

Met Gala

Luh Tyler

Skii

Gang, nigga (Thanks, Yakree), ayy, on gang
Nigga, yeah, ayy, let's do it

Yeah, in this bitch high as a plane
I kind of feel like a pilot
Yeah, I like to come off the brain
I never did none to write it (To write it)
Yeah, can never switch up on the gang
Know I keep them right beside me (Beside me)
Yeah, I take your lil' ho, do my thing
Then I pass her right to Grimy (On God)
Yeah, I done turn into a star
So I had to go up my pricing (Yeah)
Yeah, swear yo' lil' bitch like to eat
This bitch suck me up like a Dyson (Ugh)
Yeah, no, you cannot hit my weed
This shit here be punching like Tyson (Damn)
Like how the fuck I ride the beat?
But I don't even got me a license (What the fuck?)

Bitch, I done went ran up my paper, now I guess these niggas don't like me (On God)
I walked in the store, I was regular, came out that bitch, I was icy (Ice, yeah)
'Member they left me on seen, now all theses hoes tryna write me
I smell like that gas, so the kid asking me, "Is you high?"
Nigga, I might be
Ran up that bag, I been stacking my pape' to the sky
Gettin' checks like it's Nike (On God)
I don't even need the designer, I know I'm that guy, take yo' bitch in a white tee (What?)
This bitch a baddie and she got that water, oh, damn, I think she a Pisces (Ugh)
Been chasing that bag the whole summer, bitch, think I'm a plumber
She like, "Can you pipe me?" (Damn)
These niggas be stealin' my flow, probably go on YouTube, typin' Luh Tyler type beats
Lil' nigga, I stay on the road, I been doin' these shows
I just ran up a light G, yeah
A hundred grand, niggas ain't never seen that (Yeah)
I walk in them door and I'm lookin' for gas
My brothernem like, "Where the lean at?" (Where the lean?)
Say she want me and my brother, let's get in the ring
Man, I guess that we team taggin'
I hop on the mic and get groovy, the niggas should signin' for movies
'Cause they just gon' keep actin'
Lately, I been in my bag, I been chasing them bands, nigga, I'm just gon' keep stacking (I'm stacking)
Nigga, my brodie ain't playin', make you put up yo' hands
Yeah, my brodie be heat packing (Fah)
This bitch done got on my nerves, I just might fuck her friend
'Cause the lil' bitch just keep nagging (She nagging)
Why that boy all on the 'Gram, acting like he got bands?
That nigga know he cap
I fucked around, jumped on the mic and got rich off the fans
So I'ma just keep rappin' (On God)

Anytime I'm on the mic, they gon' turn up the speakers
Them niggas like, "He snappin'"

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I never did none to write it (Did none to write it)
Yeah, can never switch up on the gang
Know I keep them right beside me (On God)
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This bitch suck me up like a Dyson (Ugh)
Yeah, no, you cannot hit my weed
This shit here be punching like Tyson (Like Tyson, nigga)
Like how the fuck I ride the beat?
But I don't even got me a license (I don't got me a license, nigga)

Yeah
Ski