

# Philly, Philly

## Eve

Beanie Siegal, Philly is where I'm from  
We from P H I L A, period  
PA, period, Eve they hearin' it  
Believe they fearin' it but lovin' it though  
I hate the game, fuck the fame but I'm lovin' the dough  
You couldn't tell me in a million years  
An' a thousands bars that I roam the Reservoir with Dogs  
Show the world what 'Crew Love' was about  
Drop adrenaline, 4, 5, 6, I show them what a thug was about  
I know you love flossin' wit X, bustin' them checks  
Gettin' tattoos, paw prints on your chest  
I ain't mad, baby, get that cash  
Make them hatin' bitches kiss your ass  
Ruff Ryde lift that [Incomprehensible]  
I'm gon' walk 'til I see how these fleas' gon' feel  
When I come through wit the whip with the bee's on the wheel  
Burgundy thing, cream gut, cherry wood  
Steerin' 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 seein' us Grammy night?  
Let me tell you, a bunch of if, ands an' mights  
Billboard charts, source ad an' mics  
An' if I say so myself, goddamn, we tight  
Fuck bein' humble, ain't no other way to end this  
We ain't open up the door  
We knocked that bitch up off the hinges  
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No doubt we represent P H I L A, period  
E V E, period, fuck wit Beanie, period  
We gon' hold it down for Illadelph for life

Came through made a name, nigga nailed it tight  
An' now we shine, been knew, shit, it was about time  
Switched from streets, the beats, platinum lines  
Used to struggle in the hood just to brodie the mic

Took the fame 'cause they ain't give it us, now we excite  
The biggest crowds an' they screamin' loud, ?Philly the shit?  
Roc-a-fella rap guerrilla, blond bombshell bitch  
I Ruff Ryde, take your mind, shit, you doin' the same  
Work hard, now the streets stay shoutin' 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 an' we gon' ball in a minute  
'Cause anything we want, we gon' have on our plate  
Matter of time before we killed, the beans, it was our fate  
An' cats were stressed, gave it all they expected less  
Disrespect, take it back to the hood, protect your chest  
Try to break us but we broke through, got the job done  
That's what's up? Runnin' shit, now tell 'em where I am from  
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