

Get Some

Philthy Rich

Legendary Town shit though, boy
From the Ville to Seminary, nigga
Philthy, what's happening, boy?
(The Mekanix)
Look, look, look

I got manpower like ant flowers (Sem City)
We was sellin' cocaine before the cam flowers (Off top)
We was sellin' heroin, now them Xans hotter
Dan dada, Gucci sweatsuits at the Porsche Tower
Zilla, I go hard in my Goyard
Real Ville nigga, all G's on my report card (Field Boy)
I can paint a picture like Mozart that go dark
Slide on bitch niggas like go-karts, the flow spark
My son caught a double homi', got a cold heart
That phone call got him callin' shots from the foe yard
We vacuum seal it, then send this shit like a postcard
Cool bottle drip, they ride the wave like a coast guard (Touchdown)
Yes, Oakland vet', I was holdin' TEC's
Slidin' a stolen Lex', sellin' crack soakin' wet
Field Boys pushin' that weight, nigga, like Soloflex
Stolen sets, I bought a tool to bust the Oakland TEC
The first on the West with that platinum grill like Big Pun
The first with the Rangers TVs, I made you get one
You ballin' on an income
I been stuntin' 20 years and then some
You better get up, get out, and get some, Zilla

You better get up, get out, and get some (Get some)
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Uh-huh, look
Nothin' come to a sleepy nigga but a dream (Uh-uh)
Health is wealth, I had to fall back on the lean (I had to)
Runnin' up these M's way more important (Ayy, run it up)
He from the neighborhood but he gettin' extorted (It's Philthy)
Thick bitch, ass fat so it's pokin' out (Bitch)
I wasn't jokin' back then, I ain't jokin' now (Is that right?)
Took fifty thou' and opened up a clothing store (Chump change)
Ask you niggas' net worth, it ain't more than four (It's Philthy)
You can flex on the 'Gram 'cause you gettin' scammed (Broke nigga)
I was eatin' good, nigga, when I was in the can (34 West)
Puttin' niggas in position so they can feed they family (Oh, I remember)
I seen niggas true colors, I guess I wasn't family (It's Philthy)
Fifty pointers on this Dre Feddi tombstone (Ayy, rest in peace)
Bust down Submariner, no two-tone (Bust down)
Been playin' with this money way before you niggas (Sem City Money Man)
And it'll get a nigga touched, don't make me show you, nigga
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Dope boy, fresher than fresh
Rock out with my cock out, go dumb on the rest
Optimist in my prime, rest dressed to finesse
Catch a chick like a sign, let the ho do the rest
No, nigga, yes, rude boy contest
Close range headshot, shootin' that thing at his vest
Out here, boy, in the flesh, head up
Tacklin' practice, hittin' rappers, fuckin' it up
No punks, suckers get squashed and stepped on
Choppers come out to wake the game up, who slept on?
You step wrong, trick play mine, your leg gone
Go find another body to put a motherfuckin' head on
You dead and gone, when we be on, no turnin' off
Leavin' the scene cloudy, all that rubber we burnin' off
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I used to grind on the block
Four-eight slide, six-nine, sellin' rocks
High Street to Seminary, very scary
Bullet holes and bullets will fill the cemetery
The white fence, a little house on the fuckin' prairie
Nigga, we got on
Baby projects turfed up, nigga, hello
My neighbors shoot me but they call me Dru
My last name Down, it came with the town, woo
I carry the two-four-fives in my Levis
And I was only 15, nigga, knee high
And I'll sting you like a bee out a beehive
Sometimes we on the news, Channel 2, we live
East Oakland where the tides be smokin'
Top show with a bad ho, break it up, po-po
And then we skeet-skrrt, back to the teaser
Where we get all the dough from the wheezer
And now I'm throwin' up the fingers in her thong
And I ain't wavin' bye, sucker, this the five
And I'm a pimp, I don't pimp 'til I pass out
Real nigga here, lil' boy, check the background
East Oakland

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