

Victor Wooten "Cell Phone"

Visit "[Cell Phone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well I just got paid, it's Friday night
Feeling real good weekend in sight
Got a new phone, a new belt clip
Attached to my hip even got the chip

Now everyone can get touch with me
I got seven hundred minutes and weekends free
They even threw in an extra battery
So I can keep in touch with my family

Now everybody's is all in my mix
I had to go and learn all the cell phone tricks
When someone tries to talk to me I just act like

I'm talking on the phone you see
My signals weak, my battery's dead
It must be true, that's what I said
But if I ever get stranded I'm never alone

What would I do without my cell phone?

You gave me your number and I said I'd call
You said, wuz cool, no the type to bawl
You said you only used it for important calls
But you didn't pick up and I know you saw

My name, my number pop up on your screen
But you didn't pick up, yo, what that mean?
It don't mean nuthin', it ain't like that
Girl, you know I was gonna call you back

Aw man, stop playin', I heart what your sayin'
And I ain't trying to heat that jive
I bet you got girls calling from around the world

Boy, and you know that's faul
Hello! Can you hear me now?
I know you can hear me, can you hear me now?
Don't play me like that, can you hear me now?

What would I do without my cell phone?

Alright, let's see if I can dial this number and check my messages
You have fifteen new voice messages fifteen messages
I just got this phone, hey Vic, this is Kashif, what? Forget that
Mr. Wooten, this is Mr. Able with S&L Collection, collection?

Victor, where have you been? I've been waiting for you to call me back
Yeah, Jimmy, now I got these hogs out here need 'tend to
Jimmy? Who is that? Gotta go gotta go
Ear piece, rough foam cheesy ring tones

Is it convenient or is it lost freedom?
The worst yet GPS mess, text message meet for Tex Mex
Nuclear soul studies have shown sixty nine cent if roam at home
Front screen cracked the phone's his dome

Call restricted ignore the phone *82 don't get me heated
Count, I need Vic's number, the life that's led is the path that's paved
Message from my kids equals, first day flip phone second concaved
New car charger pleather, leather case

You ever in your life spent time on the road
Tell me Vic What would I do without my cell phone?
See there it goes again I'm way up in the sticks
Trying to get to Vic's for six

She's starting to get sick another dropped call
This bad reception leaves the wrong impression
The phone rings again guess who? No guess again

Can you hear me now? No? Then send a text
Cruisin' down the highway I wonder where the exit is
Before I get off, I send check the messages

Yo pick up the phone, you know who this is
And don't be trying to give me none of that
Can you hear me now?

What would I do without my cell phone?

And ye, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of

cell

I will fear no dial tone for thou art with me

Thy voice mail and thy call waiting, they comfort me

Visit [Victor Wooten](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.