

3 Phones

EST Gee

(FOREVEROLLING)

I got three phones, one for wholes, halves, and quarters
In the door, I keep my pointers bag for shooters and snorters
Back when money was shorter, shorty ain't wan' let me torch her
Now I shoot it on her forehead and don't pay her a quarter
Wasn't meant, but I forced it
Had to get with the source
Swear I done shipped niggas' mortgage
I brought it in, gave out Porsches
I supply and enforce it
I'm the guy gave 'em more
Livin' hell, gave you water
They'll kill you for Jordans

A P of doja
If I give him extra, we can roll it over
Meet the quota
Servin' all on papers, pistol out the holster
Niggas know that I'm a soldier
No love for all my opposers
Frontin' quarters
I'ma get it right and not a nugget over
Cup of Folgers
Up, repeat my plays, I'm goin' through the motions
Bruh gon' shoot, he think he Korver
Three at once, he think he Horry
.223s, he think he Jordan
Never made it off his corner
Never came at me with shorts
So up and downs, I'm gon' support him
Pump him pounds from here to Florida
Bust it down with my supporters
Couple grand'll get him tortured
Stuffin' grams, I made a fortune
Drivin', be there in the morning
I bring in the biggest portion
The biggest niggas get hit with 40s
For iPhones, a pair of Jordans

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Nigga, please, plug talk, he speak Vietnamese
I just nod and look him in his eyes 'cause he gon' send them P's
He say, "Jorge, you do good with weed, but can you handle keys?"
And it's his penny, some nigga ran off with sixty G's

He know that I need the money, he know that I'm with the shit
But somethin' ain't right, think he might be tryna put me in a twist
First time thought callin' it quits, I can sense it ain't the same
I been out here dancin' with the devil, I'm startin' to feel the flame
But this my plug and I love him more than Jesus
He told me I'm a genius, but play stupid to them people
It's an art to be deceitful, never let a nigga read you
If he peep you, he can beat you
I can feed you if I need to