

## Luniz "Phillies"

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(Chorus: Yukmouth)

P-H-the-I-the-L-the-L-the-I-the-E-the-S  
We mess with phillies we roll big phillies  
(I wanna get blunted my brother)  
P-H-the-I-the-L-the-L-the-I-the-E-the-S  
We mess with phillies we roll big phillies  
(I wanna get blunted my brother)

(Yukmouth)

Surpress the brown bitch up in the Crown Vic's  
Spread her legs and put the greenery lips around it  
Gets around it while niggas quit (woah!)  
This bitch look better than Whitney, lick her titties  
Cause niggas say the pussy be the stick-icky  
One puff'll turn your brain cells to dust  
Head rush, bound to fill your eyes up with the redness  
Suck her up, but there's a million bitches just like her  
Even dykes try to fuck her in the cypher with the lighter  
Puttin' the dick on the ass an', everybody cashin,  
blackin  
Latino motherfuckers know they be mashin  
Nigga like whas' happenin'?  
You can keep them sassy the dickey used to  
Nicky Bone to top to dump the hash in  
My partners they be askin' Mr. Y-U-K  
Why you stay high off the hash and be smashin'?  
With a hundred gun and a hundred click  
To the sto', they get phillies  
To we get blunted as we wanna get

(Chorus: Yukmouth)

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(Poppa L.Q.)

I takes my gat with a phillie I don't need no quote  
Now boss player this is how I like to blow my smoke  
I grab the phillie cut the throat, jump to the back

Of a building, top player, makin' a little bits with a cup  
up of spit  
It makes me sick and upset when it's spit and silly  
Whenever you phillie, it's all spitty and wet  
It doesn't matter, rich or po', I couldn't care less bro  
It mixes when I'm out and let the motherfucker smoke  
no hoe  
I shake the bud mary-tramps, the one that tried to  
shove the weed up the fifth  
Without givin' up no cocker food stamps  
I know they want it, but smokin' for free, I don't  
condone it  
Don't put your crusty lips on it if you ain't got no chips  
on it  
I spent a grip on it, and girl, the cuffs out here  
And if you floss out here, you take a loss out here  
You're doin' too much catin' in the cypher wit'cha  
Lighter, tryin' to flick your big, if you ain't got no skits,  
you can't get hit

(Chorus: Yukmouth)

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(The Luniz & Poppa L.Q.)

How many blunts do you blow on the daily  
Many money I blow many, many, many  
I smoke plenty (well, won't your black ass quit being  
stingy)  
I'm not greedy (well, where's that weed fiend?)  
(You better quit smokin' those beadys in my fo' hun)  
(Blow one for the po-one)  
(Nigga, don't you owe one?) (Act like ya know one)  
No one does it better, break it down with my thumbs  
(Fuck the zigzags, and stack your lungs, make the  
runs)  
But no fund, no gas money  
(Well, even if a dummy has money)  
(He'll be a dumber dummy then bin his ass money)  
My blunt is my keeper like cash money  
Blast money, stash money, the last money was  
considered  
Bombs, stick, green grass money  
Roll, but next time, I'ma put a little to the side (hash  
money)

(Yukmouth)

Hey nigga I started smellin' weed and hella weed  
Then I started sellin' weed  
Bitch be tellin' me, they wanna smoke  
To catch Mozik than a spellin' bee  
Cause I smoke they ass under the table  
The hoes stable, pass me that cigarette or phillie

(Poppa L.Q.)

I got that feelin' again, let's smoke that acrylin'  
Again, I said you willin' again, then we can walk the  
Poppa-ceiling again  
I storms in like a mighty blast of wind  
Inhale, exhale, the phillies rule my dome an' (Aaahhh!)  
(\*Cough\*)

(High powered shit, tell that nigga down the road to roll  
the shit up man)

(Man y'all niggas need to quit this shit)

(Nigga, you used to smoke too, more than me here, hit  
this shit)

(Man, you already know do')

(Numskull)

Fuck around and smoke the sprayed up  
Nigga be laid up, walk around like zombies, minds  
never made up  
Smellin' like ass hemp's and grine, cocky mouth  
Chap lips, fuckin' off all the poo-nanny  
If y'all gonna smoke I'll be the designated weed roller  
Call me Numboy, the motherfuckin' seed roller  
But you gotta crack the window though  
Cause me and the lads like Whoopi Goldberg in  
centerfolds  
Drink-a-lot never like to think-a-lot  
Nigga I don't smoke no more cause I don't like the  
stank-a-lot

Nigga I'm drink-a-lot, smoke-a-lot too nigga  
Fuck, how you gonna say that shit nigga if you be  
smokin' cigarettes (fuck y'all)  
And me nigga, (I wanna get blunted my brother)  
You know phillies, they give heart attack catch a nigga  
Fuck you nigga, shitty ass niggas (fuck you nigga)  
Smell like straight dookie (\*echoes\*)  
(\*Laughter till fade\*)

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