

# For Real

Philthy Rich

Bitch, I swear to God, back when I was seventeen that I wouldn't get shot no more  
'Cause if I think that you on that, you gotta go  
If you see 'em, just shoot, they ain't gotta know  
Granny hidin' my money, nobody know  
Ain't no leprechauns walkin' with pot of gold  
Boy, you better go get you a pot of dope  
Better keep you a gun and learn how to score  
I done watched niggas hang theyselves without a rope  
You ain't never got real money by the store  
Had to pray niggas hook up to light some more  
Day to day, full of pills and a lot of throat  
Shootin' dice with my life, if I win  
If I win, if I lose, it's a problem, you oughta know  
I do not give a fuck, if a nigga come play, I'ma take off and shoot, I am not a ho  
I ain't know what the fuck I was doin', I had my nigga Cowboy cook the dope  
End up better connections, the good of coke  
Now I'm servin' the niggas who at the store  
I wasn't tryna be flashy, wasn't tryna be cool, I was tryna help granny go get some clothes  
Tryna help my lil' sister see better, hope  
For that shit, I need licks and some better coke  
Boy, I see niggas bullshit from a mile away and I do not need a telescope  
All my life, I been robbin' and sellin' dope  
I done been all 'bout business, I been sellin' hoes  
Homie, I ain't shakin' hands, I ain't makin' friends, people talk as soon as you go  
Only fuckin' with gang, all about the Locs  
Pussy niggas be broke, worried about a post

For real, nigga been out here, for real  
Nigga been out here, for real  
I know I'm fucked up, so chill  
I know I'm fucked up, for real  
I done went down a few years  
A gangster can't shed a few tears  
I really been tryin', for real, for real  
For real, nigga been out here, for real  
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Thirty foreigners parked outside, that's a million dollars in one yard  
Gucci, Louis V, double C and Goyard  
Swear to God, this bitch gave me a hundred thou', nigga, last week  
Thick bitch from H-Town got my name tatted on her ass cheeks  
Jumped off the porch at eleven  
Roll the dice, nigga, seven, eleven  
I ain't never prayed to the reverend  
Do a gangster make it into Heaven?  
Where I'm from, I'm the top opp  
Seminary, from the top block  
I ain't never had a jump shot

Sold pussy and sold rocks  
More money than my teachers made  
Lawyer money just to beat the case  
Cost a fee for the bitch to stay  
She fag off, it's a 100K  
Green face, lil' ant Rollie  
Blue face, lil' feel Rollie  
Got some niggas that'll die for me  
And some niggas that'll kill for me  
Bad bitch out in Calabasas  
Hellstar with the Valabasas  
All my bitches way above average  
Seen a million way before rappin'  
I was really outside, for real  
I ain't never sign a major deal  
I done ran through twenty mil'  
Nigga, better come sign to Phil, it's Philthy

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