

Eruption

"Cold Call"

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Lyrics Born: Lemme call this fool Gab

"Mary Had a Little Lamb" dial

ring

ring

click

Gift of Gab: Hello?

LB: 'Sup, man?

GG: Chillin'

LB: Yea?

GG: Yea, 'fin (?) to write these lyrics down. What's going on with you?

LB: Man... Nothing. Just... Whatever, dude

GG: Well why, w-wsup wsup?

LB: Nothing man. Just hella stressed out about certain shit right now

Man, it's hella personal shit going down

GG: Wow, like that?

LB: Yea, man, it's kinda fast

One 'a those moments where, like, I don't feel like I have control over my life, and all the checks that were supposed to arrive didn't

There's hella politics now in my social life over some bullshit somebody had

told somebody

GG: Daaamn

LB: Yea, man. So, you know, I shouldn't even 'of told you that

Man, I shouldn't even unload like that

GG: Maaan

LB: I know. it's just one 'a those moments in time where everything coincides

and it comes together at once and then it all collides

GG: Man, I feel that though

LB: Anyway, what's goin' on witchu?

GG: Aw, man *beep*, just tryin' to do it. Hold on, man, somebody's on my other

line. Imma hit chu right back, aiite?

LB: (Coo)

click

Telemarketer: We wanna talk to you (hoo)

GG: I don't wanna talk right now. I'm on the other line.
I'm busy

TM: We wanna talk to you

GG: I said I don't wanna talk right now. w-

TM: But we wanna talk to you (hoo ooo ooo)

GG: I don't wanna talk right now!

TM: We wanna talk to you

GG: (Damn). I'm hangin' up. I'm hangin' up. BYE

click

GG: Hey yo, I'm back, man

LB: Cool, man. 'Sup with it?

GG: Really, just trying not to think so much

LB: Mmm

GG: 'n keep my feet up. Make this boy still (?). Stopped
smokin' cigarettes

Butts not stinking up my room. Feelin' I've this new diet

LB: Word?

GG: Really just trying to get my health right. Feelin' I'm
just like this crap

coolin' out. Writin' raps. Chillin'- Chillin'

LB: Uhn

GG: Feel me?

LB: I feel it. I feel- Wait, man. You stopped smoking all
those Marlboros?

GG: Yep

LB: How long ago, man? I'm proud of you, bro

GG: Man, four weeks. I ain't trippin', though, s'all good.
Four weeks

Yo, man, you know me, (homie)

LB: Aw, you really think you smoke more phillies since
you quit and them

millions of little Virginia Slims?

GG: Originally I was smokin' more of them anyway.

Really rememberin' back to

when I wasn't really into them since. They was killin'
me, though

so I had to get rid of 'em

Anyway, whatchu gettin' into this wednesday, bro?

GG: Wednesday... *snap*

Let me think... *snap*

Was that the fifteenth? *snap*

Well see, the rent's paid. *snap*

Got the Net's game- *beep*

Hold on, my shit's ringing

click

TM: We wanna talk to you (hoo)

LB: Ah...shii..

TM: We wanna talk to you

LB: I don- I don't- I don't wanna talk to you, though

TM: But we wanna talk to you (hoo ooo ooo)

LB: Fuck this!

TM: We wanna talk to you

LB: Aite, check this out? I'm about to hang up on youuuu

click

LB: Alright, I'm back, man

GG: Hey, who was that, man?

LB: Fuckin' telemarketers callin' my apartment offerin' nothing, botherin' me constantly, (man)

GG: Yea, always just stalkin' cats. There should be laws against this nonsense

LB: First of all, what kind of a person gets involved with these vermin making service calls?

GG: "Can I call you by your first name, Tom?"

Man, that ain't workin' *beep*

Wait, hold on, that echo again, man. This shit's irkin' me. I'm about to talk to 'em. Hold on

LB: Naw, fuck that, I'm gone-

click

GG: Hello?

Gertrude Warner: Hello, am I speaking to the head of the household, sir?

GG: No

GW: Perfect. My name is Gertrude Warner, and I've got some super news!

GG: This isn't a good time

GW: Sure it is. We understand you may be feeling a little nervous

GG: Nah uh

GW: Now, we could send a representative right out

GG: I don't really need anything at this time

GW: Oh, I doubt that. Anyway, your address is two two four-

GG: No!

GW: Yes, I know, too. Is evening time better for you or is daytime?

GG: No time at-

