

Fat Racks Pt. 2

Luh Tyler

Gang
Yeah
Phew, phew
Gang, skinny nigga, fat racks, I'm out the way
ShittyBoyz, Dog Shit Militia, what's the deal, Tyler?
Gas burning like some sage
Yeah, stayin' out the way (Ayy, Will)
Gang, ayy, skee

Skinny nigga, fat racks, stayin' the fuck up out the way (Gang)
White Runtz inside my blunt, that bitch burnin' like some sage
No, I ain't doing shit for you if that shit don't get me paid
Bad bitch, she got her toes done and her edges slayed
I'm on the beat, I'm in that mode, nigga, you can't stop the rain
Make sure that my family straight before I ever buy a chain (On gang)
In the booth, my feet kicked up, I'm kissin' Mary Jane (Out my body)
You won't catch me in the mix, I'm stayin' in my own lane
You won't catch me in the mix, but you can catch me with your bitch (With ya bitch)
Nah, this ain't dirty money, all my money be legit (My shit legit)
In the booth, I'm smoking Sour Patch, feeling like that kid (Like that kid)
I just took a nigga bitch, yeah, I hit her with that rizz (Yeah)
Yeah, I'm feeling like a pimple 'cause I'm finna pop my shit
If you ever took my ho, it ain't no pressure 'bout that bitch
Ain't no gas inside his blunt, buddy must be smokin' mid
You ain't tryna get no money, you ain't standin' on no biz
Take a look inside my pocket, I got racks inside my pants
I been gettin' to that money, nigga, feelin' like that man (Feel like the man)
Take your bitch and get behind her, yeah, then I do my dance (Yeah)
Time to have them labels callin', nigga, tryna get them bands
Nah, I don't fuck with niggas, you might think I'm in the Klan
Run that my money up, make sure my family straight, yeah, that's the plan
I ain't have to take your bitch, turned your ho into a fan
Take the ho out to the beach, she gettin' freaky on the sand
Pennywise inside my blunt, hit that shit, it make you float
I'm out the way, I'm with your bitch and she tryna drive the boat (Drive the boat)
I'm either out here chasin' cake or talkin' shit up in the 'yo (I'm in the 'yo)
I can't wait to rock the stage, you know I'm tryna kick the door
Rubi Rose or Jayda Wayda, man, fuck it, I want both
Had to cut lil' mama off because she always do the most
I been kissin' Mary Jane, think I'm 'bout to overdose
I been steppin' on they neck, I got the rap game in a choke

I won't wife a bitch, I'm high as hell up on the rings of Saturn
Pop like it's Wakanda, hit the hood, I gotta feed the panther
How you thirty with zero hustle? Like, shit, we need some answers
Fully switch, survive this bitch, about the chance of beating cancer
Running so historic, just look up, you ain't even peep the banners
Sippin' purple rain, R.I.P Prince, you drinking green like Lantern
Only got some money when it's tax time, I done seen this pattern
Akhi caught a hat, then lit a square, it's just to calm his nerves
Your bitch was front row in my concert, she knew all the words
Used to do it through the window, now I hit the mall and splurge
Jefe walked in with a pint of Quagen, I done caught the urge

Bitch, it's the militia, it ain't shit to call my dogs and purge
Thirty somethin' 'Woods a day, might catch me spark a log in church
God forgive me though
Just discovered my family tree, I came from billy GOATs
I'm the same me, whether I'm solo or we fifty strong
Rollin 'round with sixty shots, I hop out up in Nipsey row
You know what time it is, balaclava and Dickies on
Where everybody money go? I guess them stimmys gone
What goes around, it comes around, life like a boomerang
Tyler, that's lil' brodie, touch him, bet your block a shooting range
Dražen Petrović, I hit all net, the Glock got super range
Doggie woke up in a mid-life crisis, don't know who to blame
Thinking, "Who gon' help me?"
Independent as a fuck, I'm thinkin', "Who gon' shelve me?"
I put that shit on from head to toe, can't even do the selfie
Seven-seater wrapped with presidential tint, I'm movin' stealthy
Bounce around like Super Mario, I think the shrooms gon' melt me
Had me locked up in Nebraska, now I'm in the A
Yeah, I'm out on bond, I'm out the way, but in the way
Zaza to the face, but I ain't done, I keep one rolled
Feel like Roddy Piper, got the rap game in a sleeper hold, ayy, ayy

Yeah, I got the rap game in a choke, nigga
Gang, yeah
Skee