

Other Bitch Callin

T. Mills

Oh no, not today
I can't fuck with you
I'm sorry, I'm sorry
It's too much to shoot
Hold up (hold up)
Have to hit you back
Keep sayin' who's that but don't trip
It's just my other bitch callin'
It's just my other bitch callin'

Ok, now you just wanna argue, you know I be gone a lot
Runnin' down my battery, blowin' up my phone alive
My phone's stuck in my shoulder, I hate you when I'm sober
A-B-C, another bitch is callin', sorry gotta click over
So just say wutchu gotta say
Cuz I don't got all day
Cuz music's getting loud and the blunt's comin' my way

And you're tired of sittin' at home
No service out when I roam
I'm lyin', I just say that shit so I can get off the phone
I'm gone

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Phone rings, it's you
Let me guess, I did something
Every time you hit me with that bullshit I switch subjects
She be stayin' off the dough, my side shit, my back-up
My plan B, my go to, might make 'er pop 'er ass up
She do everything I want 'er to and love everything you hate
She'll break it down, she'll roll it up, she's everything you ain't

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Let's have a trip tonight

Maybe on a different night
But damn, they throw me in your life

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