

Eric Steward**"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, its 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)

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)

(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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