

## Ski What It Be

LUCKI

Yeah, ayy, ayy, ayy, it is what it is  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, look

I left with even more than I came with, can't stress shit  
I made M's off of words, I blessed her  
She the one kinda got my name lit, she regret it  
Honestly, she got some nerve, I give lectures  
To lil' bro and 'em, they crazy, I gotta bless it  
'Cause bullets mean more than the words, I ain't special  
It's ski what it be

Ayy, bada-bing, bada-boom, they want 'em to see, tough  
Think I'm really Luciano, like we're for the Rico  
She a top-tier creeper, saw her in the B-roll  
She be jealous of Alexis, but she keep it P, though  
I'm a sellout on my own, five thousand people  
Niggas tryna hit the road and use me as a cheat-code  
On a twenty mil' hunt, hunnid bands for lunch  
I still never punt, backed up at the one  
Ski Mafia just not here to get it done  
More Tune, less Tony, never endin' run  
They keep bookin' me over seas knowin' I don't like it  
I had sold out in London, before I did Wireless  
I'll bet the whole house when I feel like it  
I did the ho bad, but I still like her  
I hate this rap shit, but makin' millions out it  
Had to turn my slime up and take the feelings out it  
Gemini, I'm two-faced, ayy, ayy, ayy

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