

Cut The Fan On

Luh Tyler

Gang, ay, yuh (Oh shit)
Skee, skee, skee
Get that shit in motion man, yuh
Gang

Let's run that money up, nigga, get that shit in motion
In the booth I'm kissing Mary Jane, I think I'm overdosing
I got this feeling in my chest, I really think a nigga chosen
Tyler snapping in his rap, they say that nigga need a trophy
Man, fuck a trophy (Gang), I'm tryna get straight to the check
I be staying out the way, no I ain't worried bout the next (No)
Bitch stop blowing up my phone, I told you I don't like to text (Yuh)
I'm a real Swiff Jet, I stick and move, and I finesse
Nigga I ain't out here trapping, yeah I took another route (Gang)
Jit pockets went flat, nigga ran into to a drought (Another drought)
I ain't tryna make no love, I get a face and kick her out (Kick her out)
Bitch I'm tryna ride the stage, I'm tryna jump into the crowd
I just took a nigga bitch and now that boy don't like me
Bitch I'm out here making movies like a nigga Spike Lee
I'm busy running up a check, like a nigga Nike (Run up that check)
I don't need damn designer, I'm stepping in a white tee
Nigga tryna bite my sauce, yeah, can't get the flavor
Baby, why you acting boujee? Bitch you not no Jayda Wayda
I'm on the grind like Tony Hawk, nigga feeling like a skater
I ain't the superhero, I'm the villain, baby I can't save you
In the booth with dark shades on, like Easy-E
Niggas out here cuffing hoes, you'd think they work for TPD
I'm with your bitch, we making movies, I ain't talking DVD
I'm finna cross a nigga over, think a nigga CP3
Finna cross a nigga over (Yuh), like Steph Curry
But I've been kissing Mary Jane, I think she got my vision blurry
I'm in the booth, I'm geeked up, got a nigga feeling nerdy
Come through in a scat pack, oh yeah I know them niggas heard me
Nigga feel like trap laying, I'm booted up, my eyes wide
Nigga tryna get a motion, boy you gotta wait in line (Wait in line)
This shit coming off the head, I just be saying what's on my mind (What's on my mind)
I do this rap shit with ease, nigga I ain't even trying (Ain't even trying)
This shit coming to my head, and it's rolling off my tongue
I'm on the beat, I'm turning up, a nigga really having fun
I've been kissing Mary Jane, she put that pressure in my lungs
I'm tryna get that shit in motion, keep on running up them finds (Yuh, ayy, ayy, yuh)
Stack that money to the sky, uh, feel like that guy
Get your bitch, she tryna kick it, but this not no Cobra Kai
I ain't fucking with these bitches, all these hoes be telling lies
I won't buy the bitch a ring, but she can get an apple pie
My nigga Justin, he like Lilo (Yeah, that's gang), and I'm Stitch
I be getting to the money, nigga I can never switch
Nigga, you should be ashamed, out here beefing 'bout a bitch
In the booth with Mary Jane, got a nigga 'bout to glitch
You ain't tryna get no money (Huh), you a dummy (What)
When I put them carats on my wrist, like I was Bugs Bunny
I can make your bitch laugh, she keep on telling me I'm funny (On god)
I might snatch a nigga hoe, you'd think a nigga Ted Bundy
Man, these niggas fruity pebbles, feeling like the Flintstones
I'm a smooth ahh jit, no I ain't in the friend zone

You know I'm a team player, I gotta put my mans on
I'm getting hot up in this bitch, I'm bout to cut the fan on