Thinking of You

Philthy Rich

[Inro 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]
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[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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