

Stfu (feat. Spark Master Tape)

[mansionz](#)

Ohh, yea
I ain't hit you back and now you overreacting
Hate that shit with a passion, yeah
Have a little self respect, don't want to put you on blast
But you should go 'head and practice Shut the fuck up right now and let me breathe
Shut the fuck up right now, let me do my thing
Slow down, slow down, slow down
Quit hitting my phone up, quit hitting my phone up
Quit hitting my phone, slow down I ain't hit you back, now you overreacting
I don't play that elastic
You be like, when we gon' fuck, what we gon' do
You should try and quit asking, huh
You should shut the fuck up right now and let me be me
(let me be, let me be)
Shut the fuck up right now, let me do my thing (yea, right) People talk too much shit
In my face, 'round my back, on the phone
Ain't been famous for a while but I'm still up in my zone
And I don't usually smoke, but I'm high on sativa
If I pour it in my tea, I smell like heaven, I'm a diva (diva)
Bangin' Aaliyah so loud in my speaker that I can not hear you no, I'm gone
Don't you be blowin' up my phone
I'm in a different time zone
Ever since a matter of time, all my girls is badder than nine
Hope to banish the debt, you hammered, you still don't know how to handle your wine
That's probably why you're hittin' me more
Yeah I've got a rule because I've done this before
Just fuck 'em three times and don't fuck 'em no more
Cause they just fall in love if you fuck 'em the forth (woo)
Don't get me right, I really like it when we're vibin'
But when I'm in another city, shh, be quiet
Shut the fuck up right now and let me be me
Shut the fuck up right now, let me do my thing
Slow down, slow down, slow down
Quit hitting my phone up, quit hitting my phone up
Quit hitting my phone, slow down And I've been off the coke, I've been off the coke
(I've been off this coke)
Always hittin' phone, always hittin' phone (always hittin' phones) Uh, uhhhhhh, uh
She constantly calling my old bitch
Get up, be gone and go home, bitch
Quit playin' with all of my phone, bitch
Switch numbers, even my wrong shit
These chicks, they cunning

Flip cities, she sticks, still on it
Switched whips, where wakke, she saw it
This bitch on my ass, like a pair of my drawers
Any phone I ever own, she call it
She call me at 2, call me at 3
Check I'm a WAKKEBOI, fukk I gon' be
Wanna grab an eight ball, set your nigga free
Then she walk with a nose bleed on her blue jeans
Dumb bitch, dumb hoe
Don't call my phone, go home
We jettin' out 'till we made it
Shut the fuck up complainin' Shut the fuck up right now and let me be me
(ayy, shut the fuck up bitch)
Shut the fuck up right now, let me do my thing
(It's true, but it's simple)
Slow down, slow down, slow down
(have a Xanny, SWOUP)
Quit hitting my phone up, quit hitting my phone up
(quit hittin' up my fucking phone)
Quit hitting my phone, slow down (SWOUP)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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