

Phillies

Luniz

[Chorus]

P-H-the-I-the-L-the-L-the-I-the-E-the-S.

We mess with phillies, we roll big phillies.(I want to get blunted, my brother.)

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We mess with phillies, we roll big phillies.

(I want to get blunted, my brother.)Suppress the brown bitch, up in the Crown Vic's.

Spread her legs and put the greenery lips around it.

Gets around it while niggas quit. (Woah!)

This bitch look better than Whitney, lick her titties,

'Cause niggas say the pussy be the stick-icky.

One puff'll turn your brain cells to dust.

Head rush, bound to fill your eyes up with the redness.

Suck her up, but there's a million bitches just like her.

Even dykes try to fuck her in the cypher, with the lighter.

Puttin' the dick on the ass an', everybody cashin, black 'n

Latino motherfuckers know they be mashin'

Nigga like whas' happenin'?

You can keep them sassy, the dickey used to.

Nicky Bone to top, to dump the hash in.

My partners, they be askin': Mr. Y-U-K,

Why you stay high off the hash and be smashin'?

With a hundred gun and a hundred click.

To the sto', they get phillies.

To we get blunted as we want to get.[Chorus]I takes my gat with a phillie, I don't need no quote.

Now boss player, this is how I like to blow my smoke.

I grab the phillie, cut the throat, jump to the back

Of a building, top player, makin' a little bits with a cup up of spit.

It makes me sick and upset when it's spit and silly.

Whenever you phillie, its all spitty and wet.

It doesn't matter, rich or po', I couldn't care less, bro.

It mixes when I'm out and let the motherfucker smoke no ho.

I shake the bud, mary-tramps, the one that tried to shove the weed up the fifth,

Without givin' up no cocker food stamps.

I know they want it, but smokin' for free, I don't condone it.

Don't put your crusty lips on it if you ain't got no chips on it.

I spent a grip on it, and girl, the cuffs out here.

And if you floss out here, you take a loss out here.

You're doin' too much catin' in the cypher wit'cha.

Lighter, tryin' to flick your big, if you ain't got no skits, you can't get hit.[Chorus]How many blunts do you

blow on the daily?

Many money, I blow many, many, many.

I smoke plenty. (Well, won't your black ass quit being stingy?)

I'm not greedy. (Well, where's that weed fiend?)

(You better quit smokin' those beadys in my fo', hun.)

(Blow one for the po' one.)

(Nigga, don't you owe one? Act like ya know one.)

No one does it better, break it down with my thumbs.

(Fuck the zigzags, and stack your lungs, make the runs.)

But no fund, no gas money.

(Well, even if a dummy has money.)

(He'll be a dumber dummy then bin his ass money.)

My blunt is my keeper, like cash money.

Blast money, stash money, the last money was considered.

Bombs, stick, green grass money.

Roll, but next time, I'm a put a little to the side. (Hash money.) Hey nigga, I started smellin' weed and hella weed,

Then I started sellin' weed.

Bitch be tellin' me, they want to smoke.

To catch Mozik than a spellin' bee,

'Cause I smoke they ass under the table.

The hos' stable, pass me that cigarette or phillie. I got that feelin' again, let's smoke that acrylin'.

Again, I said you willin' again, then we can walk the Poppa-ceiling again.

I storms in like a mighty blast of wind.

Inhale, exhale, the phillies rule my dome an'... (Aaahhh!) (High powered shit, tell that nigga down the road to roll the shit up, man.)

(Man, why'all niggas need to quit this shit.)

(Nigga, you used to smoke too, more than me here, hit this shit.)

(Man, you already know do'.) Fuck around and smoke the sprayed up.

Nigga be laid up, walk around like zombies, minds never made up.

Smellin' like ass hemp's and grine, cocky mouth.

Chap lips, fuckin' off all the poo-nanny.

If why'all gonna smoke, I'll be the designated weed roller.

Call me Numboy, the motherfuckin' seed roller.

But you gotta crack the window, though,

'Cause me and the lads like Whoopi Goldberg, in centerfolds.

Drink-a-lot, never like to think-a-lot.

Nigga, I don't smoke no more 'cause I don't like the stank-a-lot. Nigga, I'm drink-a-lot, smoke-a-lot too, nigga.

Fuck, how you gonna say that shit, nigga, if you be smokin' cigarettes? (Fuck y'all.)

And me nigga. (I want to get blunted, my brother.)

You know phillies, they give heart attack, catch a nigga.

Fuck you nigga, shitty ass niggas. (Fuck you, nigga.)

Smell like straight dookie.

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