

# All White All Black

## Philthy Rich & Cookie Money

Yeah it's Philthy nigga  
Cook with that shit dope  
Pullin' up on this puss  
Everything white  
Everything black  
Everything paid for  
Lah, lookAll my foreigners white nigga  
I was cookin' that white nigga  
Feds tryna indict nigga  
Get a hold, hood life nigga  
Dopeys ain't my type nigga  
You made a hoe yo wife nigga  
Bust down this ice nigga  
You have a cup of my Sprite nigga  
All my foreigners black nigga  
Same color of my strap nigga  
I was in a trap nigga  
Double up, get back nigga  
Wound from we smack niggas  
Cold pinch drug dealers  
Watch me make a million  
While they whippin' coke up in the kitchenI was a underdog on the Murder Dubs  
Thirty six when I started to rob  
In the kitchen with the burner off  
We stacked on 'em, that's a murder car  
Pullin' up in these white foreigners  
Hit those black with the right arms  
These chains on, I'd die for  
If you have to hit the trap, we have a side door  
Got a side bitch, them I'm beller  
Door to door the bitch with the long fella  
Effin' in with the chrome barrel  
If I could meet the plug in 98 Valero  
Twenty four, sittin' on the wraith  
It gets bad, but now it's in the play  
Woofer tap a nose on a paper plate  
Now it's twenty thou sittin' in the sack  
These diamond chains they dangle  
Rosé? No, Cîroc mango  
Get Jose for the yayo  
Hunnid bricks in the guy's Durango  
Now I sign with the birdman

But I'm in the kitchen with the birds man  
Cookin' dope outta burnt pan  
All day, till I got a hurt hand  
All my foreigners white nigga  
I was cookin' that white nigga  
Feds tryna indict nigga  
Get a hold, hood life nigga  
Dopeys ain't my type nigga  
You made a hoe yo wife nigga  
Bust down this ice nigga  
You have a cup of my Sprite nigga  
All my foreigners black nigga  
Same color of my strap nigga  
I was in a trap nigga  
Double up, get back nigga  
Wound from we smack niggas  
Cold pinch drug dealers  
Watch me make a million  
While they whippin' coke up in the kitchen  
Streets talkin', cookin' filthy, I hear phone, get naked  
They gettin' money, they the richest outta Oakland with it  
Smokin' dope in the Ghost, yo bitch suckin' dick  
Youngest nigga in my city, Patek on my wrist  
All black foreigners, forty zoned all my shit  
Glock 27, thirty shots and all these clips  
I got it all on my own you can't tell me shit  
Old niggas hated on me but they tax on zip  
I stack my money on 'em niggas till I copped them red  
Same niggas fail love, now I serve 'em shit  
You ain't stayin' out the way, you fell in love with the bitch  
In the streets all day, I fell in love with gettin' rich  
All my foreigners white nigga  
I was cookin' that white nigga  
Feds tryna indict nigga  
Get a hold, hood life nigga  
Dopeys ain't my type nigga  
You made a hoe yo wife nigga  
Bust down this ice nigga  
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Watch me make a million  
While they whippin' coke up in the kitchen

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