

My Phone

Tom MacDonald

Half the fammo in the kitchen
Half the fammo on the road
We don't need to hit the strippers
To get some bitches on the pole
I got bitches on my phone
I got bitches on my phone
Yeah, I got bitches on my phone
I got bitches on my phone

And they love me
They're twerking like they're making some money
But they don't
They're just some real bitches
Hopping for a few of the homies
Then they're gone
And they holler, they holler like I'm holding some money
But I don't
They're just some real bitches
They know I bring 'em 'round for my homies
I got bitches on my phone

Uh, laying on the 25th floor with her
Way above the city popping bottles with the gold sticker
Her friends are heading over from the beach
With that new Ranger Rove', got the heat inside the seats
little takeout, little titties, little weed
Big booty, big bag with that little LV on it
I'm growing up in the suburbs drunk
She growing up in the city wasted
We come together but we both came from different places
Whoop, I'm turned up, she turned out
She work hard, we work out, I flirt and she twerk out
She into making love but she's not really down for fucking
Told me that she got a man but they are done now, so fuck it
Throw some ones at it
Man, I am so high, you could see forever if you looked into my eyes
Dreaming 'bout the pool sides, future rides
Cars that don't go to heaven, doors suicide

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Yeah, I ain't sweating that everyone tryna sun me
Shades darker than the shade from the money tree
Uh, I got a taste for imported booze
The champagne is from France, and I order two (bitch)
Whole crew tied up with some fine bitches
And we bringing 'em to our zone, what you know about time difference?
Uh, nine hours if you call in London
Uh, eight hours if you call in Paris
Hooking up with model bitches
Then leaving them for hotter bitches
Leaving them for hotter bitches
Then leaving them for hotter bitches
Uh, I got bitches on my phone
And I'm tripping 'cause bitches tripping just won't leave me alone
Uh, I'm stepping on my work ups
Tryna stack a third cup
Swisher getting burnt up, the hoes getting turned up
My Lord, chilling with some halfies getting perms done
They thought I was the sweetest 'til all of them bodies turned up

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