

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 'emHey 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 'emYeah, 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 'emRapsheet 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 politicin'
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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