

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 faggot 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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