

Phone Tap (Feat. AZ/Dr. Dre/Nas/Nature)

The Firm

Yo, this Esco, who this What's the deally, I just touched grounds down in Philly
Brought a pound with me, Feds floating around silly
Tryna find Lynn; bitch supposed to be in the Benz
Parked in row ten, her and that slow ho Gwen
Shoulda known she was a bitch that we both could'a boned
To post it alone, the ass had us both in the zone
But you know the rules, both been schooled by older dudes
I know the jewels no time for them thoughts, too much to lose
Just trying to vibe until them ho's role with the ride
Where's your joy and pride, you know little Des got your eyes In the cut drop CLK, the top's up
Left the mall bought Little Amal the toy truck
Your boy's what, three-years-old now correct
He and my daughter age neck-and-neck, they future's set
Trees got me wet, in the background's an old cassette
Fly Stephanie Mills shit
What's the deal with, all this shit I'm hearing up top
You got arrested, shot a fair one with a cop
That ain't ya stee', you usually low key when o.t
I'm only going off of what some weak bitch told me That's some ill shit, hear that bitch go with her clique Yo
Dunn, I'll hit you right back cause the static is thick We got your phone tapped, what you gon' do
Cause sooner or later, we'll have your whole crew
All we need now is the right word or two
To make all it stick like glue, then you through
We got your phone tapped, what you gon' do
Cause sooner or later, we'll have your whole crew
All we need now is the right word or two
To make all it stick like glue, we got you We just hit the crib-o, I'm curled up on this pillow
I'm still low, heard the ill news, these niggas killed Mo
The shit touched me, tryna chill just lit a Dutchie
From a while back, same foul cats who tried to bust me
Caught em sleeping in Spanish Harlem with some Puerto Ricans
Up in Washington Heights right off the Deacon
Feel awful speaking, for some reason feel the phone's tapped
Alone with gats left with a vest to watch my own back Keep your eyes open, stay wide, shit is mind blowing
Look for any sign showin one-time is knowing
About the dynasty, shit is not minor leagues no more
Cats bleed in this cold war
Son 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 doing, headlights on
Fluid in the windsheild wipes gone this light storm
That's forming in the sky, you coming home tomorrow
Will you drive or will you fly - hold up, my other sideYo son some other cats tried to ruin our plans
Sending two decoy bitches with pictures of you and your man
Asking your whereabouts, I gave em no leads
For all the nigga know them hoes fuck with policeNo shit I'm clicking over, I'mma tell Sos quick
Son, them outta state bitches tryna 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 your clothes, pack your bags
Watch what you say on this phone, get home fastWe got your phone tapped, what you gon' do
Cause sooner or later, we'll have your whole crew
All we need now is the right word or two
To make all it stick like glue, then you through
We got your phone tapped, what you gon' do
Cause sooner or later, we'll have your whole crew
All we need now is the right word or two
To make all it stick like glue, we got youYo it's all good
I'mma hit you when I touch down tomorrow son, wordStay on-point, don't even use the phone
Just come to my crib yo, word upOut

Songwriters

Cruz, Anthony S / Taylor, Chris B / Young, Andre Romell / Jones, Nasir / Baxter, JeffPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>