

Philly, Philly

Eve

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 years
And 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 flossing wit X, busting them checks
Getting tattoos, paw prints on your chest
I aint' mad, baby get that cash
Make them hating bitches kiss your ass
Ruff Ryde lift that ?
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 wood
Steering 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 night
Let 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

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

Yo, yo yo
No doubt we represent P-H-I-L-A period, E-V-
E eve period, fuck wit Beenie period
We gon hold it down for illdelph for life
Came through made a name nigga nailed it tight
And 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 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 we got the job done
Running shit now tell them 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
Philly, Philly
Philly where I am from
Philly, Philly
Philly where I am from