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Snow Tha Product "Fuck Your Phone"

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Every ti-time Every ti-time Every time you with me, you be staying on your phone And every time I look at you I see that stupid glow up of your phone Go f*ck your phone Go, go, go, go, go f*ck your phone Go f*ck your phone, your phone E-e-e-every time you with me, you be stayinÂ' on your phone And every time I look at you I see that stupid glow up of your phone Go f*ck your phone, Y-y-your phone. Go f*ck your phone,

I swear to God that IÂ'm just like UGH! UGH! Look, IÂ'm bout two seconds from grabbing that getro pcs And chunking that shit right up at your head Cause I swear that I hope you lose reception Or that yoÂ' shit get disconnected Cause IÂ'm so tired of your no job-having ass All on this date disrespecting ItÂ's like every time that you come around I just see that stupid glow right up off your phone And up off you dome And ya got me talking to myself like lÂ'm alone Got a girl like me about ready to explode Ima need me a man thatÂ's fully grown AinÂ't worried about retweets Livin up in these streets Beep beep boy you better watch that road What the hell is so urgent that you worried bout that bird And that lil timeline Better be sure thatÂ's really worth the fact that You bout to kiss my ass bye-bye Wasting my time with your sideline ass Phone giggling all bright-eyed all immature Looking ass grown lil boy

Get the hell up out my eyesight I got real problems, real life Got real shit that ima deal with And you been up on it Call it killing time Well thatÂ's it, you really just killed it So f*ck you f*ck your phone F*ck your social network Ima go out in the real world as a real girl You hang ten in your net surf

Chorus

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Umm she wanna instagram her dinner Tweet that she having fun and shit Imessage ainÂ't delivered OMG SMH what a bummer bitch Now days two people be next to each other DonÂ't talk just twitter mention each other Texting eachother Oh shit, God forbid yÂ'all show interest in each other OMG IÂ'm having so much fun Woo this partyÂ's awesome Umm sure it is And so much so you gon sit up on your phone and gossip bout it Who did what, and what they did And who in love And who been friends And who hate who And who say when and who got fired And who just quit and this shit is wack My phone is off IÂ'm getting crunk IÂ'm getting crunk, IÂ'm living life Finna f*cking ball We getting drunk see, got fat bitches And skinny bitches

And medium bitches, and thick bitches And most of the world wonÂ't see it F*ck it, ima twitpic it

Chorus

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