

First Show

Luh Tyler

Gang, ayy, yeah
Yeah, ayy
I'm on some different shit, feel me?
Yeah, gang

They like, "Damn, boy, you got your own flow, you on some different shit" (Yeah)
This ho getting my nerves, I need a different bitch
I don't wear designer, I be steppin' in some simple shit (On God)
Oh yeah, I'm finna pop my shit like a pimple, bitch (Oh yeah, Chris)
Tell me how you hatin' on nigga you don't even know? (What the fuck?)
Hoes be out here really cap, call 'em Pinocchio (Pinocchio)
I'll never switch up on bro, I'm stickin' to the code (To the code)
Niggas hatin' on my motion, this shit gettin' old

At my first show, I might have your bitch front row (Front row)
White bitch, look like Elsa, had to let her go (Let her go)
I'm really snappin' in this rap, just had to let you know (Let you know)
A nigga high, but sometimes, I be feelin' low (Feeling low)
I'm tryna run that money up, I need my hundreds all in rolls
I'm in Tallahassee, nigga, uh, with the Seminoles
Got a nigga snappin' back to back, I'm really in that mode
Jump inside that Trackhawk and I'ma whip it like some dough (Whip it up)
Jump inside that Trackhawk, yeah, you can hear the motor (Yeah)
I been kissin' Mary Jane, you can smell the odor
Young, steady gettin' wiser, as I'm gettin' older (Gettin' older)
I need to go and grab a coat, my heart been gettin' colder (Gettin' colder)
I'm John Cena in this rap, no, you ain't seein' me
It's a bad white bitch, she come from Tennessee (Tennessee)
I ain't fuckin' with that jit, he ain't no friend of me (Friend of me)
Luh Tyler snappin' on the beat, you feel the energy (Energy)
Young nigga raw as fuck, I'm already knowin'
I was talkin' to Lil Gnar, he told me, "Keep going" (Oh, yeah, that's gang)
I just jump on the beat and I just keep flowin' (Flowin')
I been runnin' up a check, the money steady growin' (Stack it up)
I been runnin' up a check, I want my money tall (Money tall)
I'ma put my nigga on, so, now, we all ball (We all ball)
On all ten, standin' tall, I can never fall (Never fall)
A nigga feel like John Wall, I just wanna ball (Wanna ball)
I been on a paper race, gettin' to the cake (To the cake)
If you ain't on a money chase then we can't relate (We can't relate)
A nigga feel like Frosted Flakes, I been feelin' great (Great)
You won't catch me in the mix, a nigga out the way (Out the way)
You can tell a nigga booted, look into my eyes (Yeah, my eyes)
I be kissing Mary Jane, right now, we in the sky (We in the sky)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, feelin' like that guy
Kick that bitch straight out that spot, tell the ho, "Goodbye"
I get dumb on the beat but I be movin' wise
You can't see me in this rap, it ain't no need to try
Ayy, yeah, it ain't no need to try (It ain't no need to try)

Skii