

Can't Even Name Dis

Luh Tyler

Yeah, yeah, nigga

Balling like the NBA, know I'm with the Lakers

Ya bitch, nigga, I might take her

Yeah, nigga

Nigga, yeah

Balling like the NBA, know I'm with the Lakers

If I see you with your bitch, nigga

I might take her

This hoe actin' like a fan, so I gotta shake her

And we smokin' good gas, coming from Jamaica

If it ain't about that money, I'ma see you later

Know I'm pushing heavy P, nigga

I'm a player

If you a real nigga, all that hate and shit won't faze you

Man I got these nigga shocked, think I got a taser

We don't see no stop signs, nigga, we ain't stoppin

Bad bitch, she got braces and them lips poppin'

Niggas tryna ride my wave, niggas, steady jockin'

When we get up on the stage, we gon' get to rockin'

Make your bitch lose her mind, yeah, I got her brainless

Finna pull up to the spot, know that's where the gang is

Bitch, I'm a dog off the leash, nigga, you can't tame this

Smokin' on exotic gas, you can't even name this

If you with me then we locked in, no you can't lane switch

Niggas hatin' on me, talking down, they on that lame shit

Pop out on the scene, I'm with the guys, we on that gang shit

All my niggas havin' motion yeah, we on the same shit

All my niggas havin' motion yeah, we tryna get a bag

Rich niggas in the front, the broke niggas in the back

Know I pull up in a coupe, nigga, swervin' in a jet

Know I got them racks on me, nigga, make my pants sag

Niggas talking down, hating on me

Nigga, who is you?

I just ran it up and dropped your paycheck on my tooth

They like "Damn that nigga snappin' man, that nigga he the truth"

Luh Tyler headed to the top, you know it's time to raise the roof

I might take a nigga bitch and turn her to my side hoe

Know I like my bitches short, this lil' bitch right here 5'4"

Pull up and I get the cheese, then I gotta slide bro

Nigga smokin' on that gas, you smokin' black & white bro

I've been fuckin' with yo' bitch and you ain't even have a clue

Luh Tyler snappin' in this rap, that nigga came up out the blue

Man, them nigga fuck around and they done put me in the stu'

They like "Damn, this nigga hard! Nigga I already knew"

Nigga, I ain't tryna talk, I'm tryna get to where that bag at

Smokin' on exotic gas, nigga, I can't even pass that

Man these nigga see I'm blowin' up, I bet they havin' flashbacks

It's a bad, slim, thick bitch

I told her "Throw that ass back"

It's a bad, slim, thick bitch

I told her "Make it shake"

In the booth with dark shades on, I feel like Johnny Cage

We should get to actin' out, I gotta put her in her place

I won't buy the bitch a ring, but I might buy that hoe a lace

Yeah, nigga
Yeah
Nigga, yeah
Phew, phew
Ski