

# Filthy Rich

## SPM

Oh.

Uh.

It's the same ol' shit in the same ass place  
My studio smells like 10 ash trays  
My nigga still gettin' too fucked-up  
& I'm still smokin' too much blunts  
Haters always gon' run they mouth  
& keep tryin' to take me out  
Mama always gonna worry herself  
& me I can't forget the pain I felt  
Even though I drive a new 6 double 0  
They be thinkin' like "What is Los frontin' for?"  
I bought a club & they filled up with envy  
Now everybody pissed cause they can't get in free  
New enemies still poppin' up  
Throw away gats still chop 'em up  
I walk in & the whole club stands still  
More money more problems that's real.

This is what an ol' G told me  
Filthy Rich & dyin' lonely  
"Fuck a benz & fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homey."

This is what an ol' G told me  
Filthy Rich & dyin' lonely  
"Fuck a benz & fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homey."

My little baby girl just turned 6  
I gave her the biggest room in my crib  
She get's what she wants so does (Ah)  
I don't think they know the value of a dollar  
Fine ass bitches all in my limousine  
I just wish I was jumpin' on my trampoline  
But my babies I miss my children  
To me that's worth more than trillions & trillions  
She calls me "Fat boy" says I'm "loco"  
& she doesn't understand when I gotta go  
Hope she doesn't think I don't wanna be wit her  
Hope she knows that it hurts not to be wit her  
Hope she knows that wit her I'm the happiest

I can't make it to her piano practices  
When I was young my ol' man left us  
& I pray that she won't be like I was.

This is what an ol' G told me  
Filthy Rich & dyin' lonely  
"Fuck a benz & fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homey."

This is what an ol' G told me  
Filthy Rich & dyin' lonely  
"Fuck a benz & fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homey."

Player haters wanna play me close.  
Do you really wanna meet Carlos?  
Do you really wanna feel my wrath?  
Mad cause your bitch want my aut-o-graph  
Nigga I don't wanna fuck yo' hoe  
But I let her suck my dick & lick my asshole, ha!  
Started out with a silly game of fotsie  
Now I got her eatin' out her best friends pussy  
Rollin' hydro sippin' on Cris  
When I was broke I would dream about this  
Get my back rubbed in a big bath tub  
I don't know her name but she's showin' mad love  
I got 7 G's sittin' in my pants  
& my jewelry is underneath those lamps  
I'm gettin' sleepy all you hoes gotta bail  
Once again I'm in the bed by myself  
All alone in another city  
I get my bill the Cris was \$950  
2 G's for them bottles of Dom P  
It was just me & the hoes was free.

This is what an ol' G told me  
Filthy Rich & dyin' lonely  
"Fuck a benz & fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homey."

This is what an ol' G told me  
Filthy Rich & dyin' lonely  
"Fuck a benz & fuck a roly, life is what you make it, homey."

Yeah, fuck a benz, fuck a roly, family comes first & I'm alone,  
Ye-e-e-eah.  
This is what an ol' G told me, He died lonely...

