

Anything Else

Philthy Rich

(Motion detected at the front door)
(Helluva made this beat, baby)

Philthy rock the jewelry with the clear stones
Made a million dollars off this flip phone
Spent a hunnid thousand on my wrist alone
Baccarat, baby, that's my wrist cologne
I be out of town while my bitch at home
Nigga, she be out of town while you at home
Jordan 3s on my feet, bitch, these deadstock
Past ten years, had the rap game in a headlock
Baby, these just singles in my head, these ain't dreadlocks
Baby, these ain't singles, these is hunnids, what that head 'bout?
Free all my niggas in the state and the feds locked
I was in the state for a Glock, the feds for a chop
Thick white bitch, but her Rollie got a black face
Crazy I'm in first, but I started up in last place
Threehunnid thousand to my lawyer for my last case
Million-dollar mansions, new foreigners, Versace ashtrays
Rest in peace to all the fallen soldiers that done passed away
Still got love for Haze Money, Dex, Wiz, and lil' Trey
(Uh, uh, uh, uh, Money, uh, lil' Trey)
(Still got love for uh, uh, uh, uh, and lil' Trey)

I can brag on your bitch
Anything else not my job
I can pull up in foreigners
But anything else is not my job
I can front you some P's
But anything else is not my job
I can bust down a Rollie
But anything else is not my job

(Bitch asked me to go with her to the Dior store)
(Looked at her and said, "No, siree, whore")
(That's not my job, I don't do that)
(I'm a pimp's last rapper, thought you knew that)
Ayy, where your dude at? Stop servin' the news
How you came with a hunnid thousand when you was ready to chew?
Ooh, bitch (Bitch), think I'm not myself
Probably hit the lot, bitch, and caught myself

Bitch, probably caught myself, man, ayy, it's Philthy, ho
Rest in peace to Mac Dre, rest in peace to the Jack, nigga, heart of
the hood
Seminary, it's Philthy
(Funk or Die)