

Fully Switch

Philthy Rich

(Ooh, shit, that's a Danny G beat)
(Funk or Die)
(Damn, JakeSand)

Look alive and keep your face up out your phone
I ain't spit a verse, she got me cummin' off the dome
I can't read no minds, you gotta tell me what you want
She gon' let me fuck 'cause I be doing what you don't
Stupid-ass bitch tryna judge me off my zodiac
Made a field goal, somebody show me where the Rollies at
Reachin' for a chain, we send his ass wherever Kobe at
Think she wanna fuck 'cause it ain't nowhere they don't know me at

Yeah, I'm with the ShittyBoyz, but we'll get pissy
Pull up to the trap, baggin' packs, let's get busy
Fully switch on a G30, this my new glizzy
Bro said if we finna slide, don't use semis
These some G-Stars on my ass, I don't do Dickies
Bitch can't even touch me, she ain't payin', I don't do hickies
Free John, we was in the fin with like two fifties
I was sipping red way before I even knew Trippie

My headhunter from the East, I scoop her, then I shoot west
Scam, swipe, jugg, jam, ping, what I do best
Two-five-eight freeway, I don't do rest
7.62s, .223s, you gon' need two vests
Never sold a drug, bitch, I'm Mr. Drop a Fluke Check
Outta town blowing 'za, chillin' on the pool deck
Hundred-rounder, fifty-rounder, we don't really do steps
Hitman, take you out the game like you got two techs

We can get it started, nigga, let's get it poppin'
I had to get my ass up out the hood, 'cause I ain't have no option
I'm smoking Cookie, chilling at the crib, my bitch know I'm poppin'
Told Steve fuck that Kel-Tec, let's get a bigger chopper
I ain't wanna hit that lil' bitch, I'm tryna fuck her partner
I used to fuck with dude, but he ain't cool, I'm tryna snipe my partner

Ayy, knowin' I'm the cheater, treat my bitches like my math test
Real fraud bet, made a hundred in my last Tech
J-U-double-G, I made triple than your last check
Dee a splash bro, he shoot from range, you can ask Steph
Blower on me, he a hot head, we get him air conditioned
Only brought these ugly-ass shoes 'cause you can't wear them bitches
Extendo on the Glock 'bout longer than your bitch hair extension
Run it up for real, my ACLs, I might tear them bitches

Look, my bitches' asses fake, but they money real
I done seen at least ten, but need a hundred mil'
Told my white bitch she can go to hell
Drop a dub in my account, PayPal or Zelle
Gave Gary all blues, he gave me VS1s
ATF kicked my door, search warrant for guns
Two bitches in my bed, but I ain't fuck neither
She actin' stingy with the pussy 'cause I wouldn't eat her

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