No Cap

Philthy Rich

Ooh, RJ
RJ always trippin', man, RJ always trippin'
It's Philthy, nigga
Fake Love
Uh-huh
You know that shit contageous, right?
Look
Look
[Verse]
Saucy way before I met Walka
Had a money bag way before Yo (I swear to God)
Rolexes for the whole team
I done bought five, I need four more (I need that)
Drippin' on 'em way before Gunna
Bad bitch on a 4Runner (Bad bitch)
If the card don't slide, bitch
Then punch in the last four numbers (Phil!)
Pockets full of that cash money
I done spent my last money (Oh, I remember)
Tryna cop me a bird, mayne
Way before I met Bird, mayne (Rich gang)
Had a mill' before I met Meek
In Miami ridin' jetskis (305)
Broke bitch my pet peeve
Seminary, where you can catch me (It's Phil!)
On a paper route before I met Dolph
A hundred thou' on my neck, soft (Chump change)
Diamonds on me lookin' rinsed off
With some real crips on Crenshaw (Thug, what up)
Had a four 'ac in my Jones, nigga
Thirty off in my chrome, nigga (Thirty on 'em)
Thirty thou' on me long, nigga
You can go and ask Jim Jones, nigga (It's Phil!)
Young fly nigga, just like Lucci
I done bought everything up outta Gucci (Designer)
Badass just like Boosie
And I caught a body way before Gucci (Is that right?)
In the Maybach like Ross, nigga (Maybach Music)
You ain't took a loss, you ain't a boss, nigga (Uh-uh)

Play with me and get offed, nigga
I'll drop a bag, what it cost, nigga? (It's Phil!)
Sippin' mo' red than Trippie, nigga
My mama used to cook Jiffy, nigga (Serious)
My ex-bitch really miss me, nigga
Fuck every nigga ever dissed me, nigga (Pussy)
Uzi on me, no Lil Vert
Bad bitch in a lil skirt (Bitch)
My trap phone, it still work
My Nextel, it still chirp (It's Phil!)
MAC on me, rest in peace, Miller
They callin' me the new P. Miller (Master P)
I can't decide on a Bentley truck
I been back and forth at the Bentley dealer (Vroom)
Hood rich like Pablo
My plug pull up in a Tahoe (It do)
My side bitch live in Tahoe
Her favorite rapper is Ralo (Ay, free Ralo)
You don't want no trouble, nigga
Lotta duct tape, lotta GSR
You'll get your whole hood whacked
For a P of cookies and a ki of tar (They do that)
From the east side like Jody, nigga
I fuck with Curry, no Kobe, nigga (Uh uh)
Niggas hatin' on me, forty, nigga
Pointers in the chain, forty, nigga (It's Phil!)
A lot of free bands like Future, nigga
Triple cross like Scooter, nigga (Ay, double back)
Pay attention how I manuver, nigga
I'm the driver and the shooter, nigga (I am)
Savage way before twenty-one
I was taught by the OGs young (Loaded, mayne)
If the law grab you, don't leak none
If he run his mouth then he done (It's Phil!)
Rest in peace to real G money
You ain't never seen ki money (Never)
You was never in the streets bummy
You ain't never went to sleep hungry (Never)
It's a five-nine, not a six-nine
VVSs all spit-shined (Bust down)
Never hit the yard when you did time
You was on the phone with the bitch cryin' (It's Phil!)
Section eight like V-L
Can't get rid of this weed smell (Kilo zone)
New foreign need a detail

Lost thirty thousand on the retail (Broke nigga)
Four Gs offset, watch the curb
Been a G way before Herb (Is that right?)
Plug dropped off four birds
And he ain't even said four words
Gucci link chain way before pump (Is that right?)
Presidential way before Trump (Bust down)
These Gucci socks cost four bucks (Chump change)
Bad boy way before Puff
It's Philthy
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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