

## Philly, Philly

Eve

We from P-H-I-L-A period, PA period, Eve they hearing it  
Believe they fearing it, but loving it though  
I hate the game, fuck the fame but I'm loving the dough  
You couldn't tell me in a million years  
And a thousands bars that I roam the reservoir with dogs  
Show the world what "crew love" was about  
Drop adrenaline. "4-5-6"  
I show them what a thug was about  
I know you love flossing wit X, busting them checks  
Getting tattoos, paw prints on your chest  
I aint' mad, baby get that cash  
Make them hating bitches kiss your ass  
Ruff Ryde lift that ?  
I'm gon walk till I see how these flee's gon feel  
When I come through wit the whip with the bee's on the wheel  
Burgundy thing, cream gut, cherry wood  
Steering wheel, or be surround by the wing on the hood  
I know they like "how they collide"  
He roll wit Roc, you Ruff Ryde but we black friday tied  
How you think they gon feel seeing us grammy night  
Let me tell you, a bunch of if, and's and mics  
Billboard charts, source ad and mics  
And if I say so myself "goddamn we tight"  
Fuck being humble ain't no other way to end this  
We ain't open up the doors, we knocked that bitch up off the hinges

Philly, Philly,  
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Yo, yo yo  
No doubt we represent P-H-I-L-A period, E-V-  
E eve period, fuck wit Beenie period  
We gon hold it down for illdelph for life  
Came through made a name nigga nailed it tight  
And now we shine, been knew, shit it was about time  
Switched from streets the beats, platinum lines  
Used to struggle in the hood just to brodie the mic  
Took the fame cause they ain't give it us, now we excite  
The biggest crowds and they screaming loud PHILLY THE SHIT  
Rocc-a-fella rap guerrilla, blond bombshell bitch  
I Ruff Ryde, take your mind shit you doing the same  
Work hard now the streets stay shouting our names  
Fame is funny, get money, snakes in the grass  
When the hostility shows, niggas face get smashed  
But I stay grounded, brick house stallion  
My bitches keep me real while I make millions  
Pile it all, we gon have it all any minute  
Give it back the hood and we gon ball in a minute  
Cause any thing we want, we gon have it on our plates  
Matter of time before we killed the beans it was our fate  
And cats were stressed, gave it all they expected less

Disrespect take it back the hood, protect your chest  
Try to break us but we broke through  
Got the job done, that's what's up we got the job done  
Running shit now tell them where I am from

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