

Black Excellence

Philthy Rich

Yeah, it's Philthy, nigga

Uh-huh

I go by the name of ALLBLACK, all caps, one word

Thank you

Look

Hottest niggas from the East, ALLBLACK and Philth' (Swear to God)

Asian plug on the Tech, tryna crack a seal (Syrup)

Free Jakori Smith, original STI (Ayy, free my nigga)

Five-nine on my neck, call me 25 (Bust down)

Rest in peace Jimmy Wopo, gotta keep the wop, though (You know I do)

Hundred bitches in the stable like I run the brothel (A hundred of 'em)

Exclusive game in Atlanta for this custom drip (Designer)

Angola facin' life, free my brother Dip (It's Philthy)

Tell Dream Doll I had a wet dream about her (Ayy, tell that bitch)

No pistols in my pics but never seen without it (I keep it on me)

Ain't a nigga in the Bay, whole team icy (Uh-uh)

Man, them niggas in the way, it really seem like it (Suckers)

Ask your bitch where I'm from, I bet she tell you nigga (Seminary)

I left this dick on her tongue, oh she ain't tell you, nigga? (Oh she ain't tell?)

They always want to hold you to a higher standard (Is that right?)

And if you make it where I'm from, them niggas can't stand you (Philth')

My ex-bitch watchin' all my IG snaps (Bitch)

I called her from a blocked number and told her, "Relax" (Hello?)

When I shout niggas out, they bring it up in court (Is that right?)

Point guard on my team, I bring it up the court (Funk Or Die)

I took a pay cut so I could win later (Double back)

Niggas showin' fake love because they real haters (Pussy)

Niggas think it's rap beef until they get whacked (Ayy, do that)

Let you niggas kill yourself off and sit back

Put your motherfuckin' hands down

'Fore I get mad and start ping-pong slappin' you around

Talkin' all this big cash, yet scrapin' up nickels

When all you got left is change in a jar that hold pickels

Molly and a whole fifth of that dog, upgraded my mental

Strap on his face like a teenager with thirty pimples

Smash, I got that Glock in the rental

Freeway skit on A-80, had to exit on Whipple

Runnin' for miles, call me Forrest, but I'm not crippled

It's a moon roof in that Range, they keep turnin' up

Big dice game on Twado carpet, watch me clean it up

Four ounce of that tan in that duffle, that's twelve thousand bucks

Lost it all on the dice, I walked home that night

Finna rob the hood truck, I ain't finna think twice

Eighty round spit out this fully, disconnect your life

And I'll still knock your bitch with no ice

Ain't even run a whole lap and they already spooked

Thought I was done, I came out speakin' pure facts off the tooth

Talkin' guns but won't ever shoot

I bet a dub, you hit Foothill, we gon' flip a coupe

Everybody say I changed and switched lanes, just for show I did

I can't hang around no lames simpin' to a bitch

Fuck Instagram, pull up on me, we can get it in

Keep runnin' from me, I'ma pull up at your mama's crib