

## 7 Mile x Seminary

Philthy Rich

Ayy

Ayy we rep for real (Ooh)

In the trap house right now, I don't rap the peel

Unc' got a big ass crib, he like Uncle Phil

Man that's like two hundred and fifty racks when it's me and Phil (What up, Phil?)

Left wrist, [?] full of curry, man, that's Plain Jane (Dirty rich)

All my niggas got a Cuban stick, we on the same thing (For real)

Bitch keep fucking with the help, fuck 'em with the [?] (Ehh, we cappin')

Mad 'cause I done cut her off 'cause we ain't on the same page (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

Niggas playing, they get hit up with the same K (Bah, bah, bah)

Shooter off the Addy, man, he been up for like eight days

I just say whatever to the bitch, she think I'm runnin' game

Hit the time, one day, I came out with a hundred K

Large seven mile, off a seminary, it's just me and beer

Next time you sneak diss me, it's from the cemeter'

Four FOD chains on [?]

Playin' with this bad bitch pussy with my ring on

Every time you see mom, dude, she got designer on

Boy yo' mama shoulda swallowed you or kept the condom on

Plus I put her in that big house, got her feet up

Gucci g'd up, Chanel bags, throwin' C's up

My baby mamas ain't no prostitutes, both them bitches square

But if I had a baby by my hoe, nigga, who would care?

She done gave a nigga ten years, that's ten mill'

Boy your nigga got ten years but he a snitch still

It's like we still some lil' kids still, we got big wheels (Skr t, skrt)

Drum, when you load it, gotta spin it like a windmill (Grr)

Make it play, I ain't got no service 'cause we in the hills

Kick the bitch out after I fuck her, we ain't finna chill

(Ah)

Me and [?] up in Club True, got them thugs too

Got them guns too, and a D, I got luck, true

Told the bitch she better turn around, she wish she turnin' down

I be with the turn around niggas who ain't gon' turn it down