

# Reasons (feat. Mozzy, G Perico & Bobby Luv)

## Philthy Rich

Gimme hella reason  
I gotta shop the kids I gotta squeeze one  
Gimme hella reason  
I gotta shop the kids I gotta squeeze one  
Against everybody tryna be one  
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em Hey it's Philthy nigga, look  
Everybody wanna be a gangsta till gangsta shit happen  
But nigga, only gangsta shit you know is gangsta rappin'  
Salute the old Berner, yeah Lil' D back  
These rat niggas slippin' through loopholes and cracks  
Rest in peace to the jack, I was mobbing on my rack  
Did my time at Santa Rita, stayed silent, came back  
Can't reduce my name in their nigga paperwork  
Left them suckers on the circus, they was playing with the turf  
I've been stylin' since birth, trap in silence at the work  
Putting milies on the skrt, fuck college it didn't work  
I said we ain't done fucked with perks  
Believe in God but don't go to church  
Angle monitor would've curved  
Being the best could be a curse  
Gimme hella reason  
I gotta shop the kids I gotta squeeze one  
Against everybody tryna be one  
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em Yeah, I be all night wishin' nigga was shit  
Hatin' the cup of cereal that's her share  
And then fifty copper bullets, and I was there  
A lot I love nigga 'cause he went stage  
Bitch voice stands by me for the wood chips  
Fifty K diamonds that's the cook brick  
Her riches, ballin' on on Babi Arnette  
A plan on our downfall, we ain't fallin' yet  
Laurel Hibachi's on my lane and they all there  
We taggin' up yo big toe when niggas talk way  
True sum, my shoulders accepting all bends  
Kick his ass well done, now it's raw flesh  
Gimme hella reason  
I gotta shop the kids I gotta squeeze one  
Against everybody tryna be one  
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em Rapsheet full of gun cases, twenty five, four hunnid

Before I see the judge I'm bailin' out with all money  
Get my bitch from the line to come get me  
That AMG kick skrrt when I'm floatin' through the city  
Don't ask why I do that, bitch I'm gangsta  
In 30 South Central, where your own homies try to stink ya  
Niggas made me a beast, from the honeyside East  
Kick dope, guns spray y'all over my street  
I'm just a ballin' ass, get a wass  
Jheri curl back, left side, blue rag  
Niggas get to politician'  
Get out my way I need a billion  
Gimme a reason I got too many killas, it's GGimme hella reason  
I gotta shop the kids I gotta squeeze one  
Against everybody tryna be one  
My niggas in the back, I gotta feed 'em  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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