

# Phone Tap (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

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