

Brand New Blues

Luh Tyler

Yeah, nigga, ayy
Phew, phew, phew
Uh, nigga, uh, yeah, ayy
Yeah, let's go

I think I'm addicted to this cash, I'm runnin' through this guap (Through this guap, nigga, yeah)
I'ma just keep snappin' for the fans, they waitin' on me to drop (Me to drop, nigga, yeah)
I told you I don't need no pen and pad, I'm comin' off my top (Off my top)
Ayy, these niggas chasin' hoes before the bag, man, that shit gotta stop (It gotta stop, nigga, yeah)
These niggas chasin' hoes before the bag, like, what the fuck you on? (What you on? Yeah)
Don't need no finger, bitch, I'm still gon' snap and that's on any song (Any song, nigga, yeah)
I see you broke as fuck, my pockets right, you must be moving wrong (You movin' wrong, nigga, ayy)
I'm chasin' racks, bitch, I been catchin' flights, I can't pick up the phone (Pick up the phone, nigga, yeah)

We on the way, yeah, we gon' hit the top, bitch, I already knew it (Already knew it)
See that nigga ran him up some guap and he already blew it (Already blew it, yeah)
Nigga, I be chasin' after loot, yeah, I be runnin' to it (Runnin' to it)
I just woke up to some brand new blues, I'm in here thumbin' through it (Nigga, I'm thumbin' through it)
Woke up and I put that shit on, bitch, I'm flyer than a bird (Yeah, bird, nigga)
Niggas just be cappin', bitch, you know you lyin' on every verse (The fuck?)
Got them niggas sick I ran it up, like, bitch, go get the nurse (Yeah, them niggas mad, yeah)
Bitch, I'm in here countin' up these checks, you'd think it was the first
Bitch, I'm in here geekin'- yeah, nigga, ayy
Bitch, I'm in here geekin', high as fuck, you'd think I was a nerd (What?)
Man, I think it's time to hit the stu', I'm tryna put in work (Put in work, nigga, yeah)
Got money comin' in from different angles, bitch, I feel like Kurt (Feel like Kurt, nigga, ayy)

I think I'm addicted to this cash, I'm runnin' through this guap (Through this guap, nigga, yeah)

I'ma just keep snappin' for the fans, they waitin' on me to drop (On me to drop, nigga, yeah)
I told you I don't need no pen and pad, I'm comin' off my top (Straight off my top, yeah)
Ayy, these niggas chasin' hoes before the bag, man, that shit gotta stop (It gotta stop, nigga)
These niggas chasin' hoes before the bag, like, what the fuck you on? (Like, what you on, nigga? Yeah)
Don't need no finger, bitch, I'm still gon' snap and that's on any song (On any song, nigga, yeah)
I see you broke as fuck, my pockets right, you must be moving wrong (You movin' wrong, nigga, yeah)
I'm chasin' racks, bitch, I been catchin' flights, I can't pick up the phone (Pick up the phone, nigga, yeah)

Phew, phew, ski