

# Call My Phone

**Z-Ro**

Bitch, you ain't gotta call my phone  
Matta fact all you hoes can leave me alone  
I just want my money  
And now one of you nappy-headed hoes goin get none from me  
Nigga, you ain't gotta call my phone  
Matta fact all you niggas can leave me alone  
I just want my money  
And now one of my fake ass homeboys won't get none from me

I don't need know help my nigga  
I can do bad on my own  
And I don't need no company lil momma  
Even tho I know you give graded on  
I rather play my Xbox 360 while smoking and sipping drank  
Ain't even goin waste no gas, going to get some ass,  
I'm a keep my gas in my tank  
Keep my money in my pocket I never leave it with hoes  
Put a ring on my own finger cause I sleep with Z-RO  
Homie I'ont giva fuck about what you drive or how much money ya got  
And I don't giva damn if y'all really like me or not  
I see ya lips moving but I can't hear nothing, cause I'm not listening  
Hoe you only talking to me because my teeth are glistening  
Y'all niggas be riding dicks so much y'all need a dildo  
That way when you think about Z-RO, you can shove it up on yo ass real slow  
I'm a gangsta but I'm a man first, then I tallerate, no disrespect  
My momma if it's money for me to make weed goin slip the sex

Slim Thugga, Mothafucka  
I'm tryna stay rich, fuck a bitch (fuck a bitch)  
I rather hit the studio and make another hit (another hit)  
Stop calling on my phone mayn I'm on some other shit  
Just leave a nigga 'lone, I ain't goin suck cause ya fucking with  
Cause bitch you ain't about to get no dime or no quality time  
I rather be on my grind, smoking weed, writing rhymes

All you rapping ass niggas calling me to get signed  
Want me to rap for free, you done lost yo mind (you done lost yo mind)  
I'ont care how long I knew ya give a fuck if we can  
Went to high school together giva fuck if we friends  
Ya ain't talking bout shit if you ain't talking bout N's  
Bring ya ten G's, I see what'cha talking bout then  
All you roaching ass niggas and hoes in my face  
Can't get it crunk for me, no so don't waste

Yo mothafuckin crime tryna plot on mine  
I got my cash in my stash locked down, so now...

It's a shame having a cell phone, but don't want it to ring  
Cause I don't wanna deal with bull shit people and the bull shit they might bring  
That's why I send them the voice mail heaven (I don't wanna talk)  
Cause bull shit run a marathon, I rather keep it real and walk  
I don't giva damn how pretty you look, you can still kiss my ass  
Especially if I die to choose between you and my cash  
I'm a choose money everytime, anyway I always get a new whip  
Besides, I'm what bitches be tryna find, I'm young, black and I'm rich  
If you thinking I'm goin pay money to hit that ass  
I gotta trick fo yo ugly ass  
I'll just miss you right after I hit you and then go fuck yo friends  
Then you'll be ready to committing suicide and then I'll never speak to you again  
My nigga Gredy, my nigga Rickby, my nigga Michael Coleon  
There them only three niggas phone number programed in my phone  
They call me the king of the ghetto, because I rule this bitch  
I'm bout business I don't participate in foolishness, bitch