

# Filthy Rich

## Pep Torres

It's the same ol' shit in the same ass place  
my studio smells like ten ash trays  
my nigga still gettin' too fucked up  
And I'm still smokin' too much blunts  
Haters always gon' run they mouth  
And keep tryin' to take me out  
Mama always gonna worry herself  
And me I can't forget the pain I felt  
Even though I drive a new 6 double 0  
They be thinkin' like "What is Los frontin' for?"  
I bought a club and they filled up with envy  
Now every body pissed cuz they can't get in free  
New enemies still poppin' up  
Throw away gats still chop 'em up  
I walk in and the whole club stands still  
More money more problems that's real  
This is what an ol' G told me  
filthy rich and dyin' lonely  
"Fuck a benz and fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homie."  
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My little baby-girl just turned 6  
I gave her the biggest room in my crib  
she gets what she wants so does her mama  
I don't think they know the value of a dollar  
fine-ass bitches all in my limosine  
I just wish I was jumpin' on my trampoline  
But my babies I miss my children  
To me that's worth more than trillions and trillions  
She calls me "Fat-boy" says I'm "loco"  
And she doesn't understand when I gotta go  
Hope she doesn't think I don't wanna be wit her  
Hope she knows that it hurts not to be wit her  
Hope she knows that wit her I'm the happiest  
I can't make it to her piano practices  
When I was young my ol' man left us  
And I pray dat she won't be like I was

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Playa hataz wanna play me close  
Do you really wanna meet Carlos?  
Do you really wanna feel my wrath?  
Mad cuz your bitch want my aut-o-graph  
Nigga I don't wanna fuck yo' hoe  
But I'll let her suck my dick and lick my ass-hole (ha-hah)  
Started out with a silly game of footsie  
Now I got her eatin' out her best friends pussy  
Rollin' hydro sippin' on Chris  
When I was broke I would dream about this  
Get my back rubbed in a big bath tub  
I don't know her name but she's showin mad love  
I got 7 G's sittin' in my pants  
And my jewelry is underneath those lamps  
I'm gettin' sleepy all you hoes gotta bail  
Once again I'm in the bed by myself  
All alone in another city  
I get my bill the Chris was 9.50  
2 G's for them bottles of Don P  
It was just me and the hoes was free  
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"Fuck a benz and fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homie."  
Yeah, fuck a benz, fuck a roly, family comes first, and I'm alone,  
Ye-e-e-eah.  
This is what an ol' G told me, He died lonely...

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