

Dr Dre "Phone Tap The Firm"

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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 me

AZ:

That's some ill shit

Hear that bitch go with a click

Nas:

Dun I'll hit you right back cause the static is stick

Guy Speaking in Spanish

Chorus (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
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
We got you

AZ:

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 back

Nas:

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 side

Nature:

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 police

Nas:
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 fast

Chorus

AZ:
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.

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