

# URAQT

## M.I.A.

Dt-dt-dt, on your mobile phone  
Dt-dt-dt, on your mobile phone  
You fuck my man and wreck my home  
I'll get my bro to rob your phoneDt-dt-dt, on your mobile phone  
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You fuck my man and wreck my home  
I'll get my bro to rob your phone  
You big dummyNow could it be that me and he  
Are tighter than J-Lo in her jeans  
And could it be that me and he  
Are tighter than R.Kelly in his teensYou fucking with my man  
And you text him all the time  
You might've had him once  
But I got him all the timeDt-dt-dt, on your mobile phone  
Dt-dt-dt, on your mobile phone  
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I'll get my bro to rob your phoneDt-dt-dt, on your mobile phone  
Dt-dt-dt, on your mobile phone  
You fuck my man and wreck my home  
I'll get my bro to rob your phoneU R A Q T  
Is your dad a dealer 'cause you're dope to me?  
You throw them balls across the country  
You win gold medals for when you're with me  
You big dummyRight then, it's on, right then, it's on  
Right then, it's on, right then, it's on  
Right then, it's on, right then, it's on  
Right then, it's on, right then, it's onHe ain't no word for scrabble  
You don't get points for doubles  
Menage Trois la la la la la  
I'll bill you for your droudlesYou done, lost your marble  
Like a ball I'll make you dribble  
You're the shrapnels in the rubble  
I'm a raging bull, a rebel

Right then, it's on, right then, it's on You big dummy

<https://damnllyrics.com/>