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The Mekanix
Dope like the building on Broadway
Dope like the lookouts in the project hallway
Dope like the tar, same color as raisins
Dope like Dade County, Zoe Pound Haitians
The homies rockin' bustdown Daytonas
Mr. Craig four times, he been spinnin' every corner
The game is in us, it ain't on us
They been tryna duplicate our city, but can't clone us
Lay it on us, Lil Phillip belong to us
Mob figures like Jacka, Rydah, and Hus
Get Fab 'til you bust, kickin' the love
Ghazi the new Russ, nigga, now we rollin' with Rush, ayy
I'm one GD emcee
You get bust for tryna pull a move, Chi Ali
All out in Vegas, we in VIP
Knockin' "Going Back to Cali," B.I.G.
24 inches up under the cabelet
When the package land, I get a text, say checkmate
All Off-White like Aretha or Bronco
And always got them extras like the Las Palmas combo
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Dope like Dade County, Zoe Pound Haitians
Dope like when George put the band together
Or that meet-up spot in Fresco at the Transamerica
Dope when niggas try and they can't compare to you (Ayy, it's Philthy, nigga
I pull up to the gas station off that regular dope (Uh-huh, look)
2008, had the baby stain (Oh, I remember)
Now everything foreign so I can't complain (Foreign)
Them niggas' ghetto passes has been revoked (Pussy)
I only ride Forgis, I remember spokes (It's Philthy)
Fab been solid since Oakland Tech (Solid)
I used to bag up solids while I load the TEC's (Swear to God)
Foothill, nigga, where you find me at (Seminary)
I used to hide my dope behind the laundromat (It's Philthy)
Either El Special or Times Kitchen (Ayy, eat it up)
All rats gotta die so it's time ticking (Suckers)
Free that nigga Smitty, free that nigga Nef (Free my niggas)
Callin' shots behind the wall, beat a nigga to death (It's Philthy)
I'm from where Hub and Scrilla Mike got rich at (Ayy, rest in peace)
Where a whole lot of dope be gettin' pitched at (36)
Best thing shining since C Diamond (I am)
I ain't never been extorted but I'm payin' homage, it's Philthy
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Dope when niggas try and they can't compare to you

15, servin' rocks at Havie's Court Nigga this Jodi like Baby Boy Got my run in the Ville, never runner-up Legend, built an empire off fifty bucks Me and V dank or die, that's dope shit Always did it for the town, only Oak shit When the police got me, I ain't know shit Look at 'em bringin' up my past, that's some more shit Mobbin' old schools like Fat Anthony (Rest in peace) I'm really from the mob, now that's Stanton (Real shit) Call my OG's unc' like that's family 'Member niggas tried to raise me, niggas can't ban me (Nah) Stack really from the era, D-O-P-E And keep a bundle full of greens like groceries American gangster, got the hops shipped overseas Throwin' up the peace sign, yup, for the V

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