

Siri

Lil' Wayne

Mike WiLL Made-It!
Ear Drummers

I can't trust my iPhone, I can't trust these bitches
Haters praying for my downfall, at least they're religious
People in Hell, they want rainfall, your bitch just want these digits
I feel like I'm on her payroll how she pay my ass a visit
We put both iPhones on silent, both iPhones on silent
I only answer for my niggas, careful with that dialogue
Man, my house ain't got no house phone
My flip phone is a chip phone
Got a prepaid and that bitch on, but still, I use my bitch phone
'Cause I can't trust my iPhone, I can't trust my SIM card
I got Siri talkin' dirty to me, tryna make my dick hard
I got Tunechi on my ringtone, my children on my home screen
I choke you with the phone charger
Sold more crack than my phone screen, let's go
Fur floor mats, I'm bare feet, nigga
100K a week, that's a bad week, nigga
I can sell dogs to a cat freak, nigga
Sell monkey bars to a chimpanzee, nigga
But you never know what you never know
Nigga sell you coke and it wasn't coke
Hang 'em off the building and let 'em go
That's how you make a statement that they should quote
I seen death around the corner
And I lived right by the corner store
I'm a hot boy, I'll burn your hand
I'm a real life Untouchable
I run the show, I run the show
Sell anything but my soul
And I'm prayin' that the only cuffs
That touch my wrist come with button holes, for real
Smokin' on the good
Killin' these hoes like Blair Underwood
Rest in peace to my daddy Rabbit, I swear to his lucky foot
Ever since he died of jealousy, I've been looking for a cure
You see, my daddy had that work, now they watch his son get to it
And just like he ran them streets, I run with bulls
If niggas buyin' I throw out some numbers to 'em
Numbers soundin' yummy to 'em
You need more, just call my ho, I gave her phone number to 'em
'Cause you know

I can't trust my iPhone, I think Siri the feds
I can't trust my iPhone, I think Siri the feds
Pull up in that thing with Stunna, paint it period red
Go tell your boss we can get 'em cheaper than where he paid
Let's go

I can't trust my iPhone (Nope), .44 on my thighbone (Huh)
You can have the eye of the tiger
I'm the one the tiger better have his eye on, okay
Fussin' with my redbone (Bitch), hang up when my high gone (Why)
Ball 'til I fall, and when I do, them hoes gon' pile on, uh
Assault rifle, now mouth off
Some niggas make it all the way to the top and ball too hard then bounce off

Like my homeboy, let his bitch cook the work and it came out wrong
Almost beat that ho to death, I had to call my plug and vouch for him
'Cause I ain't even got an ounce for 'em
I keep running out on 'em
Everybody gotta eat, just try not to leave the mouse crumbs
.223 right here, this to keep the whole house warm
Then I skate by one of my hoes house, girl, I gotta use your house phone
'Cause she know I can't trust my iPhone, I think Siri the feds
I can't trust that Samsung, I think Sam the feds
Cocaine, pour the twenty-eight gram buffet
Turn your block into a police ambulance parade, let's go

I can't trust my iPhone, I think Siri the feds (Woo)
I can't trust my iPhone, I think Siri the feds (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Pull up in that thing with Stunna (Yeah), interior red (Tell 'em)
Go tell your boss we can get 'em cheaper than where he paid, let's go, yeah
(2 Chainz, boom, boom, boom)

Hello? (Hello?)
Most of my niggas from the ghetto (Ghetto)
Through the concrete grew a rose (Grew a rose)
Petals smellin' like gun metal (Bah)
Smoke a joint the size of a limo (Yeah)
My girlfriend wearin' stilettos (Yeah)
My wife don't like when I call my girlfriend my girlfriend
She think she's special (Tru)
I whippin' and flippin' the extras (Woo, extra)
Fucked that bitch off a text message (Damn)
You know what it is when you fuck with the kid
I got medicine all in my beverage (Lean)
Look at your watch, it say my time (My time)
They callin' my phone like a hotline (Hotline)
I'm about to switch this shit up (Shit up)
Got a metro for my thot line (Woo)
Got to crip walk on the outside (Yeah)
Whip the same color apartheid (Yeah)
On the phone kickin', pimpin'
You know I surround that bitch out like a chalk line
Ooh, Siri backwards spell Iris
I ring, iPhone don't work on this island (True)
AK smilin' as I pose for a threat
All these bad hoes in here, we need a pole in this bitch
If they're quick to pick her up, I cut that bitch like a machete
I might overdose on shrimp scampi in Italy, I'm like

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