

Zaytoven
Yeah, yeah
Yeah
Thangs that was been supposed to been happen
Yeah, yeah
Thirty cars, still feelin' like I ain't got enough (Like I ain't got enough)
Forty large on a plain Jane, that's not a bluff (That's not a bluff)
Top off in a light rain, don't put it up (Don't put it up)

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Floated all over the beat
Rolled thirty joints out a P
Pull up and shoot for the three
Money is all that we see
Scores, we runnin' 'em up
Bulletproof armored trucks
Nineteen ninety-eight stunts
Papercuts from countin'
Now we just weigh that stuff
Landin' at two-thirty
Got a bad bitch waitin' for us
She'll come shake it up
Bless a nigga with a yacht, mansion
Know them hoes be takin' stuff
Tricks find themself robbed blind
When they drunk and they wakin' up
Sick to the stomach and hittin' the who done it
We ran that hustle the whole summer
We did some pretty nice numbers
I like that bitch, but I don't love her
Medusa head on my bed cover
Bathin' Ape, Puma, suede, brother
Nigga, you really ain't said nothin'
'Less you said you got bread for me

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Ayy, it's Philthy, nigga, uh huh
Me and Spitta blow a O a lot (Jet a lot)
Submariner cost eighty thou' (Bust down)
Free Dip, he lost in trial
Appeal lawyer on the case now (He is)
JBay took another ten (Free JBay)
He'll be forty when we meet again (He will)

Chain hollow, I can see his thing (Fuck that)
Hundred thou' when I spin that thing
I need a bitch, I wanna see my women (I do)
The devil just wanna see me sin (He do)
Same niggas, meet them again (Meet them again)
Raise my little boys up to men (To the men)
Thirty thou' in like two days (Thirty thou')
My Asian bitch bust two plays (She did)
Remember hustlin' for the new Js? (Oh, I remember)
Now I won't wear 'em more than two days (It's Phil)
My ex-bitch, I guess she on pussy (Fag)
Bad bitch with some bad pussy (She bad)
Empire, all I need is Cookie (All I need)
OPD, they just wanna book me (Fuck twelve)
Raf Simmons cost five hundred (Five hundred)
Pint of lean cost nine hundred (Chump change)
Tell me how to spend my money (Uh-uh)
Get out my business, need to mind somethin' (Ya dig?)
It's Philthy

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Maxo, uh, look
I don't sip no green lean, I be actin' up
Hundred, please, plus transportation
To a destination, nigga, add it up
Yellowbone and she bad as fuck
With a sloppy mouth like Daffy Duck
I'm a trap king, she a trap slut
She bust it down while I bag it up
Feed ya water with the princess cuts
Mind set on a million bucks
Flippin' money, like a million touched
For my next order, I need a million trucks
Fuck a pint, just bought a case
My lawyer paid, just bough the case
Best friends with the DEA
Next court date, I should be straight
Used to chop rocks on them paper plates
Now I drop a top with the paper plates
I don't trust banks, got a bigger savings
Gotta switch phones, gotta play it safe
Switchin' up rides with the transportation
No location on my navigation
Rolly, Patek, gotta switch the faces
Britney, Ashley, got 'em switchin' faces
I'm gone

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Two miles an hour when I crawl by

In somethin' new when I slide past (Yeah)
Back then, it was Tru Religion
Now it's Nudie Jeans with the thigh pads (Racks)
Right wrist filled with Louis bracelets (Yup)
Left wrist got the Rolly on it (Rolly)
Dope Nikes, I'm a dope runner
Tryna fill the bank account up with commas
Louis band, where the racks at? (Racks)
Check the mail 'cause the pack comin' (Uh)
Felt lost and ain't had nothin' (Uh)
Ran it up and got back on it (Woo)
Nine hundred for a Gucci shirt (Shirt)
Fuck your bitch, make the coochie squirt (Uh)
Prayin' hard, but ain't been to church
All my friends dead just like Uzi Vert (Money)
One-fifty for a ounce of that
Two-fifty for a ounce to cook (Wow)
Four-fifty for the white sales
That you only seen inside a book (Heard?)
I been thuggin' my whole life
I don't bend the rules, I play by the book (Yeah)
All I want's a bitch gettin' money
I don't really give a fuck how she look
Let's get it, nigga