

## Eve "Philly Philly Feat. Beanie Siegal"

Visit "[Philly Philly Feat. Beanie Siegal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Beanie Siegal]

Beanie Siegal

Philly is where I'm from

[Beanie Siegal]

We from P H I L A period PA period Eve they hearing it

Believe they fearing it but loving it though

I hate the game fuck the fame but I'm loving the dough

You couldn't tell me in a million years

And a thousands bars that I roam the reservoir with  
dogs

Show the world what "crew love" was about

Drop adrenaline. "4 5 6"

I showed them what a thug was about

I know you love flossing wit X, busting them checks

Getting tattoos, paw prints on your chest

I aint' mad, baby get that cash

Make them hating bitches kiss your ass

Ruff Ryde lift that strap

I'm gon walk till I see how these flee's gon feel

When I come through wit the whip with the bee's on the  
wheel

Burgundy thing, cream gut, cherry wood

Steering wheel, or be surround by the wing on the hood

I know they like "how they collide"

He roll wit Roc, you Ruff Ryde but we black friday tied

How you think they gon feel seeing us grammy night

Let me tell you, a bunch of if, and's and mics

Billboard charts, source ad and mics

And if I say so myself "goddamn we tight"

Fuck being humble ain't no other way to end this

We ain't open up the doors, we knocked that bitch up  
off the hinges

Chorus

Oh Philly, Philly,

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

[Eve]

Yo, yo yo

No doubt we represent P-H-I-L-A period

E-V-E eve period, fuck wit Beenie period

We gon hold it down for illdelph for life

Came through made a name nigga nailed it tight

And now we shine, been knew, shit it was about time

Switched from streets to beats, platinum lines

Used to struggle in the hood just to brodie the mic

Took the fame cause they ain't give it us, now we excite

The biggest crowds and they screaming loud PHILLY

THE SHIT

Rocc-a-fella rap guerrilla, blond bombshell bitch

I Ruff Ryde, take your mind shit you doing the same

Work hard now the streets stay shouting our names

Fame is funny, get money, snakes in the grass

When the hostility shows, niggas face get smashed

But I stay grounded, brick house stallion

My bitches keep me real while I make millions

Pile it all, we gon have it all any minute

Give it back the hood and we gon ball in a minute

Cause any thing we want, we gon have it on our plates

Matter of time before we killed the beans it was our

fate

And cats were stressed, gave it all they expected less

Disrespect take it back the hood, protect your chest

Try to break us but we broke through

Got the job done, that's what's up

Running shit now tell them where I am from

Chorus:

Oh Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Phily, Philly

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Philly, Philly

Philly where I am from

Visit [Eve](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.