

Big Dawg Status

Philthy Rich

Everything big dawg status
From the jewelry to the cars to the clothes to everything that we touch, you know
Luxury living, flexing on 'em, you know

Presidential everything, big dawg status, yeah
Obama when I go places, big dawg status, yeah
And we shut the stores down, big dawg status, yeah
Make the drugs go down, big dawg status, yeah
Got the baddest bitches with me, big dawg status, yeah
Clearport jet shit, big dawg status, yeah
Twenty rings, twenty chains, big dawg status, yeah
Big dawg status, yeah, big dawg status, yeah

See I just left the lot, yeah I been thinking 'bout that Bentley truck
I just left the spot, see I just went and put a milli up
Jeans by Omarion when I'm rocking Republic
My niggas rockin' in public, they'll knock you down in the public
Keith just put them big stones in that Patek
Told the jeweler rearrange the face, it wasn't complete
I still got the Wraith and the i8, I know they hate
Buy a new chain every week, bitch I'm having in my way
Two hundred on the Benz, I ain't talking 'bout the dash
Bad bitch up in my passenger looking like Stacey Dash
A half a mil cash, have you niggas ever seen it
Fifteen thousand for a show, I'm booked up every weekend
Iciest nigga out of Oakland, who can tell me that I'm not?
I be making the city look good, you other niggas not
You ain't never seen a kitchen, you can't tell me 'bout the pots
You ain't never seen a chicken, you can't tell me 'bout the blocks
Yeah it's Philthy nigga

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Ayy when you big dawg status you go fifty pointers
I got like fifty goons, you got fifty runners
Like twenty K for this face, bought it for my mama
My old say left it at my old place for my partners, okay
Now my niggas so straight
We gon' hustle like them old days on the four-way
See I might bust you if you owe me, run my money
Even back in the old days it was on me
Yeah, uh, solid to my ears, solid to my nose
Yeah the block taught a nigga everything I know
Yeah my pop told me never ever trust hoes
And I won't stop, no, yeah

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Hold up, hold up, hold up, get 'em
Big dawg status, high end fashion
Dead fresh no stylist, I hustle with a passion
If she bad then I'm smashing, if she not then I'm passing, woah
Ayy, jump up out the whip smelling like a pound (hey, hey)
I ran that paper up and now it's going down (it's Dolph)
In a world full of suckers, wonder who can I trust? (yeah)
Thinking 'bout my next million, rolling my next blunt (woo)
Left hand four diamond rings and a watch (fifty)
Right pocket couple stacks and black Glock (baow)
Told the plug keep this shit coming, don't stop (let's get it)
A hundred P's in the hood, I hit the jackpot (trap)
Remember my room wasn't no bigger than a matchbox (damn)
I used to watch my cousin scrape the crackpot (skrt)
Ayy, I'ma always get money, yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah, I'ma always get money, yeah

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