

Phone Jumpin (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Dave East

Yeah
There we go
Ha ha ha
(Renegade, renegade)
Ha ha ha ha ha Residue still on my hand
It feel like I'm back in the kitchen (I'm back)
Your bitch in the back of the Fisker
You can't imagine the trenches (no)
What you know about trappin' and pitchin'?
Now I got 'em laughing up in the back of the Bentley
What you know about not having a penny?
Phone jumping gotta bag it up quickly
Phone off, it was quiet for me (quiet)
Don't say you love me, you ain't dying for me
I woke up this morning with a lot of money
I'm just selling game come and buy it from me
On my mama, your honor
I'm not gonna speak on a soul
They told me you reap what you sow
Ride for my nigga, I'll never forget all the times you took me where I needed to go
I woke this morning like: fuck everybody, and that's how I knew that I needed to smoke
My niggas is felons, you niggas is jealous and y'all just defining the meaning of broke (I'm broke)
I'm gettin' some brain, I pulled out my chain and she started lookin' like she seen a ghost
Diamonds is cold like goin' outside with no jacket and mama say: You need a coat
I do not wanna be stuck in the hood all day I rather go jump off a boat
When the album dropping? All they wanna know
Two thousand for this Moncler coat
Mike Amiri cost me 18
That ain't no shirt that was straight jeans
Pineapple Fanta when I be on it
But my little bitch she drinking straight lean
Residue still on my hand
It feel like I'm back in the kitchen
Your bitch in the back of the Fisker (in the back)
You can't imagine the trenches
What you know about trappin' and pitchin'?
Now I got 'em laughing up in the back of the Bentley
What you know about not having a penny? (oh oh)
Phone jumping gotta bag it up quickly (quick) Ice hash in the bong
Take dabs 'til I'm gone
In the basement, growing base, this shit is strong like mase

Keep a low temp nail, 'cause it's all about taste
I just did three mil', did it all in one day
Hear 'em talk but I don't believe him
New car so I'm gonna leave him
Talk down but they wanna be him, damn
They don't go off like Khalifa man
2nd grade had two girlfriends
5th grade I was in Japan
Now I can never go broke again
I ain't need no one to hold my hand (uh, fuck up off me)
If the weed good roll it then
Quick to turn a hater to a fan
Quick to get another million
Quick to spend it all with my fam
Quick to tell a nigga who I am
Quick to get my niggas out a jam
I'mma roll one
Pass it around, ain't got lungs
You better grow some
I remember people lying to me
Now I force 'em all to stand in line
How he got a bag but he flyin'?

My nigga don't text me right now I'm too highPhone off it was quiet for me (quiet)

Don't say you love me, you ain't dying for me
I woke up this morning with a lot of money
I'm just selling game come and buy it from me
On my wrist, I put Patek Philippe now
Every day we can eat at Phillepe's now
It's hard to see through this weed cloud
I'm picking up bags when I leave town (bags)
A lot of hammers and a lot of lead
A lot of Phantoms and a lot of red (oha)
Without these cameras they'd be probably dead
Hard to keep my balance off a lot of meds (oh)
I've been that nigga since Simon Says
I heard you talk to a lot of feds (ah)
Bring your rent back to papi and gimme more
Fuck the re-up up at the Fendi store
Fuck the re-up up on Chanel
Fuck the re-up up on Vuitton
Last year I bet against the Cavaliers
I fucked the re-up on LeBron
We ain't lookin' for jobs livin' like the mob
Hot temper keepin' it calm
See I used to sleep in the slums
Now bitches chew me like a piece of some gum (oh)Residue still on my hand
It feel like I'm back in the kitchen (I'm back)
Your bitch in the back of the Fisker
You can't imagine the trenches

What you know about trappin' and pitchin'?
Now I got 'em laughing up in the back of the Bentley (in the back)
What you know about not having a penny?
Phone jumping gotta bag it up quickly Phone off it was quiet for me (quiet)
Don't say you love me, you ain't dying for me
I woke up this morning with a lot of money
I'm just selling game come and buy it from me
On my wrist I put Patek Philippe now
Every day we can eat at Phillepe's now (every day)
It's hard to see through this weed cloud
I'm picking up bags when I leave town
A lot of hammers and a lot of lead
A lot of Phantoms and a lot of red (oha)
Without these camera's they'd be probably dead
Hard to keep my balance off a lot of meds
(Perc's, Xan's, Lean, Perc's)
Without these camera's they'd be probably dead
Hard to keep my balance off a lot of meds (lot of meds) Residue still on my hand (still)
It feel like I'm back in the kitchen (right back)
Your bitch in the back of the Fisker
You can't imagine the trenches (oh)
Now I got em laughing up in the back of the Bentley
Phone jumping gotta bag it up quickly (bag it up)(Phone jumping gotta bag it up quickly)
(Phone jumping, quickly)
(Phone jumping gotta bag it up quickly)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>