

## Stomp Down

Philthy Rich

In Vallejo's where I got that chopper  
I'ma go get him, he step on my Balenciagas  
I can't fuck hoes who gon' suck me and at her partner  
Any business talk, tap in with Dalenciaga  
Wait, hold that thought, I'l be right back  
I'm on my way to Valle', where the fuck is the bailman at?  
You suckers better hope like Bob, I don't come back  
I'ma slide the doorman a blue and you all gettin' whacked (DTB on the beat,  
that's bro)  
Sic a bitch on your pornstar performing ass  
Just to find out where you lay, eat, and wash your ass  
You was in Phipp flexin' all that goddamn cash  
So I dressed up like Santa Claus and Elroy-ed your ass  
Only kickin' it I'm with is when face meet Louis  
I was the field marshal way before I made "Salute Me"  
I had whip in tenth grade, racin' Lil Trey hopty  
Threesomes, foursomes, bitch, I been had ruccis  
Hot tubs with an eaters, sayin' load so salty  
Scored on a nigga leftovers, I know he salty  
Bankroll soggy, I'm tapped in with Ghazi  
Saw blue Maison Margielas, and your bitch copped 'em  
I'm with GT the demon, Prada edition  
If these hoes ain't choosing BLACK, I'm not throwing chicken  
Thirty-five hours, left the blade, touched down in the meeting (DTB on the b  
eat, that's bro)  
Up in All-Star with All-Star, all your own bitches  
Bitch, I'm pimpin', I don't pay bitches' tuition  
But I will throw a hook on a bag and flick it  
Throw some bands, knock the bitch at SoCal figgin'  
All blues, think you Nupid, I think I'm Nipsey  
ALLBLACK campaign coon like New England  
That '16 Demon  
Get your ass slapped, slapped, slapped for reachin' (DTB on the beat, that's  
bro, uh-huh)

Gave a bitch dope dick for a couple hours (Bitch)  
My nigga called from High Desert, need a couple dollars (Hello?)  
Rose gold Rollie, baguettes in the middle (Bustdown)  
Thirty in this forty, protecting the rental (I keep it on me)  
Me and ALLBLACK on your bitch back (Stomp down)  
Designer on my back all mismatched (Designer)  
New Balenci' purse, twenty-one hundred (Chump change)  
And another nine hundred on Balenci' runners (It's Philthy)  
Mastro in Vegas, eating butter cake (Ayy, eat it up)  
Bitch, your last nigga ain't nothin' but a fake (Uh-uh, bitch)  
Thirty pointers in the chain all VVS (Is that right)  
Day after pill, bitch, hit CVS (Philthy)  
Sippin' all this Tech, ain't no Act' in town (Syrup)  
Ran out the hood, you can't come back around (Pussy)  
I'm from Seminary, ask the OG's (Seminary)  
Rest in peace Jody Mack, fuck the police, it's Philthy

Stop acting like I'm the brokest P out  
Like this rap shit and 304's the reason for clout  
Y'all got amnesia, huh? Dusty, remember now?  
That same lame move stopped gangsters from packin' y'all out  
Let me not shit on myself, fuck it, the mud slipped out

Whoever feel I'm out here jerrying, open your mouth  
My feelings hurt, why y'all ain't invite me to the D League cookout (DTB on  
the beat, that's bro, uh-huh)  
I was gon' eat that cow tongue, y'all claimin' it's beef?  
Y'all got word you not a bird, dropped off Dominique  
Sticks with Glocks, mines stocked in these Rockstar jeans  
Bought frank dogs with no bridge, you niggas ain't lynx  
Whatever it was, I don't judge, you niggas bitchin' me  
I ain't gon' act and fake like y'all ain't never fuck with me  
I apologize for burning you leeches up off me  
Covered in burns, up in Saks Fifth, Neimans, and Barneys  
I been shot, whooped with pots, but nothin' topped third  
The fuckin' burns made me not make anther U-turn  
Better hope Boosie and Tubs ain't on tip like usual  
Or I'm gon' match your GoFundMe and sponsor the funeral  
Troublesome 1996, new era, new king  
"Who Shot You?" "Wanksta," "Cold Game," Drake, "Summer Sixteen"  
Them all diss tracks, this is not one of these  
This a PSA to you ballers who stuck in the D League (DTB on the beat, that's  
bro)  
Steve Ballmer, what's happenin'? (Uh-huh, look)

In Miami eatin' crab, man, 305 (Dade County)  
Gettin' sucked in the foreign by your bitch on Live (Foreign)  
If you beefin' 'bout a ho, nigga, you a ho (Ayy, you a ho)  
If I'm funkin' with a nigga, nigga, you'll know (Ayy, you'll know)  
Double back on that bitch when the trap right (Ayy, double back)  
Put the bitch in timeout, she couldn't act right (Bitch)  
Really went from eOne to Sepulveda (Swear to God)  
You couldn't jump in my whip, you wasn't old enough (Philthy)  
Asian bitch from AZ tryna pay a P (Is that right?)  
Her last nigga took her in without paying a fee (Broke nigga)  
Took your last five G's and open up a business (Ayy, do that)  
At least five gold chains on my nigga's dentist (It's Philthy)  
I been tryna make a million off of retail (Hood rich)  
All this designer in my closet probably resale (Designer)  
I don't carry hella twenties, only carry blues (Uh-uh)  
I remember me and Feddi used to share our shoes, it's Philthy