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
Philly, Philly, Philly, where I am from
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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 Illdelph 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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