

Philly's Most Wanted "Philly Celebrities"

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Uh, yeah, it's what I like
Uh, huh, yeah yeah
Queue me dawg
Yeah, most wanted, baby

Yo, see, I'm a cop' Benz 'til they make edition S-1000
And buy the mall out while you, niggas there browsin'
In the latest six coupe, hundred and twenty thousand
Score more proud, 'bout pile reclinin'

We gonna make changes listenin' to Phyllis Hyman
Cops wanna search for guns and can't find 'em
They ask for my name, I tell 'em read it in diamonds
Mr. fuck hoes and put down the bricks
Advance my drink game for Mo' Don and Cris'
Bought whips in the order of 4, 5 and 6

Man I never been broke, I kept money to count
Get it down in dice games, win money and bounce
A million motherfuckers, it's how the word's
pronounced
I keep my bank account, the banks amount
My niggas, play freeze tag with big rocks that's costly
Bonic iceman and of course, I'm all frosty

Look here we Philly Celebrities, who, movie stars
Don't worry 'bout it nigga, you know who we are
You see my damn house, you see my damn car
Don't worry 'bout it nigga, you know who we are

We Philly Celebrities, who, movie stars
Don't worry 'bout it bitch, you know who we are
You see my damn chain, you see my damn car
Don't worry 'bout it bitch, you know who we are

Boo, a clothesline nigga, I wear myself
I wish somebody spit hot and I'm sick of hearing myself
I talk big shit, how I only fuck with big chicks
With big tits, big hips and all that slick shit
Yeah, I'm a drop out, drop six
Drop they gorgeous bitch, drop they shit, soon as I hop
out

Niggas, ain't near me spittin' they game
And plenty hoes in tattoo parlors getting my name
Probably think I'm highed up, pot, spit and flip game
Snorted out my mind with six bitches like Rick James
Wanna marry me and all they know is my nickname
Slow up, you want me now, 'cause I'ma blow up

Women, I kast 'em out like, Aquemini
And our roley got two faces, like a Gemini
Now, T H E B E S T, that's me
If you better than this then let's see, we, crush, yeah,
uh huh
(Come on)
Y'all niggas, know from the doors we ain't playin' with
y'all

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You see my damn chain, you see my damn car
Don't worry 'bout it bitch, you know who we are

Hey Mr. how much dough you tryin' to get
A-1 with 9 'O's' nigga, plenty of chips
A house so sick you need a shot, just to get in
Buttery suede color, every chair you sit in

Nigga, we ball real, ice we got that
Listen to Dru Hill, beauty we knock that, uhh
Chain bling all in your face you spot that
Take ours get a Tech in your face, stop that

Mad at me 'cause '99 was our summer
Wild wood Jet-ski ride the wave runner
Mad at me 'cause its us two housin'
Well, you gonna be at mad motherfucker in 2000
On an' on, say I, knock an' go, on an' on, say I, knock
an' go

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