

Bad Bitch

Luh Tyler

Shu-shu, ski
Gang, yeah
(DDot cold as a motherfucker, on God)
Yeah

I'on gotta flex no bands 'cause these niggas know I'm rich
I been standing on that business, fucked around, dirtied up my kicks
I know I'm a young nigga but I keep a grown bitch
I'on gotta give her nothing, my bitch got her own shit
They like, "Damn, Luh Tyler snapping, boy, keep going, don't quit"
She just like some Tylenol, this bitch got to the dome quick
Niggas probably think I'm angry, boy, I swear I'm mad rich
I don't even gotta tell her, she know she a bad bitch

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My lil' bitch so bad, I swear she a ten
Know how to get it by herself, she don't need a man
Every time I do a show, she help me count them bands
She say she a rich bitch, if you broke you don't got a chance
I never really thought I'd blow, shout out to my fans
You know the rules, once you touch that dough, go put on your mans
I told her I just want the throat, ho, put on your pants
Any time the kid went broke, I ran it up again
I can get them bands quick, this shit ain't nothin' to me
Luh Tyler headed to the top, these niggas under me
Bro keep it on him, he'll sting you like a bumblebee
My bitch just told me she the one, you better not fumble me

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She know she a
Yeah, ayy
(Shu-shu) Ski