

# Dey Know

Philthy Rich

It's Philthy, nigga  
Sem City Money Man  
Look  
Look

Where I'm from, you keep a gun, or you won't make it out  
And you better use it, nigga, if you pull it out  
No, we don't brandish shit, my young niggas bang the 5th  
Seminary, my nigga, sold rocks until they copped the brick  
Living what I'm rapping, and rapping what I'm living  
I was really in the kitchen, a dozen of them chickens  
Me and Joe Moses, yeah them faggit hoes knows us  
Stay [?] in L.A., and the bay, I [?]  
Yeah, I'm having money, hundred thousand, all hundreds  
Let my niggas wear my chains, like that shit ain't nothing  
I'd rather get caught with it than get caught without it  
It's hammers in this car, hammers in the car behind me  
I'm the general, just making sure my soldiers straight  
I just copped the Mac 90 with the shoulder plate  
From the bay to L.A., ook, we the hottest out  
If he sliding down my hood, then I'ma fan him out

Tats up on my body from my war wounds  
And I don't need nobody, I'm my own goon  
And they know  
And they know  
It's murder round that corner, let my clips fly  
In the city where you murder, or you get high  
And they know  
And they know

Nigga, don't get it confused  
These songs got these niggas amused  
9:00, bitch, don't make that news  
I am that dude  
Been down before niggas was even rapping 'bout it  
[?] the murders for the set, nigga, ask about it  
Boy oh boy, if you squeeze, it better kill me  
'Cause I come with the buffalos, you gotta bail me  
Niggas gotta feel me  
J.M. and Philthy  
I done got filthy rich, that money still me  
A hundred on your head, fuck a lie, I do that  
In my section, where we kill, and it's real at  
5 [?] 4 niggas, they trill at  
Construction on your block, my young niggas, they'll drill that  
Quarterback, tell them feds I'm buying guns  
And if they hit the spot, tell moms I had fun  
An eye for an eye, we 'bout it, that's on Bloods  
5 [?] salute my niggas, it's all love

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