

In They Face

Luh Tyler

(Damn, Kai, you goin' crazy)

Skii had to make somethin' shake, yeah (Skii)

They like, "Tyler, drop that shit," my fans don't wanna wait, yeah (What?)

In the booth like every night, that hot shit on the way (Hot, can't rush the vibe, Rando)

Bad bitch at the dinner table, we at Papi Steak, uh (On God)

Road runnin' every week, fillin' up the safe (Cha-ching)

Grind hard and believe, boy, that's all it takes (No cap)

Put the bitch on her knees like she sayin' grace, yeah (Ugh)

Pop shit every day, put it in they face, yeah (Ugh)

Niggas mad I'm gettin' pape', they been on some hatin' shit (Yeah)

Four pockets full of cake, look like I hit a major lick

He don't fuck with Mr. Skii, Tyler probably slayed his bitch (Yeah)

You won't catch me on the scene unless that's where that paper is (Cha-ching)

Left my kids on her bed, now she gotta babysit (Ew)

Keep it way too real, boy, I swear I can't pretend (No cap)

Phone full of hoes, Mr. Skii a ladies man

Achievin' all my goals doin' everything that they said I can't (On gang)

Bitch, I'm gone, in the booth, I'm geeked up off this 10 (Skii)

Run your money up, I get it quick, nigga (Quick, nigga)

She tired of them lames, she wan' come fuck a rich nigga (Fuck a rich nigga)

Rrr, my pockets keep some dog shit in 'em (Got dog shit in 'em)

Gotta spend some money just to get near me (Just to get near me)

I'm a skinny nigga, I like my bitches thick with it (Like my bitches thick with it)

All these chains on my neck, shit cost me six digits (Cost me six digits)

Stick to the code and don't switch, that's how a jit livin' (That's how a jit livin')

Gotta spend some money just to get near me (Just to get near me)

I'm a skinny nigga, I like my bitches thick with it (Gotta be thick with it)

All these chains on my neck, shit cost me six digits (Cost me six digits)

Stick to the code and don't switch, that's how a jit livin' (That's how a jit livin')

Skii had to make somethin' shake, yeah (On God)

They like, "Tyler, drop that shit," my fans don't wanna wait, yeah (Skii)

In the booth like every night, that hot shit on the way (Hot)

Bad bitch at the dinner table, we at Papi Steak, uh (No cap)

Road runnin' every week, fillin' up the safe, uh (The safe)

Grind hard and believe, boy, that's all it takes, yeah (Yeah)

Put the bitch on her knees like she sayin' grace, yeah (She sayin' grace)

Pop shit every day, put it in they face, yeah (Yeah)

Ayy

Pop shit every day, put it in they face, yeah

This for all them town niggas, bitch-ass niggas hatin', yeah

This for all them town bitches, I'm patiently waitin', yeah

On gang, Mr. Skii, man

Skii