

Troublesome 59

Philthy Rich

Ayy, it's Philthy, nigga
Funk or Die
Fuck wrong with these lil' dirty ass boys?
Like I ain't big dog, big 59
Look

They always had the baddest bitches up at Skyline
Them Case niggas just ran you out of Highline
You know I know Carl, nigga, stop lyin'
Before the footage pop up and end up online, look
It ain't shit for me to get a nigga packed out
These niggas smokin' what they sellin' at the crackhouse
These shitbags stinkin' up the traphouse
Don't bet your money on that flunk, bet he crap out, look
Lil' man complex but he a big mark
Boonta just beat his ass at the Vick Park
You ain't never shot shit, you just shit start
His career dead, he need me for a kickstart, look
I been runnin' point up and down the court
Niggas had Hus Mozzy runnin' back in court
I got time today, bitch, let's go back and forth
Shootin' videos in Fresno and not on Fourth
Niggas ran you out of Inglewood, don't forget
But you ain't jump in that field, you jumped on the 'net
Damian Lillard with the three, nigga, nothin' but net
And any nigga play with me, I bet he gon' regret
Felix Mitchell ran O-Park in '83
Until the neighbor snitched on him and the SMV
Nigga you ain't in these streets, you just Sesame
Sleepin' on your granny couch until you 23
That Rollie on your bitch arm, where that came from?
A hundred bodies in every song, I ain't seen one gun
Been around you 5 years and you ain't dropped nothin'
Who the last nigga you smoked? nigga, stop frontin'
Free Yatta but you ain't shoot your part in Oakdale
Always talkin' 'bout them trenches but don't go there
I'm from Seminary, bitch, it ain't no ho there
Ayy, ask the last pussy nigga tried to go there, look
SI's in them chains, them ain't VV's
VS1's F-colored when you see these
Them niggas only good for passing out CD's
Before Phillip, you was at Knox, stealin' TV's, look
Was you at Coachella passin' out herpes
You wasn't on the yard bustin' down burpees
I'm back on the Tech, mix it with the Slurpee
I know my kidneys failin' and it probably hurt me
Snows made up "bladadah," that nigga need a cut
You don't run that bag in, niggas gotta cut
I thought you was from that cloth, I thought you was cut
Big dawg where I'm from, boy, you just a mutt
You said June wasn't from your hood, and Ali either
Free fuckin' on that ho, but nigga, why you eat her?
Real niggas from O-Park said why you leave 'em?
You ain't heard the saying never bite the hand that feed you
I play by the old rules, shout out that nigga Ricky
Don't make your friends your enemies, that's when this shit get tricky
He fell in love with the ho, he gave the bitch a hickey

I fell in love with the dough, that bitch purse was empty
But you ain't bust back when they shot Banna
Nigga froze up and fumbled with the hammer
Playin' with his nose off the Montana
Real niggas callin' home, pressin' from the slammer
You was Fab, never Zilla, boy, don't play with Phillip
You was gon' die a sad broke before you met a Phillip
And that old ass Benz probably need a fill up
And out the Babyface Twins, we know who not the killer
Fuck all my opponents, rude from East Natomas
If you in the whip when I catch him, bitch, you just a bonus
I gotta watch what I say, you know them people on us
A lot of rats in your circle, bitch, we don't condone it
Broke niggas in your video make you stand out
I remember you was runnin' around with your hand out
Tiny Tim fell off the stage, he done passed out
He don't be divin' in no beef, them niggas ran out
Lil' Nick the realest nigga from your neighborhood
I'll die about my block like I'm Neighborhood
And the back of the chop made of maplewood
Can't no nigga squash shit until I say it's good
It's Philthy

Come on Tiny Tim, nigga, this me, nigga
It's me you talkin' to, nigga
Not them rap niggas you be dick suckin', nigga
In every comment, "Brudda brudda, brudda brudda"
See nigga, I know you, nigga, all that fake shit sound good, nigga
But we know the real, nigga
Who wasn't in the field, nigga?
Who wasn't in the field, nigga?
Bitch, I had you in the field, nigga
Wasn't you on Sem', nigga?
Wasn't I in your hood, nigga?
Ain't that the field, nigga?
C'mon Tim, I been around niggas 5 years, nigga
And I ain't seen not nan' 'nother yucky on your personal, nigga
Who took what? Took what from you?
Yeah, niggas tried to, nigga
Niggas tried to, that's what happen when you in the field
When you havin' this shit, nigga
It's a few of those Mob chains floatin' around this bitch, though, nigga, ye
ah
See, see me, I ain't finna be doing all that funny shit, nigga
That shit cool or whatever, nigga
But we know facts is facts, nigga
You wasn't shit before me, nigga
Who brought you your first chain, nigga?
Who made you buy a Rollie, nigga?
Who got shot in the ass, nigga? Who?
Who, your lil' homie, nigga?
Now he can't shit out his ass?
Lil' silly ass boy
And don't act like they ain't beat that foreign that night at the YG concert
, nigga
I took leg shots, nigga, you know that
You must've bumped your head when you fell off stage, bitch
You know it ain't that easy, nigga
You know I'm big dawg, nigga
You know how I'm comin', nigga, on everything
Nigga, I was your Oakland pass, nigga
You got me fucked up, nigga
And shout out Sac', nigga, this ain't no Oakland Sac' thing, nigga

'Cause I still fuck with Sac' niggas
This bitch ass nigga just talk too much, nigga
And whatever you wanna do, nigga, let's do it, nigga
Don't send nobody, come out retirement, bitch
Philthy