

## **Project Pat F/ Three 6 Mafia, Baby , H**

### **"Philly Celebrities"**

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(Mr. Man)  
Uhh  
(Boobonic)  
Yeah, Its what I like  
Uh huh, yeah yeah  
(Mr. Man)  
Queue me dawg  
(Boobonic)  
Yeah, Most wanted baby  
(Mr. Man)  
Yo,  
See I'm a cop' Benz 'til they make edition S-1000 (And)  
Buy the mall out while you niggas there browsing  
In the latest six coupe, a 120,000  
Score more proud, 'bout pile reclinin'  
We gonna make changes listening 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 milli-on 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

(Chorus: Boobonic)  
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

(Boobonic)  
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 ho's 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  
T-H-E-B-E-S-T that's me  
If you better than this then lets see (come on)  
We, crush, yeah uh huh  
Y'all niggas know from the doors we aint playin' with  
y'all  
(Chorus)  
(Boobonic)  
He Mr. how much dough you trying to get  
(Mr. Man)  
A 1 with 9 O's nigga plenty of chips  
(Boobonic)  
A house so sick you need a shot just to get in  
(Mr. Man)  
Buttery suede color, every chair you sit in  
(Boobonic)  
Nigga we ball real, ice we got that  
(Mr. Man)  
Listen to Dru Hill, beauty we knock that (uhh)  
(Boobonic)  
Chain bling all in your face you spot that  
(Mr. Man)  
Take ours get a Tech in your face, stop that  
(Boobonic)  
Mad at me cuz '99 was our summer  
(Mr. Man)  
Wildwood Jet ski ride the wave runner  
(Boobonic)  
Mad at me cuz its us two housing  
(Mr. Man)  
Well you gon' be at mad motherfucker in 2000  
(Chorus)

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