# Phone

**Chief Keef**

I'm double in it
No sleep in bout a week
Your thottie to my house, she's bout to freak
Bout to freak, bout to freak
I ain't have no sleep in bout a week
Just got your thottie to my house shes bout to freak
Geek
Beep

I ain't have no sleep in bout a week
Just got your thottie to my house shes bout to freak
I'm fucking with whoever ride with me
Is you gon blow your pistol boy we's bout to see
I don't owe you boy I got here on my own
Back in them days I was out here on my own
Now these boys don't like I'm on the throne
Ain't no peace treaties boy don't call my phone

Smookin on Tooka with my click clack fuck the chi-chat
Fuck nigga you better get back before your ass get whacked
Niggas all about that chi-chat over that iner-net
I ain't with that damn chi-chat on that iner-net
Blammin at these fuck niggas like "Bow, Bow, Bang"
And I got them damn wow-wow's in my chain
And I got them damn wow-wow's in my earrings
Finna get them damn wow-wow's on some rings
Put some wow-wow's on that range
Put some wow-wow-wow's on that motherfucking beamer
Hoes say I talk like I'm from Ala-Bama
Nah bitch this ain't country grammer

Jackson just like Samuel
Did you read the motherfucking manual
Lemme check my schedule
Choppa go dududuh let go

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