

South Park, Filthy Rich

Oooohh

Uh

It's the same ol' shit in the same ass place

my studio smells like ten ask trays
my nigga still gettin' too f**ked up
And I'm still smokin' too much blunts
haters always gon' run they mouth
And keep tryin' to take me out
Mama always gonna worry herself
And me I can't forget the pain I felt
Even though I drive a new 6 double O
they be thinkin' like "What is Los frontin' for?"
I bought a club and they filled up with envy
Now every body pissed 'cause they can't get in free
New enimies still poppin' up
Throw away gats still chop 'em up
I walk in and the whole club stands still
More money more problems that's real

This is what an ol' G told me
filthy rich and dyin' lonely
F**k a benz and f**k a roly, life is what you make it, homie.

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My little baby-girl just turned 6
I gave her the biggest room in my crib
she gets what she wants so does her mama
I don't think they know the value of a dollar
fine-ass bitches all in my limosine
I just wish I was jumpin' on my trampoline
But my babies I miss my children
To me that's worth more than trillions and trillions
She calls me "Fat-boy" says I'm "loco"
And 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
And I pray dat she won't be like I was

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Playa hataz 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 f**k yo' hoe
But I'll let her suck my dick and lick my ass-hole (ha-hah)
Started out with a silly game of footsie
Now I got her eatin' out her best friends pussy

Rollin' hydro sippin' on Chris
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 shows mad love
I got 7 G's sittin' in my pants
And 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 Chris was 9.50
2 G's for them bottles of Don P
It was just me and the hoes was free

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