

## Interlude M.A.C #2

Philthy Rich

Man, this fake love shit out here  
(Fake love, man)  
You fuck with a nigga, you fuck with a nigga  
You love a nigga, you love a nigga  
You rock with a nigga, you rock with a nigga  
(Rock with a nigga, mayne, for real)  
Shit gotta be real but at the same time  
When I show you that I got love for you, nigga  
(Yeah, love a nigga, man)  
Then nigga, you gotta love a nigga back, nigga  
Don't be formin' no ignorance, either, nigga  
You gotta love the game, nigga, love it  
Love these streets and gotta stick to the same business  
(Love the culture)  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
(Funk Or Die, Funk Or Die)  
I be talkin' to bruh, he like  
"Niggas and bitches always talkin' 'bout"  
'I remember niggas ridin' the bus' or  
(Talkin' too much)  
'Man, he was just ridin' the baby 'stang'  
(Bitch, you remember too much, bitch)  
Nigga, okay, bitch  
When you seen him on the bus, you was on the bus too, nigga  
Everybody done rode the bus before, nigga  
God damn  
Even Fee used to be on the back of the bus, bitch  
You feel what I'm sayin'?  
You actin' like a nigga was eighteen, nineteen on the back of the bus, mayne  
You talkin' 'bout middle school, bitch  
What the fuck is you bringin' that up for?  
(Bitches be weird)  
Know what I'm sayin'? God damn  
Do that nigga say, know what I'm sayin'  
"Oh, I remember you, when you was wearin' ripper slippers and you used to be  
scared of dick"?  
(Ripper slippers)  
Nah, nigga, nigga see you like  
(Scared of dick, bitch)  
"Okay, how you doin'?"  
"You doin' what the fuck you gotta do", man  
That's like  
Say for instance  
You got you a little house  
You got a little Benz truck, you know what I'm sayin'?  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Every time you see your motherfuckin' big cousin  
(Yeah)  
He say some stupid-ass shit like  
"Man, you got a Benz truck, now?"  
"Man, I remember you used to piss in the bed"  
(Duh)  
God damn, everyone used to piss in the bed  
(You used to piss in the bed, too, nigga)  
God, shit  
How many times you gon' bring that shit up?  
(Weird-ass nigga)

These niggas crazy, man  
Always talkin' some crazy shit about anyone they see successful  
You got niggas always talkin' 'bout  
"Oh, he ain't gettin' that off rap money"  
"He gettin' that off pimpin'"  
(Pimpin')  
You know what I'm sayin'? You got niggas talkin' 'bout  
"He ain't get that off pimpin', he gettin' that off rappin'"  
(He gettin' it off rappin')  
Nigga, do it matter?  
If it's rappin' or pimpin', nigga?  
Salute the hustle, dog  
A young black man turned a probation condition  
A fuckin' stayaway  
(You feel me?)  
Into a success story  
Period  
(Man)  
Man, I remember I used to go through that same, stupid-ass shit, nigga  
(Man, I remember I used to go through some shit back in the day)  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Back when I started bein' a big-  
head scientist, nigga, you feel what I'm sayin'?  
When you saucy everyday, everyday, man  
It's nothin'  
Don't nobody say you saucy 'cause that's normal, know what I'm sayin'?  
(Right, right)  
You a dirty little nigga  
Nigga do halfway-fit, motherfuckers say you saucy  
(When you wearin' white tee shirts, 'Oh you saucy')  
So I got my third child on the way, nigga  
I wore a snow suit for eight months, I'm just stackin'  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
On my birthday, nigga, you feel what I'm sayin'  
I cut my hair, cut my face, you know what I'm sayin'?  
(That's saucy?)  
Put the Acorn chain, get the Rolly, feel what I'm sayin'?  
(Know what I'm sayin'? It's my b-day, nigga, I'm supposed to)  
Do the birthday shit, right?  
Some zips goin' for like five-fifty  
(Five-fifty)  
My nigga Bam ain't got none his turn nigga, but mayne down four seventy-five  
(Four seventy-five all day)  
"Oh, man, I ain't buyin' no zips from them, nigga"  
(Why, nigga?)  
"You know what I'm sayin'? That nigga ain't no real nigga"  
(I ain't a real nigga?)  
"He got a settlement 'cause his mama died"  
(I ain't a real nigga 'cause my mama gave me some money?)  
"You know what I'm sayin'? I don't buy weed from niggas like that"  
Bruh, say what?  
Nigga, I know the nigga mama, nigga, nigga mama ain't dead  
(My mama wasn't even dead)  
"Oh nigga, that nigga just turned twenty-one, you feel what I'm sayin'?"  
"He got whipped by a security guard when he was little"  
(Never got whooped by security, no time)  
No time  
Nigga, know what I'm sayin'?  
Nigga just kept hatin' on a nigga  
'Cause, nigga, I'm a settlement baller, nigga?  
Or I'ma overnight success?  
No time, nigga  
Already had the seven-deuce Mally

