

## 2025 Freestyle

Luh Tyler

(Shout out to YodaYae)

Five hundred on the coat, I don't even wear it  
I just cheated on my ho, she ain't even care (Just pay the guy)  
Whole three-five rolled, I ain't even share  
Buddy say he in his bag, he ain't even there  
Ball on a nigga ass like I got no hair  
Man, I swear the niggas trash, shit ain't even fair  
Laid your bitch on her back, legs in the air  
Brodie always stay strapped, keep it everywhere  
Bitch always posting on the story, sayin' she demure  
Feelin' sick, I need a head doctor, that's the only cure  
Geeked up in the whip, bro can't even steer  
So much damn loud in my lungs, I can't even hear  
All that being loud and them guns don't make niggas fear  
Bro still leave your ass drunk like a fuckin' beer  
I ain't hanging with you punks, man, you niggas weird  
I don't want my bitch in the club, I be insecure  
I just took a trip to Icebox, ten in my ears  
Time to shit on all of y'all again, it's a new year  
Broke her heart and cut her off, she can't even cope  
Goddamn, this nigga broke, he don't need a joke  
I'ma swim in your ho, I don't need a boat  
Got a neck full of gold, look like honeycomb  
Every time I walk through the door, bitch, like "Honey's home"  
Either you get rich or you don't, what the fuck you want?  
Paid five hundred for this Bape, feel like Donkey Kong  
Smoke five hundred blunts a day, I'm like Cheech & Chong  
You ain't got to go get paid, man, to each his own  
I ain't finna follow in your steps, boy, you on your own  
Told the cougar bitch I'm eighteen, she like, "You ain't grown"  
Shit, but my money grown  
Yeah, my money long, she like, "You turn me on"  
Fifteen ain't enough, slap the thirty on  
I be gettin' higher than a bitch, I be very stoned  
On a plane flying with a zip in my carry-on  
Nah, I ain't done yet, let me carry on  
My freak bitch love Sexy Red, she know every song  
Freak bitch, love giving head, she don't have a dome  
Bro be in the streets all night like he don't have a home  
I don't never answer when she call like I don't got a phone  
Told my bitch I think that I'm a dog like bae, I need a bone  
I ain't worried 'bout my old hoes, man, them bitches gone  
Bro just bust all the P's open, man, them bitches strong  
Nigga, I can rap forever, you can't go this long  
Fuckin' on my bitch friend like I don't know this wrong  
Said I'm 'bout to go to sleep, kicked her out the room  
I ain't worried 'bout a thing, nigga, bada-boom  
Mixtape coming soon  
Big body bendin' corners, hear us coming through  
Lot of money in my pocket, that ain't nothing new  
Bitch, when I get back to droppin', man, you niggas doomed  
  
Niggas is doomed, man  
It's over with for them boys, man  
Feel me? I've been chilling on y'all ass (Know what the fuck goin' on)  
Back in that mode, 2025, man (Skii)

This the first song I made this year  
You feel me? So first day of 2025, I'm already back  
Shitting on you niggas, you feel me?  
All you niggas, stay, in your place, man, it's my year, nigga