

# Thinking of You

## Philthy Rich

[Intro 2X]

Ewwww eww ewww eww

I'm missing you

Tell me why the road turns

[Chorus]

Thinking of you, Thinking of you, Thinking of you

Fuck what you're going through

[1st Verse]

(It's Philthy nigga, peep me out look)

I remember that day, Shit'll never change

You was my nigga, should of never changed

Shit is all the same, Niggas die, mommas cry

Bitches turn sour now she fucking on that other guy

Fucking with that other side

Man I miss my niggas

I ain't talking rap niggas, man I miss my niggas

Free Dame, free Wayne, free Derwin too

Free Bot, free Low, free Mo too

Mall took 18, Hyphe took 22, Real took a half of hundred

Something that I couldn't stomach

Tae just got locked up, D waiting on an appeal

Real ran in a bank, man life is so real

Mane just came home, but he back on the run

Somebody snitching on him told them where to find the gun

Thinking to my self, as I wrote this song

Most of my niggas from my hood either dead or gone (It's Philthy)

[Chorus]

Thinking of you, Thinking of you, Thinking of you

Fuck what you're going through

[2nd Verse]

(It's Philthy, peep me out)

No block on my phone

My niggas call straight through

Run up off at the mouth I'll have my niggas scrape you

Nothing to live for, my niggas doing life sentences

Either dead or in jail we doing life sentences

Rest in peace Dre Feddi, rest in peace Tee Woods  
Rest in peace C and M until we fucking meet again  
Free my nigga Chris the Fifth, free my nigga Chris Lokket  
Real niggas going to sleep is not a fucking option  
It's a real nigga behind this fucking ice  
So keep it solid while you here, you don't live twice  
Hold your head all my niggas on the top tier  
And pour some liquor for my niggas that is not here  
Rest in peace shirts, a lot of sad faces  
A lot of snitch niggas caught real niggas cases  
There ain't no day that go by that I don't think about you  
Middle finger to the ones that don't think a bout you (It's Philthy)

[Chorus]

Thinking of you, Thinking of you, Thinking of you  
Fuck what you're going through

[3rd Verse]

(It's Philthy nigga, I do this for yall)  
Niggas don't understand to lose they right hand man  
They go crazy in the head, rest in peace Lil Rege  
I was raised by the streets, I wasn't raised by my parents  
So being a street nigga could never be a challenge  
Moms had 5 kids, 5 different baby daddies  
Raised by the OG's I never had a fucking daddy  
No I never needed one, I'm a father to my son  
He don't even know my son  
See this life hard, don't get it twisted though  
I been a real nigga, since a snotty nose  
5-0 killed Joddy, but they don't talk about it  
I guess cause' he was a felon, they don't talk about it  
I miss my niggas everyday no I can't lie  
Even though I'm riding fly nigga still cry  
I miss my niggas everyday no I can't lie  
Even though I'm riding fly nigga still cry (It's Philthy)

[Chorus]

Thinking of you, Thinking of you, Thinking of you  
Fuck what you're going through  
Thinking of you, Thinking of you, Thinking of you, Thinking of you

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Lyrics submitted by Carlos Gonzalez.

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