

# ThruYa

DAT ADAM

Yeah, ouh, mhm  
Yeah, yeah  
We see straight and right through ya  
We see straight and right through ya, ayy, ayy  
We see straight and right through ya  
We see straight and right through ya, yeah  
You can't hide your insecurity behind your fucking Gucci tee  
We see straight and right through ya  
You can't hide your insecurity behind your fucking Gucci tee  
People with a brain see straight and right through ya (okay, okay, okay)

Now pause-

First things first, where's the fucking applause?  
Yeah, ayy, misfits watched us, popped up, make them drop their own jaws  
Yeah, ayy, not givin' fucks makes it all feel so subtle and soft  
Yeah, watchin' homies go off, that's how we roll

Guess who got the whole crowd bouncin' like the Gummy Bear Gang (who?)  
And the clone mob salty, 'cause we're runnin' their game (who?)  
Got their own damn country tryin' to vanish their names (who?)  
And they just got motherfuckin' started (we!)  
Got the whole crowd bouncing like the Gummy Bear Gang  
And the clone mob salty, 'cause we're runnin' their game  
Our own damn country tries to vanish our names  
And we just got motherfuckin' started (yeah)

Fuck a scene, I stay true to me, ashes cup of weed  
Bashing through the shield, that's the loop that repeats for them  
[?] to me, pack of wolves with me  
Ready to release, all the energy needs to bang  
Self-fuckin'-made, you fucks should be ashamed  
If you really, really, really wanna hate on this  
Self-fuckin'-made, no third party got paid to create  
Now come tell me, what have you done, bitch?

We see straight and right through ya  
We see straight and right through ya, ayy, ayy  
We see straight and right through ya  
We see straight and right through ya, ayy  
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We see straight and right through ya  
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We see straight and right through ya  
We see straight and right through ya, ayy, ayy  
We see straight and right through ya  
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People with a brain see straight and right through ya

All eyes on us (we know, they know), all eyes on us  
But those fuckers won't admit it, homie, they pretend it  
But we live it and we scare 'em, so they act like we are not even existin'  
But in every backstage of every damn festival

Sheeps keep starin' like we're extraterrestrial  
'Cause in that flock, everything has to be casual  
They can't believe that the swagger is natural  
And they concentrate on compensating  
We focused on overtakin' our older versions  
To grow as a person, too busy to stroll in a circle  
Man, if light appears, you see them always closin' their curtains  
So damn (oh, damn), killing beats is our bread and butter  
Oh, we still nice guys, though, your mother would love us  
Yeah, we civilized savage beasts, nothing can stop us

If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out  
And then we'd bang, bang, bang  
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out  
And then we'd bang, bang, bang  
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out  
And then we'd bang, bang, bang  
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out  
And then we'd bang, bang, bang  
If we'd channel all the power, then we haven't let it out  
And then we'd boom

Mhm, ey, I'm swaggin' in my vegan shoes (mhm)  
Painted by myself, I'm feeling cool (mhm)  
Always nice, never being rude  
'Cause it doesn't look good on me, I'm a sweet-ass dude (yeah)  
Feelin' swaggy in my vegan shoes (mhm)  
I'm a hot boy, but I keep it cool (mhm)  
You ain't even in my field of view  
We see straight and right through you