

# Dope Boy

Philthy Rich

I remember young nigga wanna be a dope boy  
Ridin' 'round town in my whip on dubs  
Young nigga wanna be a dope boy  
See 'em talk down but your bitch show love, now I'm up  
Starlet with the glow boy, bossed up like a dope boy, I'm up  
From the Regal to the Rolls Royce, bossed up like a dope boy  
Ayy it's Philthy nigga, uh-huh, look

From the Regal to the Wraith  
I can tell what he thinkin', see the evil in his face  
Hundred thou cash, got it stuffed in the safe  
Hope I never get to touch it, leave it for a rainy day  
It's hate in your pores and umbrellas in the doors  
Used to serve winos and watch 'em stumble to the store  
The closest people to you try to hurt you the most  
Poppin' bottles in the club, celebrate when we toast  
Ten K a show, seventy-five for a host  
A real nigga show up to them fliers that I post  
Motivate the youth and give the hood niggas hope  
No I don't gangbang but fuck with bloods and the locs  
Test driving Bentley trucks before they came out  
These Jordans two weeks early, they ain't even came out  
Sucker got smoked, you should've never came out  
At every video shoot, I'm bringin' ever chain out, it's Philthy

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Sellin' dime bags in my new Kilroys  
Dope boy turned to the pimpin'  
Seen a couple hoes like I'm Fillmore Slim  
Too \$hort told me that bitches ain't shit  
Mac Dre told me to pop that thizz, ayy, so I popped that thizz  
That's mouthpiece when I knock that bitch, hey  
And I'm still knockin' her, mister popular  
Headed to the top and you can't see him with binoculars  
Spare time on airlines and redeyes  
Bomb raps with contracts and deadlines  
Low key with dope weed and head highs  
Long way from airwaves and red vines  
A couple thank you's when it's bedtime  
The old me in my head like

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When I was a kid I dreamed big and never simped on the past  
What I love is that bag and when I'm drunk in first class

What I kiss on is that gold and that wallet full of cash  
Bring me joy and all these toys, it can't trip or get mad  
Never get sick or wanna free it, I just will not, I can't  
If I ain't got it, I'll have my 304's run a play  
Love and protect this bankroll like Shaquille in the paint  
Send them hoes diggin' for gold that wanna fuck me but they ain't  
When I was text, callin' swim, all I heard was oh shit  
If you would've asked me last week, boy I can't do his shit  
I can't pull money out right now, I let my partner use it  
Tell him he knowin' twelve ways with all them garbage excuses  
I ain't givin' nan' bitch shit, givin' nan' nigga crumb  
When y'all was flexin', I was praisin', I ain't beg y'all for none'  
Bought my own bottles in the club, ain't have to fake live it up  
It's okay, I got enough, take off your ass so I can tip the bar  
It's BLACK

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I'm up, I'm up, I'm up