

Almond Marc

"Philly's Finest"

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(mixed and scratched sample)

P-H-I-L-L-Y, North, West, Southwest South side

P-H-I-L-L-Y, Give it to them bitches and niggas who stay
fly

[Verse 1 - Beanie]

You know my flavor

Low linen double s gators

Jeans ripped on purpose

Moure written in cursive

Tool shirt with the belt to match

Four pound send shots through your Celtics cap

You know me, B. Sigel with that lethal spit

Fuck around and get your people hit

Tek 22 see through clip

Niggas know who I creep through with

Major niggas, you know, Major Figgas

I roll them corners and drop four birds with four words

Niggas get the flippin

Before niggas get the missin

I'm known for that duct tape, rope and pistol whippin

Back door, dope and coke from when boat ship in

It ain't no tellin what I do for a trunk of crack

Told y'all dudes that I'm quick to trunk a cat

You know my tools, either the pump or the mac

Catch me at your kids school playin Uncle Mac

[Verse 2 - Journ]

Yo what you think I couldn't shine on you cause your
chain glistenin?

When they said the name Journalist you wasn't listenin

Change the condition of the Range that you sittin in

Pull out the pistol in, shoot out your Michelins

Leave you in your boy Rover with a poor odor

Journ, slim bulldozer with the broad shoulders

Week into your tour I'ma call your broad over

Before she hit the salon, bustin the whore rollers

You tryin to play the fast role

Dawg you an ass hole

Your chick gave me your cock, cigar and your bath
robe

Test the circle, beat you till your purple
Then have my man search you from your hat to your
workboots
Fam fuck you and the cats that co signed you
Catch you while you on your Ducotti and clothesline you
Tryin to cop a spot like the one they shot Tony in
Journalist for Doo Wop, the true Mitronian

[Bridge - Dutch]

P-H-I-L-L-Y

Why should we tell y'all why?

Where why and how we ride?

P-H-I-L-L-Y

[Verse 3 - Gillie]

A'yo rap cancer, flow sick I flow iller
My goal is to move more units than Thriller
Its G-D-K slash God damn killer
slash Gillie Da Kid
Nigga can I live?
Guns keep, never get rid
Did a minor bid
Only for one week
A Thug let his gun speak
Real player, never fall in love with a freak
My raps is like crack, I distribute to the street
O's in the form of flows, China Whyte
You say I'm okay, your chick think I'm dynamite
She love my flow, she love my clothes
When it come to them, I'm like Snoop "I don't love them
hoes"
See my niggas cop cars, watch flooded with stones
Knowin that my voice'll probly sell a million alone
Nigga bout robbin Gillie? Un uh, pullin the chrome
Aimin straight at your face then I'm killin you holmes

[Verse 4 - Dutch]

MF it don't get no realer than that
See the jails got my niggas I'm takin em back
Serve em out for any smoker who got taste for the
crack
I'm takin it all, whether its a safe or a pack
I'm layin you down, whether its a eight or a mac
See I love to bust guns, but I hated the sound
and I muzzled em up dawg just to quiet em down
Where my West coast niggas at? Shots to the ground
Where my East coast niggas at? Safes's and pounds
I got, pimp in my walk nigga, pimp in my talk
Dawg I bust you niggas first before my players fall
I'm already called it quits, don't want it in no more
Put the gun to my head, blaow say fuck it all

You can't get no women player, they don't want a war
You can't sell no cane dawg, you too damn soft
Me I sell it all player, from the hard to soft
You just a boss player, tryin'a roll with boss

[Bridge]

[Verse 5 - Bump]

Seems like you don't know how much life is left
Till I revolve six in your chest
start at your vest
Send you into cardiac arrest
chokin, weezin
What gave you the idea that Bump wasn't squeezin
Bump ain't packin? Bump ain't holdin?
Bump won't put it in your face leave it swollen?
Do it for the paper, yeah players hate my hustle
Young nigga, chrome 38 I hate to tussle
Six hundred platinum skates from the muscle
Keep work on the strip, shit I live to the hustle
Step my game up to a bird from a bundle
Football shit, cook wrong nigga fumble
Blocks on the shoes, twelve on the wheel
Cris till I spit in the club with the steel
I hope you niggas thinkin Bump J won't kill
You be dead on arrival
Nigga no survival

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