

# Felt Through a Phone Line

## 36 Crazyfists

2 Cups  
2 Blunts  
Shorty ass tweaked  
Don't be dumb Wait hold on Who the fuck is this on my line this time? Broke bitch I ain't got a  
dime this time  
Talking bout you pregnant, Girl you lying this time  
Cause I know I strapped up  
Boy it's real in the field so you know I'm strapped up It's real when all the raw niggas getting  
clapped up  
Know it's real when to own nigga getting clapped up  
And he die right next to you  
Turn the savage up, do a drill what he next to do  
Boy that pole ain't real who you flexing too  
Girl I just want some top, I ain't sexting you  
See I'll pass on that, gas on deck, money 3 gas  
I'll smash on that Let them free spazz and I'll spazz on the track  
I ain't never been a hoe, I'll blast on pap, on Pooh Bear  
Knock Knock on your door like who there put  
The pole to his face like you there Try to move out the way take two there  
Nigga I'm too real, Nigga it's too rare  
Don't wanna cross a nigga like me hoe  
Send shots I ain't talking about free throw  
Smoke rock I ain't talking bout C4 He talking about keno, he talking about rocket man  
Got me higher then a rocket man, 30 on me I'll pop it man  
Ppg got a plug, no socket man, man that's gang  
Niggas know how we rocking man, I ain't flodging man  
Got Got like 17 pairs of trues right now in my closet (designer)  
Got Gucci, got Louie, got Robins  
2 cups, 2 blunts, 2 mollies  
I do drugs shorty so ion even remember The last time I fucked shorty  
Talking about you pregnant you can get off my line  
So you must be drunk shorty Wait wait hold on  
Who the fuck on my line this time?  
A unknown number calling it's probably my P.O so I ain't gonna decline this time  
Hello (Pap you a bitch when I catch you imma nail you that's on my homie nigga)  
What? Boy fuck yo homie nigga I'm in traffic right now with it on me nigga  
So come get up it with me  
Matter of fact  
Where you at? Ima get up with you  
Ion give a fuck who you with  
They getting hit up with you  
The ambulance pick you up they getting picked up with you

Cause I ain't missing not none of these  
Nigga you ain't getting one you getting some of these  
Nigga I do hits that shit fun to me  
Nigga can't say shit about what he done to me  
I got shot, my homie got changed right in front of me  
Then Keno die (Keno) Then Munchy die (Munchy)  
A couple niggas got hit up (boom)  
And they lucky they ass still alive  
So get off my phone  
I don't know whats wrong  
A nigga talking about he wanna do a song  
I think he tryna set a nigga up  
But you know I ain't going  
Tell that fuck nigga leave me alone  
Wait hold on Who the fuck is this on my line this time?  
What up bro they call me Mac  
Man I'm trying get a feature  
Well you know I'm finna tax nigga how much you got  
I got 650  
Nigga I need 7  
Come on Bro work with me  
Ight send it to western union  
Send the beat to my email  
Send it to my yahoo, I don't give out my gmail  
I know a motherfucker know me from the old me I ain't even saying it like Imma OG  
Put in work by myself nigga fuck 4 deep  
Do a drill in with a bandana on fuck low key  
Nigga we be so deep, on the block  
Selling hard we pop out 3 o'clock  
All the way to the grave yard  
My brother told me  
Work hard, play hard, got shells for these niggas that just wanna play hard  
Wait hold on

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