

Philly, Philly (feat. Beanie Sigel)

Eve

[Beenie Siegal]

Beenie Siegal

Philly is where I'm from[Beenie Siegal]

We from P H I L A period PA period Eve they hearing it

Believe they fearing it but loving it though

I hate the game fuck the fame but I'm loving the dough

You couldn't tell me in a million yearsAnd a thousands bars that I roam the reservoir with dogs

Show the world what "crew love" was about

Drop adrenaline. "4 5 6"

I showed them what a thug was aboutI know you love flossing wit X, busting them checks

Getting tattoos, paw prints on your chest

I ain't' mad, baby get that cash

Make them hating bitches kiss your assRuff Ryde lift that strap

I'm gon walk till I see how these flee's gon feel

When I come through wit the whip with the bee's on the wheel

Burgundy thing, cream gut, cherry woodSteering wheel, or be surround by the wing on the hood

I know they like "how they collide"

He roll wit Roc, you Ruff Ryde but we black friday tied

How you think they gon feel seeing us grammy nightLet me tell you, a bunch of if, and's and mics

Billboard charts, source ad and mics

And if I say so myself "goddamn we tight"

Fuck being humble ain't no other way to end this

We ain't open up the doors, we knocked that bitch up off the hinges[Chorus]

Oh Philly, Philly,

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from[Eve]

Yo, yo yo

No doubt we represent P-H-I-L-A period

E-V-E eve period, fuck wit Beenie period

We goin' hold it down for illdelph for lifeCame through made a name nigga nailed it tight

And now we shine, been knew, shit it was about time

Switched from streets to beats, platinum lines

Used to struggle in the hood just to brodie the micTook the fame cause they ain't give it us, now we excite

The biggest crowds and they screaming loud PHILLY THE SHIT

Rocc-a-fella rap guerrilla, blond bombshell bitch
I Ruff Ryde, take your mind shit you doing the same
Work hard now the streets stay shouting our names
Fame is funny, get money, snakes in the grass
When the hostility shows, niggas face get smashed
But I stay grounded, brick house stallion
My bitches keep me real while I make millions
Pile it all, we gon have it all any minute
Give it back the hood and we gon ball in a minute
'Cause any thing we want, we gon have it on our plates
Matter of time before we killed the beans it was our fate
And cats were stressed, gave it all they expected less
Disrespect take it back the hood, protect your chest
Try to break us but we broke through
Got the job done, that's what's up
Running shit now tell them where I am from [Chorus]

Songwriters

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