

Pick Up The Phone

Young Thug

Yaaaah, oh yaaaah
Ooooh, Thugger
Yeah, Travis Scott
Thugger, Thugger baby
YaahI pour a four up
I call your hoe up
Just to fuck her and show her
I just went, got my dough up
Pullin' off and I'm gone!
Then I go and pour four up
Then I roll up that roll up
Then I'm callin' your hoe up
(Like Brrrrr)Pick up the phone, baby (Like brrrrr)
I know you're home, baby (It's lit!)
I'm in the zone, baby (Straight up!)
I just poured up a four baby (Yeah, yeah)Never will I cheat on you
Never will I commit treason
Blowin' a bag on you
Do all of that for no reason
I'mma pull up and murk too
Hittin' the block and I'm bleedin'
Throwing that Rollie on you
I like the way it be freezin' (Brrrrr)Pick up the phone, baby (Like brrrrr)
I know you're home, baby (It's lit!)
I'm in the zone, baby (Straight up!)
I just poured up a four baby (Yeah, yeah)Pour up a four of that Actavis
Lean like my mothafuckin' granny did
Super Bowl ring with big body Benz
I stack it up now I'm just better livin'
Got screws in my mouth, I'm just preppin' it
I'm fucking this cash up, I'm not celibate
I'm packin' it up like a reverend
I need all this cash, I got hella kids
I'mma play dumb and get left in the middle
Back the fuck up, you too little
Hit 'em with three like I'm Miller
I don't talk to no man in the middle
I don't talk to no man, I'm just kiddin'
But I did pay my sister's tuition

I feel lucky, I should play the lottery
Walkin' off with it like Sonny Liston
Mama told me I'm her brightest star
Mama told me don't hate on the law
Because everybody got a job
Because everybody won't be a star (Real shit, real shit)
Please believe every motherfucker around here wan' be a part
She gon' do anything in her power to be with ya' boy (Brrrrr) Pick up the phone, baby (Like brrrrr)
I know you're home, baby (It's lit!)
I'm in the zone, baby (Straight up!)
I just poured up a four, baby (Yeah, yeah) Never will I cheat on you
Never will I commit treason
Blowin' a bag on you
Do all of that for no reason
I'mma pull up and murk too
Hittin' the block and I'm bleedin'
Throwin' that Rollie on you
I like the way you be freezin' Pick up the phone
Macaulay Culkin' baby, Home Alone
I thought I was right
Then I had to man up, I was wrong
I hate when we fight
She in love with the pipe
I draped her up in ice, I pour my four on ice
Birds in the trap sing Brian McKnight
Percocet and Codeine please don't take my life
She had a dream with Celine
So I bought it twice
Young nigga make it right back tonight
Girl you're so cute and your ass is nice
Drinkin' on four and I'm shootin' dice
Wrist polar bear, Klondike
And I'm loving all races, hell nah don't discriminate
Drinkin' on clean, sanitize
Ostrich seats with the frog eyes
If I ever call your phone baby
Best believe it's only one time (Brrrrr) Pick up the phone, baby (Like brrrrr)
I know you're home, baby (It's lit!)
I'm in the zone, baby (Straight up!)
I just poured up a four baby (Yeah, yeah) Never will I cheat on you
Never will I commit treason
Blowin' a bag on you
Do all of that for no reason
I'mma pull up and murk too
Hittin' the block and I'm bleedin'

Throwin' that Rollie on you
I like the way you be freezin'

Songwriters

JACQUES WEBSTER, JEFFREY WILLIAMS, QUAVIOUS MARSHALLPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>