

59 Bottles

Philthy Rich

(Funk or Die)
(Blame it on Monstah)
Look

I think I'm seein' things, my mind playin' tricks on me
I can't believe my day-one nigga switched on me
Heavy as the head that wears the crown
A smile is just a frown upside down
Niggas try to assassinate my character
I guess they missed me in the hood like I ain't there enough
I never gave up no footage, nigga
But I gave this dick to your bitch on footage, nigga
Got indicted ten days before my birthday
ATF in my house a day before my birthday
Search warrant for firearms and ammunition
A gangster in the street, but on the 'net, he dry snitchin'
I swear they took like thirty thousand
Then I went to the lawyer with like thirty thousand
Palms Place, fifty-ninth floor, it was only right
No covers, slept on the floor lot of lonely nights
Aston Martin DBX, it cost me two-forty
Presidential 41, see, I don't do 40
The first nigga in the state with it
I got some niggas in the feds and the state with it
Closed escrow on my mama house for a million dollars
As soon as I got some money, I got a million partners
Put all the young niggas on from my hood, even the ones I know
don't like me
I know that they won't admit it, but at one point, they wanted
to be like me
EDD was a lick, naw, that ain't a hustle
I don't hustle to love, bitch, I love to hustle
Louis, Gucci, Dior, Chanel
Christian Louboutin, Versace, YSL
Cartier bracelet, Rollie presidential
She got it out the game, so it's sentimental
She pulled her foreign out the body shop
Then she went and dropped herself off at the body shop
Really in this field, I keep a stick on me
It's a fifty in this 40 with the switch on it
Sixty days out the new year, still a top client
They don't know you up at Gucci, nigga, stop lyin'
Them flawless diamonds up and in his mouth
When we was outside, you was in the house
These niggas lyin' in they raps, what they is not about
For Dre Feddi, I'm pourin' fifty-nine bottles out, it's Philthy