

Hit Up My Phone

Yung Mal

She just hit up my phone, talkin' 'bout that she miss me
Please leave me alone, I just need my distance
I'm so stuck in my zone, and I'm 'bout to make history
Please don't ask what I'm on, that ain't none of your business
Now I'm back on the road, I won't make it 'til Christmas
Gotta make all these shows, 'cause I'm tryna get rich
I ain't sweatin' these hoes, they don't come with no benefits
And I'm still with my bros, and we straight out the trenches

I'm still with my bros
Straight out the trenches, that's all we know
Couple niggas got killed but nobody knows
Another trial got missed 'cause nobody told
We'll never ever take a chance no more
We done came a long way from the dope hole
Went big on big, got the hood in control
Now we're riding back to back in the foreign two doors
That bitch hit up my phone, she talkin' 'bout she miss me
But I'm on the road, I'm doin' shows, counting tickets
I don't know what I'm on, 'cause all these drugs I missed it
I'ma handle my own, and stay up out your business
Got a cold heart with no feelings
Still thumbing through these hundreds, I ain't finished
They can never live how we living
I been top now for a lil minute
Ain't had nothing so I got to spend it
Got one son so I gotta get it
FaceTime right now with my lil nigga
Said daddy I miss you, I'm finna go get him
We finna count up a lick

She just hit up my phone, talkin' 'bout that she miss me
Please leave me alone, I just need my distance
I'm so stuck in my zone, and I'm 'bout to make history
Please don't ask what I'm on, that ain't none of your business
Now I'm back on the road, I won't make it 'til Christmas
Gotta make all these shows, 'cause I'm tryna get rich
I ain't sweatin' these hoes, they don't come with no benefits
And I'm still with my bros, and we straight out the trenches

Yeah we used to be broke, I ain't get shit for Christmas
I ain't had nothin' but hope, I never got none' on my wishlist
Couldn't depend on my folks, so I had to get rich
I can't fuck with no ho, 'cause all of these bitches be broke
And I cannot go for that shit
I'm sitting in the back of the tinted, I'm counting up a ticket
I'm wishing my nigga was here, he didn't make it
Just copped me a deuce in the Sprite all the way out the city
And I just put some racks in the safe so we always can get it
Your girl hit my phone, no I don't wanna kick it
Bitch I'm stuck in my zone, and no I'm not coming back in
Until at least I make the ten

She just hit up my phone, talkin' 'bout that she miss me
Please leave me alone, I just need my distance
I'm so stuck in my zone, and I'm 'bout to make history
Please don't ask what I'm on, that ain't none of your business

Now I'm back on the road, I won't make it 'til Christmas
Gotta make all these shows, 'cause I'm tryna get rich
I ain't sweatin' these hoes, they don't come with no benefits
And I'm still with my bros, and we straight out the trenches