

Phone Me

Mereba

My nigga, you know you're my sister
Since honey in the swishers
My homie, my homie, just phone me
Through the nitty gritty suicide missions
Few screws missing for my twinnem
My homie, my homie, just phone me
My nigga, you know you're my sister
Since honey in the swishers
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I would come pick you up
Until my whip got wrecked
We would sip E&J, I would roll one and you would say
"Fuck that guy, you were better on your own
Fuck that job, you a star and they know
Tell your mama and your daddy gotta go
Don't look back till you're rolling in dough"

My spinner, you know you're my sister
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My nigga, you know you're my brother
No money in the duffle
But you was my homie, you were my homie
You were my, my, my, my homie
My homie, my homie, my nigga
I ain't seen ya in a while
I hope you're doing alright
You know we had a good ride
I ain't seen ya in a while
I hope you're doing alright
You know we had a good ride