

## Facts

Philthy Rich

(Blame it on Monstah)  
We gon' get straight to the point on this one  
(Funk or Die)  
No indirect, only direct  
Uh-huh, look

Three mil' in ice, spent a million on my niggas' shit  
Not to mention five hundred on my bitch kit  
The house one-point-five before the remodel  
Three bottles of rose, me and three models  
Lawyer want two hundred, just spent three with the jeweler  
Nothin' like these broke niggas, please don't confuse us  
Swear to God I gave Gary all blues  
2010, was rockin' all Trues  
Spent a million at Gucci, nigga, last year  
They call me Big 59 at the cashier  
The foreigners one-point-five if you add the Rolls  
Two Rollies on me sit white and rose  
No prescription, four pair of Cartis  
Fake ass, fake tits, she a real Barbie  
That's nine million, shit I'm tryna touch fifty more  
Then blow it all and double back and run up fifty more  
It's Philthy

Ayy, nigga, only M's I play with is millions, nigga  
If we speakin' facts