

Busssdown

Luh Tyler

Gang, gang (Ski)

Took my wrist to the jeweler, got it bust down (Ice, ice)
This bitch just like my wrist, she gettin' bust down (Ugh)
Eyes low like Jackie Chan, I'm in rush hour (What?)
Goddamn, that pussy good, it got too much power (That pussy got power)
Probably thinkin' this shit sweet, but it get sour (Shit gets sour)
Got the cat the first day, you ain't get nothin' out her (Meow)
I be swimmin' in the pape, havin' money showers (Ooh)
We be... yeah (Damn)
We be livin' how we want, like the world is ours (It's ours)
Hit the bitch from the... ayy, yeah (Ayy)
Hit the bitch from the back, got lil' shawty shoutin' (Ugh)
Bitch askin' me 'bout my hoes, I'm like, "What about 'em?" (What about 'em?)
You know I can't cut 'em off, bitch, that ain't happenin' (Ain't happenin')
You can cut my fingers off, I'ma keep snappin' (Keep snappin')
Keep it real on my songs, won't catch me cappin' (On God)
Shawty wetter than a... yeah (Ugh)
Shawty wetter than a well, think I need napkins (Splash)
Tell 'em free my nigga Wizz, nigga, we havin'
Bitch saved my contact as her Ski daddy (Ski)
Shit got me rich as hell, I'ma keep rappin' (Yeah)
Had lil' shawty givin' head, got them knees ashy (Ugh)
Nigga, I'm a real stoner, wake up, breathin' gas in
Don't care if she got a man, I ain't even askin' (Fuck that)
Bad bitch, she a ten, tell her bring that ass here (Come here)
Nigga still wearin' that same fit he had on last year (What the fuck?)
Still fuckin' on the same bitches I fucked last year (Yeah)
Yeah, ayy, ski
I done ran my bag up, guess that's what they mad at
You too young to be a freak, where your fuckin' dad at, bitch? (Yeah)
Bitch, where your daddy at? (Huh?)
Fine shit, good drugs, yeah we havin' that (Yeah, we havin' that)
Brodie posted in the hood, that's his habitat (That's his habitat)
If you ain't come over here to fuck, why you have a cat? (Why you have a cat?)
Fine shit heart my story, had to heart her back (Yeah)
Showed the bitch a big bag, she had a heart attack (Damn)
Double cup, big blunt, that's my starter pack
Every time I drop somethin', they like, "Run it back" (Run it back)
I'ma smoke this blunt by myself, I don't wanna match
Two chains sittin' on my neck, that's a hundred racks
Two chains sittin' on my neck, but they ain't got dreads
Lil' bitch got some good pussy, she don't got head (Ugh)
I'm a pothead
Walk in the booth, kill the beat, make it drop dead
Nigga, goddamn
Blue hundreds, pink fifties, yeah, we got them
Thought you said you had Benjis, I do not see 'em
You ain't put that shit on, boy, you not trim (Yeah)
I don't even know who you is, but you not him (Nigga)

But you not him (Yeah)
Know who you is, but you not him (Gang)
No cap, nigga (Ayy)
Ayy, I'm runnin' this shit this year, nigga, this my year, nigga (Yeah, ayy, yeah)

Shittin' on all them niggas said I wouldn't be shit
Tryna ride my fuckin' wave, boy, you gon' get seasick (Yeah)
If the police come this way, act like we ain't see shit (On God)
Swimmin' in who you call bae, boy, I'm in the deep end (In your bitch)
Told her if somebody ask, girl, just tell 'em we friends
Damn, girl, you got that ass, put me on your close friends (Ugh)
They ain't tryna get no cash, man, that shit make no sense (Yeah)
Big bag, I got hella motion (Motion)
A hundred blunts full of gas, I be overdosin' (Yeah)
Shawty got that splish splash, yeah, that's why I dove in (Ugh)
Diamonds gettin' groovy on my neck, tryna slow dance
They can't fuck with me, that shit dead, they got no chance

Nigga, on God
Skii