Tracy McGrady

Philthy Rich

Kilo made this
I'm in the Bay Area
You know what I'm sayin'?
I got my nigga Beans with me
Uh-huh
It's Philthy, nigga
You know what I'm sayin?
Real street nigga

I got the money, don't snake me (I got the money, don't snake me)
Make it, don't let it make you (Make it, don't let it make you)
Count it back, not be takin' (Count it back, not be takin')
I had to stick to the basics (I had to stick to the basics)
This bitch know I'm impatient (Bitch know I'm impatient)
Can't be havin' me waitin' (You can't be havin' me waitin')
I'm twenty-five point chasin' (I'm twenty-five point chasin')
Yeah, Tracy McGrady (Yeah, Tracy McGrady)

Woo
Flew that bag in, yeah, from Overseas
Call up DJ Drama, we need Alicia Keys
How this bitch know I fuck with Justin Beiber?
My mama like, "Boy, you fiend out on lean"
My ride real fast, this a need for speed
I put her in that drip and them off-white sneaks
I gotta touch that bag, gotta feed my team
Syrup taste better in the cream
Shake that ass for my little nigga, ain't you a freak?
She a foreign little bitch, she a British breed
A hundred thousand on the rope, some shit you've never seen

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Uh-huh, look
Dog, shit, on me all blue hundreds (Chump change)
Still got old Franklins and new money (Money man)
TEC in the soda, long live Soda (Rest in peace)
Long live Rock, I used to move the rock (Phil)
Took niggas to Empire when they ain't have a buzz (I remember)
Put niggas on the stage when they ain't know who they was (Oh, is that right?)
Rest in peace Icewood, it's ice in my 'woods (Swear to God)
Last time I checked, broke bitch, life's good (Phil)
I think I'm goin' Platinum for my b-day (Bust down)
I think I sipped a pint the last three days (Syrup)
People goin' bust down crazy, bitch, aw, shit (Aw, shit)
The broke niggas must have fell off a tall cliff

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Man, grab a pen for Tracy (Man, grab a pen for Tracy)
Yeah, Tracy McGrady (Yeah, Tracy McGrady)
Y'all can't be havin' me waitin', I 'rought the Glock, I'm impatient
I swear this rap shit done saved me (Boy)
Boy, ayy look
I ain't seen no nigga that can cook like Beans (Skrt, skrt, skrt)
I'll take a bitch to school like mares big B (Big B)
But I'ma tell you right now there ain't no testin' me (Boy, ain't no testin' me)
And if he tryna sell me that, I need the tester, please (I need the tester, please)
I got the money, don't snake me, my dope came from the eighties
My bitch smooth, she ain't basic, I had to stick to the basics (Whew)
The money know I'm impatient (Boy), it can't be havin' me waitin' (Whew)

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