

# Don't Call My Phone

SiR

Thought I was letting up, didn't cha'?  
Nobody checking for you, bro, nobody feeling ya  
I'm feeling like I'm chilling but I'm kinda killing ya  
So if I get to killing then I might really finish it  
Career in turmoil like a car in flames  
Speeding down the 110, seat belt jammed  
Cruise by in my whip, watch it all go down  
If she asks do I give a fuck, not me, no ma'am  
You about to crash  
Right into the wall called your education  
Your last tape wasn't really cause for celebration  
You last place, thinking I'm about to let you speak up  
I'm half baked but I still cook a better plate  
With a hellra feature from your girl  
That's way better than what you could ever give me, dawg  
I never need ya, don't act silly, dawg  
I barely see you, don't act silly, dawg  
I barely see you

Don't call my phone no more  
I ain't picking up  
I ain't picking up  
I ain't picking up

I might make your baby mama my Valentine  
She give me love sweeter than Caroline  
She say she know that she like to borrow bars  
Talk about women when you ain't in the car  
Let you tell it, she mad 'cause you had a falling out  
But you ain't nothing like what you talk about?  
Walk around like you the one they talk about  
It's true but what they say about you is that you trash  
I could take you out while I'm fully loaded  
But I better save this ammo for a better bogey  
West Side grammar so official, someone blow a whistle  
If I offend you, bro, I promise that I really meant to  
I put in work for the team, shout the true and gentle  
Stay crisp, stay clean, keep the Caddy simple  
White walls, trunk knocking the lady driver  
Take a hit of the sky  
Let it take me higher, let it take me higher  
Take a hit of the sky  
Let it take me higher  
I keep aiming higher

So don't call my phone, no more  
I ain't picking up  
I ain't picking up  
I ain't picking up  
I ain't picking up