Chill Phillipe

Mozzy

June onna beat
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Ayy, y'all better tell blood be bool, we know he ain't like that
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I heard they popped blood in his ass, you know he ain't fire back
They took a chain off the boy neck, don't let him deny that
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G-O-D, these niggas feminine, I got like fifty inside of the cinnamon
Cowboys and the indians, I been around niggas, you ain't livin' it
Dude a fool with the toolies, that lil' nigga with me is an idiot
You do the fool for the media, look in the mirror, my nigga, you berious?
You knowin' I'll fuck around with it, though, me and all the Nigerians
You the type that avoid smoke, and we both know, nigga, period
You the type that'll suck a dick to get a nigga on the song, period
If you ain't never split a backend, how you put me on? No, seriously
Niggas be killin' me, they want me gone, it's hard to get rid of me
I'm runnin' circles 'round blood, he finna quit rap 'cause of Timothy
Remember when they made the bitch turn her purse inside out in mutually
You was callin' 'round, lookin' for a lil' sympathy, nigga, you shittin' me?

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All of this rah-rah on the internet, is you finished yet, nigga?
All of this Funk or Die and ain't nobody die, is it really that, nigga?
'Sup with the white flags on Fourth Ave? You a nice ass nigga
I think they hatin' on the fella fella the way that I bypassed niggas
Chill, Phillipe, we know you ain't been on a drill, Phillipe
It's real, Phillipe, them shooters be shootin' to kill, Phillipe
Ayy, Phillip never caught a body, I'm sure everybody'll vouch
We was at South by Southwest, the police was walkin' you 'round
I am the talk of the town, you see what these niggas be gossipin' 'bout
Fuck your lil' car and your house, I bet you don't show us your dollar amoun
t
Ayy, what is you hollerin' 'bout? We be poppin' out for it, boy
I put a human on this motherfucker, the met gon' swap me out for it, boy
Mob

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