36 Zips

Philthy Rich

(Funk or die)
(Division...)
We knocked your homie down and his people know it
(Young Chris on the beat)
Ayy, it's Philthy, nigga
Uh-huh, look

36 zips, you can smell the odor (Swear to God)
In the kitchen cooking up a key of cola (Skrrt, skrrt)
Thirty on me, yeah, I keep a blower (I keep a blower)
We knocked your homie down and his people know it (Philthy)
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Bitch, my catalogue too big to be sold (It is)
Fuck a rap check, nigga, I'm wrapping kilos (36)
Nigga got robbed, had to blow it but didn't blow (Is that right?)
But got the nerve to diss me, mad about his ho (It's Philthy)
Niggas turning down fades in his county days (Pussy)
All that gangster talk, nigga, we is not amazed (Uh-uh)
You won't kill nothin' or let nothin' die (Swear to God)
He ain't slide through the hood and let nothin' fly (It's Philthy)
Charge a nigga twenty thou' if he want a verse (Chump change)
My ex bitch want some dick, my bottom want a purse (Designer)
I be really on the block, not the internet (Seminary)
I hit the birdie with the wop, he want his chicken back (Skrrt, skrrt)

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Start a challenge, how many rap niggas can cook a brick? (How many)
And when the last time you niggas ever hit a lick (Never)
Oh, he provided for his people and got his section straight? (That right?)
But your dead homie baby mama on Section 8 (It's Philthy)
I sold dope on every block on Seminary (Swear to God)
Before I shot a video on every block on Seminary (Swear to God)
To keep it real, the only body you caught was an abortion (Pussy)
I was on 62nd if I wasn't on Fortune (It's Philthy)
Man, these niggas really broke, at war with theyself (Broke nigga)
But bitch, how you go from fuckin' me to fuckin' the help? (Broke bitch)
The dope game don't last forever, niggas ain't clever (Uh-uh)
Get what you can, then get out, they passin' out them letters (Ayy, do that)

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