

646 - 704 - 2610

Ratking

21st century pay phone user
It's kinda nice, nice when I'm tryna lose ya
But when I'm tryna chill, all these pay phones been abused up
That one don't work, that one pissed on, that one shitted on
That one has some extra vodka that I'm sippin' on
Quarter hoarder, quarters gripped in my palm
Just so when I'm ready I can slip it upon the coin slot
New York native, ain't rocking no loin cloth
Don't make LO of those, zone is closed
Fingers frozen cold, oh
No, forgot I was holdin' the phone
Now I gotta think up numbers, come on throw me a bone
646-704-2610
I wonder how their '94 lenox has been
Hello, hello?
Yo, Hak
What's good on the block, what it is?
Why's this number blocked? Who is this?
It's just Wik on 96th
What's the ish?
I wish I had a chick on my dick
To be specific, a thick spic lick it quick
My mental ways are sick, resorting to a porno flick
Give me satisfaction since I get no action
I guess I'm just another kid
Caught up in the faction of whacking
It's true, I do more jacking than macking
And I do more eyeing than trying, but...
Wik you small, but you '93, I'm '94
Let's explore your cerebral cortex wall
Aw, flatter me, you had to be
Got the blacker half of you, Puerto Rican half of me, naturally
Even when you mad at me, end up giving daps to me
This fucking herb bagging bitches casually
Thought at 17 that should be me
What I'm supposed to have, a social status on a social ladder?
Keep climbing, I'ma keep rhyming
We mixed rising
She's dick riding
Pigs snipe, mix sirens hit hydrants
Let it off, shit's flying, hit the fan
That really happen?
Nah, but you get me, fam?
Overreactive, matter of fact over-attracted
To every ho that pass with her overgrown assets
And a so-on-tone accent
Never slow
If only I could remember this bitch when I'm grown
And if I could remember this bitch as I get older
Spit cold as if I had a chip on my shoulder
I got a tangled heart and twisted leg
Bally bully, third finger slinger
I'd walk every step back till dawn
Wipe my palms and say what up to my moms
So we can kick some thoughts, we can get along
Bang our feet, sing a sticky summer song
Why'd I have to deck him?

Thought he was my best friend
Now you logged Louis before, the senses loony
No rest for the wicked, my mind tryna do me
"Life is like a movie" really screwed me
Figuring out how you be while I do me
Lenox, so you getting kinda loony, out of line
Throw another quarter, yo we slippin' on the time
Got you, got you
I'm about to drop two
Quarters in the slot, do it
For my man Hak-a-loog'
Hak is rude
Chillin' with my mans Wiki One Eyebrow
Chillin' with Hak with the bum ass style
Chillin' with my mans Wiki One Eyebrow
Chillin' with Hak with the bum ass style
See? We both keep it raw
Keep it hard when we speak
Where should we meet?
96th street, last car on the 3
Peace
Peace, peace