Filthy Rich

The Ugly Beats

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 rolly, life is what you make it, homie."
This is what an ol' G told me
filthy rich and dyin' lonely
"Fuck a benz and fuck a rolly, life is what you make it, homie."
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 jewlry 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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filthy rich and dyin' lonely
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This is what an ol' G told me
filthy rich and dyin' lonely
"Fuck a benz and fuck a rolly, life is what you make it, homie."
Yeah, fuck a benz, fuck a rolly, 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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