):

We got you phone tap

What you gonna do

Cause sooner or later will have your whole crew

All we need now is the right word or two to make all it stick like glue

Then you threw  
We got you phone tap  
What you gonna do  
Cause sooner or later will have your whole crew  
All we need now is the right word or two to make all it stick like glue  
We got youAZ:  
We just hit the cribo  
I'm curled up on this pillow  
I'm still low, hold this ill news these niggas killed more  
The shit touched me  
Tryin' ta chill, just lit a dutchie from a while back  
Same foul cats who tried to bust me  
Caught em' sleepin'  
A Spanish Harlem with some Puertoricans  
Up in Washington heights right off the decan  
Feel awful speakin' for some vians that feels the phone tap  
Along with gats left with a vest to watch my own backNas:Keep your eyes open  
Stay wide, shit is mind blowin'  
Look for any sign showin', one time is knowin'  
About the dynasty, shit is not minor leagues no more  
Cats bleed in this cold war  
Some we took an oath, then this life took us both  
We rich now, milk the whole cow, split the growth  
Now I'm on the car doin', headlights on  
Fluid in the wind sheild wipes gone  
This life's scarmed  
Its formin' in the sky  
You comin' home tomorrow, will you drive or will you fly  
hold up my other sideNature:  
Yo son some other cats tried to rulin' our plans  
Sendin' to decoy bitches with pictures of you and ya man  
Askin' ya whereabouts  
I gave them no leads  
For all the nigga know them ho's f\*\*k with the policeNas:  
No shit I'm clickin' over  
I'm a tell Sosa quick son  
Them outer state bitches tryin to get us both hit  
That was Nate, he hit me last night late while in my ho's stomach  
Said it's no hundred  
We FBI's most wanted  
So play the low, change ya cloths, pack ya bags  
Watch what you say on this phone, get home fastChorusAZ:  
Yo it's all good. I'm a hit you when I touch down tomorrow son. Word.Nas:  
Stay on point. Don't even use the phone, just come to my crib yo, word up.AZ:  
Out.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>