

# Dream Dead

Philthy Rich

(Wood on the beat...)

Yeah

It's Rio, nigga, Da Yung OG  
Boyz in this bitch, what up, Philthy? (The realest...)

It's Rio, you wanna talk shit, get at me  
Bitch, I feel like Deebo when Craig threw that brick at him  
All that shit you sayin' cap, you need to quit rappin'  
All I talk is dope, they need to put me in a brick wrapper  
I'm the youngest OG, hope that make sense to you  
If you ain't got on jewelry in the club, you invisible  
Old K and two Glocks on me, I'm invincible  
You run off with a gram, I'ma kill you, it's just the principle  
I'm off a half a pint right now, I'm kinda tipsy  
I'm talkin' 'bout an eight of red, bitch, not no liquor  
Five grams in a Backwood, I hate the taste of Swishers  
I don't trick, but if she bald-headed, I'll pay for interest  
My nigga Philthy Big 59, I'm from the 810  
Used to shoot balls, now I sell hookahs, I don't play no more  
Used to be broke, sittin' back chillin' like the pape' gon' grow  
On trees, but now I chase it, I don't wait no more (Hey)

I'm a motherfuckin' lean head  
Green camouflage on the Glock, but the beam red  
Sixty for the R's, but charge a hundred to the bean heads  
Shoot you in your head while you sleep, how you gon' dream dead?  
I'm a motherfuckin' lean head  
Green camouflage on the Glock, but the beam red  
Sixty for the R's, but charge a hundred to the bean heads (Ayy, it's Philthy  
, nigga)  
Shoot you in your head while you sleep, how you gon' dream dead? (Uh-  
huh, look)

My bitch don't follow me, but she follow my opps  
When five-O hit the block, I just swallow my rocks  
My uncle sellin' dope out my granny house  
A nigga snitchin' from my hood, I bet we ran him out  
Boyz ENT, free the Ghetto  
I ain't never won an award or a medal  
But I bet I count a couple million a few times  
I just ate a Cup O'Noodles on the futon  
Wells and Chase shut down both bank accounts  
If you chase the sucker down, you better make it count  
Pretty shell, this shit gettin' overrided manually  
Need an approval through the bank, that's family  
Da Yung OG, that's Rio  
Big 59, that's me though  
I don't sip lean no more, I had to kick the habit  
Send them niggas to your funeral, make 'em flip the casket, it's Philthy

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