

Phone Tap (feat. Nas, Nature, Dr. Dre & The Firm)

AZ

Nas:

Yo this Esco, who this?AZ:
What's the dilly?
I just touch grounds down in Philly
Brought a pound with me
Feds floatin' around silly
Tryin' ta find land
They suppose ta be in the benz
Parked in row ten, hard in that slohokwan
Should of known she was a bitch that we both could of boned
This post of this loan
The ass had us both in the zone
But you know the rules
Both been schooled by older dues
I know the Jews
No time for them thoughts, to much to lose
Just tryin to vibe to them ho's role with the ride
Where's your joint Pras
You know little Dezk gotcha eyes

Nas:

In the cut, drop Z ok the tops up
Left the mall bought little Amo the toy truck
Your boy's what, three years old know correct
Here my daughter Ase neck in neck
They futures set
Trees got me wet in the backgrounds of oak set
Fly steppin' they mail shit
What's the deal with all this shit I'm hearin up top
You got arrested, shot affair, one with a cop
That ain't ya stee, you usually low key with no t
I'm only goin on for what some weak bitch told meAZ:
That's some ill shit
Hear that bitch go with a clickNas:
Dun I'll hit you right back cause the static is stick
Guy Speaking in SpanishChorus (Dr.Dre):
We got you phone tap
What you gonna do
Cause sooner or later will have your whole crew
All we need now is the right word or two to make all it stick like glue
Then you threw

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 We got youAZ:
 We just hit the cribo
 I'm curled up on this pillow
 I'm still low, hold this ill news these niggas killed more
 The shit touched me
 Tryin' ta chill, just lit a dutchie from a while back
 Same foul cats who tried to bust me
 Caught em' sleepin'
 A Spanish Harlem with some Puertoricans
 Up in Washington heights right off the decan
 Feel awful speakin' for some vians that feels the phone tap
 Along with gats left with a vest to watch my own backNas:Keep your eyes open
 Stay wide, shit is mind blowin'
 Look for any sign showin', one time is knowin'
 About the dynasty, shit is not minor leagues no more
 Cats bleed in this cold war
 Some we took an oath, then this life took us both
 We rich now, milk the whole cow, split the growth
 Now I'm on the car doin', headlights on
 Fluid in the wind sheild wipes gone
 This life's scarmed
 Its formin' in the sky
 You comin' home tomorrow, will you drive or will you fly
 hold up my other sideNature:
 Yo son some other cats tried to rulin' our plans
 Sendin' to decoy bitches with pictures of you and ya man
 Askin' ya whereabouts
 I gave them no leads
 For all the nigga know them ho's f**k with the policeNas:
 No shit I'm clickin' over
 I'm a tell Sosa quick son
 Them outer state bitches tryin to get us both hit
 That was Nate, he hit me last night late while in my ho's stomach
 Said it's no hundred
 We FBI's most wanted
 So play the low, change ya cloths, pack ya bags
 Watch what you say on this phone, get home fastChorusAZ:
 Yo it's all good. I'm a hit you when I touch down tomorrow son. Word.Nas:
 Stay on point. Don't even use the phone, just come to my crib yo, word up.AZ:
 Out.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>