

# Phone Tap

Rick Ross

I think a nigga phone tapped  
Wanna give me time for my old raps  
Indict me for my own raps  
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If you callin' me, I think your phone tapped  
My phone tapped  
Got a feelin' that my phone tapped

18 nigga wildin', trafficin' with a pilot  
Crazy net worth, Miami bred the tyrants  
First day of trial, courtroom was silent  
Till the wiretap replayed back the dialect  
Had tears in my eyes as you took your oath  
Sweaty palms have on niggas who be touchin' dope  
Open the doors, smell the Pyrex in the air  
I'm dealin' raw, D-boys so debonair  
In the barber shop, it's known that I can sell a pair  
Count to forty-five before that man could shave his head  
Pistol underneath the apron as I'm in the chair  
Raise it to my neck, I tip a hundred for the beard

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My right hand, I knew him since fourth grade  
'88, afros with no fades  
Fist fights, the box Chevys on blades  
Chief all they gave us the rules to play  
They trynna paint a picture of a hungry nigga  
Another lion runnin' in the jungle with us  
Told the bitches we was brothers, shared the same people  
Introduce you to my mother, made sure you eatin'  
Now you hangin' out with different people on the weekend  
Quotin' different numbers nigga, like I wouldn't peep it  
If it's war, here come murder, cause that come the cheapest  
Call me on my sister phone, keep it on some G shit

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Niggas tellin' cause the jealous, look at what I'm wearin'  
They want me in the prison when I'm just apparent  
Quarter million in Atlanta, boy I had some talent  
Throw a stack in Magic City, make a hater panic

305 nigga, ridin' in the Chevy  
Count a half a milli in a couple seconds  
Fuck two bitches then I want seconds  
Richest nigga in the city, boy I broke some records  
Puttin' spinners on your cars, suspendin' on the smoke  
What your spendin' on your home, spendin' on the boat  
Everybody watchin', everybody tellin'  
When your days numbered, nigga, cherish every second

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