

## I'm Having Pt.2

Philthy Rich

(Motion detected at the front door)

(Funk or Die)

Yeah

I told y'all niggas y'all niggas was ten years late

Five years ago, I was five million up

Niggas can't fuck with my baby picture

(Blame it on Monstah) Uh-huh, look

Diamond chains and Cuban links, bitch, I'm havin'

Emerald cuts and baguettes, bitch, I'm havin'

All these Rollies bust down, bitch, I'm havin'

Five Super Bowl rings, bitch, I'm havin'

Sixty pointers in each bracelet, bitch, I'm havin'

Solitaires in my veeners, bitch, I'm havin'

[?] colored Cartiers, bitch, I'm havin'

Two karats in each ear, bitch, I'm havin'

Look, I just turned forty-one, this a forty-one

I ain't made forty-two, but this a forty-two

Favor for a favor, blood owe me one

If I ain't on rosé, we off '42

This a Rolls truck, not a Cybertruck

Four hunnid thou' what I spent on it

That nigga'd still be alive if they ain't hype him up

Piss on the sucker's grave and spit on it

Still shittin' on your favorite rapper

Pretty face, slim waist, bitch thick as fuck

Go'n at me up, we see who really havin'

This a Bentley Bentayga and a Maybach truck, it's Philth

Diamond chains and Cuban links, bitch, I'm havin'

Emerald cuts and baguettes, bitch, I'm havin'

All these Rollies bust down, bitch, I'm havin'

Five Super Bowl rings, bitch, I'm havin'

Sixty pointers in each bracelet, bitch, I'm havin'

Solitaires in my veeners, bitch, I'm havin' (Phew)

[?] colored Cartiers, bitch, I'm havin' (Phew)

Two karats in each ear, bitch, I'm havin'

I was havin' shit when niggas didn't have a cent

Fuck that rapper shit and cappin' shit, nigga, I'm actually rich

Uh, we ain't really jackin' Tris, nigga, this Actavis

Ran my first million, then a ten, now I'm back to six

Yeah, I'm talkin' M-skis [?] to investments

Bought my side bitch a diamond necklace, I'm a blessin'

Purple Louis on, I did a walkthrough with the steppers

Off Perkies, I get reckless, turn a model to a peasant

Philthy had a mansion full of foreigners, 2012

I ask him what he sell, brodie told me he can't tell

Mix the brick of fatty with a dog and then it's well

680 Benz, Maybach, it's a V12, nigga

Diamond chains and Cuban links, bitch, I'm havin'

Emerald cuts and baguettes, bitch, I'm havin'

All these Rollies bust down, bitch, I'm havin'

Five Super Bowl rings, bitch, I'm havin'

Sixty pointers in each bracelet, bitch, I'm havin'

Solitaires in my veeners, bitch, I'm havin' (Mm, mm)  
[?] colored Cartiers, bitch, I'm havin' (Havin')  
Two karats in each ear, bitch, I'm havin' (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Million-dollar nigga, whole 'nother brag kit (Yup)  
Real gas, you smell it through the [?]  
Chyeah, land it back with the bags, nigga taxin' (Nigga taxin')  
[?] so heavy, whole million in my bag, bitch (See my bag)  
Only fuckin' fine shit, I don't want her if she average (No)  
Fly by Harry Hines (What?), I'm in Dallas like a Maverick  
Fuck the bitch one time, she want a ring (Bet), she wan' get married (Huh?)  
My main bitch ain't worked in seven years, I'm really havin' (On God)  
She see me in the car, I'm grippin' the wheel, I damn near crashed it (What?)  
)  
I been to every club and all these bitches nasty (They nasty)  
Pullin' up in Maybachs, ridin' Lams, I'm really havin' (Skrirt, skrirt)  
I just might take my Hellcat and give that bitch to my daddy, Jairy (He can have it)

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