And the candy-orange six-eight 'Stang, nigga  
Hood old school Nova, nigga  
The candy 5.0  
And got a seven-one Caddy, nigga  
Two RX-7s, nigga, and a Honda, nigga  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
I was just puttin' that shit up, bein' a big-head scientist, nigga  
Just on some stackin' shit, nigga  
(But)  
But it don't even matter, nigga, if I was a settlement baller, nigga  
(It don't matter)  
You'd rather pay five fifty then four seventy-five  
Just because the way I got my money?  
(Haa)  
Stupid  
Niggas be on some weird ass shit  
Now I ain't knockin' niggas, right?  
(Yeah)  
When nigga be like  
"Bruh, I just seen Philthy in 2010"  
(Exactly)  
"Bruh was in Sac, nigga, sellin' hella weed"  
"I ain't seen a nigga bubble so fast, nigga"  
"That nigga, man, that nigga went on one"  
(I ain't never seen a nigga bubble so fast)  
"For real, like the last four years, nigga, it's money out there to get and  
I salute the nigga"  
(Yeah)  
Nigga I know that, that ain't really hatin'  
(That ain't really nothin')  
But all them niggas that wanna keep talkin' bout tall tee bullshit  
Man, knock it off  
(Knock it off, bruh)  
It ain't no red bottom store in Oakland, folks  
(No where)  
Niggas be travelin', seein' shit, fuckin' with different niggas  
(Exactly, mind be openin')  
Niggas mind be openin' to new lives, expandin', you know what I'm sayin'?  
So it's gon' come out in his raps, man  
(Fa sho, it's supposed to)  
Nigga s'posed to be talkin' 'bout  
(He be gettin' money)  
Doin' licks and slidin' on niggas, that ain't how a nigga livin', bro  
You feel I'm sayin'?  
(Backin' up quarter ounces all day)  
Know what I'm sayin', nigga?  
You want a nigga standin' on Seminary and Fortune  
In a motherfuckin' Wraith sellin' weight like it's '83  
(No time)  
Man, come on, bruh  
They got Snapchat live  
IG live and all hella shit, nigga, know what I'm sayin'?  
You gotta have love for the motherfuckin' game before the shoulders that we  
stand on, nigga  
(Fa sho, nigga)  
Some fool nigga paid the price way back in the day, nigga  
(Yeah, that's right)  
When that nigga load his firearm, nigga, with no gloves on  
(Exactly)  
Now everybody and they mama know, nigga, not to do that, nigga  
Real niggas make sacrifices so real niggas can learn from 'em, nigga  
(Fa sho)  
You weird-ass niggas gotta get with the program, nigga

(Man)  
Love the culture, nigga  
(Exactly)  
Love the moves that niggas make from your city, nigga  
(Man, I love the town, nigga)  
Feel what I'm sayin'?  
And always, instead of knockin' a nigga all the time, nigga  
Stop with the fake love, nigga  
(Fa sho)  
The Bay could be like the new Atlanta, nigga  
(On everythang, mayne)  
Without peach tree, nigga  
(Fuck peach tree)  
Niggas know what I mean without peach tree, haha  
(Peach tree, north peach tree, city of peach tree)  
And that's from the nigga that look like me  
Get on his knees and wanna marry a nigga that look like 'em  
(Fa sho, mayne)  
I'm like, "Lord, have mercy"  
I don't know what's wrong with me  
I don't know why I feel like I wanna beat both them niggas ass  
Nigga I don't give a fuck  
I'm just fuckin' off this shit, man  
I don't give a fuck how much love you got for a nigga  
Nigga, you ain't gotta marry that nigga  
Man, you just love a nigga  
See, I love a lot of black men  
I love the way black men look, nigga  
Six-packs in they own zone  
Nigga I don't get the feelings of sexual feelings  
I don't wanna do nothin' with 'em, nigga  
Weird-ass nigga  
Yeah, that's real love for myself, nigga, real love for the game  
And I know nigga  
And my dick don't- I ain't even fucked a bitch in the ass, nigga  
(Yeah)  
I know where my dick go, nigga  
I ain't gon' fuck with no nigga  
Weird-ass nigga  
But, nah, man, y'all niggas gotta salute real love, bruh  
(Funk Or Die, nigga, gay-ass niggas)  
Man, my bruh be doin' his thang, man  
Niggas gettin' they chain, gettin' they watches, nigga, it's good, man  
(Salute my nigga Philthy, man)  
Stop talkin' 'bout all that other bullshit, nigga  
We all been broke before, nigga  
(Come on, man)  
We all come from the gutter, mayne  
(Get behind a nigga)  
We all doin' what we do  
(I wanna see the nigga be Jay-Z, nigga)  
Y'all know what it is, man  
(Let's get it, nigga)  
You know what I'm sayin'  
You niggas gotta Funk Or Die, mayne  
(Make way for real niggas)  
That's the language, gas all day  
(All motherfuckin' day, nigga)  
(I want the nigga to pave the way for real niggas, mayne)  
(You know, Oakland niggas get blackballed, nigga)  
(We get up in that motherfucker, niggas know what it is, mayne)  
( 'Cause, y'am sayin', 'cause niggas gon' do what the fuck they gon' do, man)  
(Like I said though, man)

(It's Funk Or Die, man)  
(I fuck with my Sem-City niggas, man)  
(Free my little brother, nigga, B-O-T, nigga)  
(Know what I'm sayin', little Mall, nigga, Hyph, nigga)  
(Love you niggas, nigga)  
Gas