

Moon

Luh Tyler

Gang, ayy
([?], you bodied this beat)
Yeah, gang, gang

Pull off in that coupe (Gang)
Nigga think I hit the booze, I'm headed to the booth
Getting loot, that's what I do
Might slide up on your bitch, tell you I'm a smooth dude
These niggas tellin' lies, but baby, you know I'm the truth
Can't wait 'til I blow, drop top, let's drop the roof
Niggas cuffin' hoes, I swear to god these niggas fools
Turnt up in this bitch, I'm finna pop my shit like a balloon
I've been kissin' Mary Jane, she take me straight up to the moon
No, I don't need no pen or pad, 'cause this shit comin' off the brain
Nigga, you can't call me twin, nigga, we are not the same
In the backseat of the coupe, nigga kissin' Mary Jane
Man, I feel like Spliff Jit, Luh Tyler need the whole thing
You know I'm a smooth dude, Luh Tyler pushin' heavy P
Steppin' out, I got on dark shades, I can't even see
I won't never chase a ho, you know I'm only chasin' green (On God)
This a bad brownskin bitch, gotta add her to the team
Tyler snappin' on the beat, I make you do the shoulder lean
Niggas go and hide they ho when Tyler pop out on the scene
I don't want no friendly girl, you know I like my bitches mean
(Ayy, gang, yeah)
You know I like my bitches mean, no, I don't want no friendly ho
I can't wait to rock the stage and know I'm tryna kick the door
I can't switch out on the bros, you know I'm stickin' to the code
Niggas tryna bite my sauce, they like the way Luh Tyler flow
I've been on a paper race, you know I'm tryna get them blues
Come get your bitch, she tryna kick it, but this not no kung fu
If I blow up in this rap, you know I'm puttin' on the crew
I be dancin' with your bitch, she say she like the way I move
Boy, you better watch your ho, she got me on the close friends
In the booth, I'm in that mode, nigga, feelin' like that man
I be on the paper race, I'm tryna see a hundred grand
You ain't standin' on no business, nigga, you can't shake my hand
I've been kissin' Mary Jane, right now, we chillin' in the stars
Nigga headed to the top, you know I'm tryna make it far
That nigga Wiz hit my phone, nigga told me that I'm hard
Snatch off in that space coupe, nigga headed straight to Mars
Nigga, I'm snappin' in this rap, they tellin' me that I'm the sickest
Real certified dripper, nigga feel like Boston Richey
I've been on the paper route, I'm tryna see more than a fifty
If I blow up in this rap, you know my niggas ballin' with me
If I blow up in this rap, then everybody finna eat
Gotta stay away from the fake, I peep these niggas movin' creep
How the fuck you havin' motion? You ain't seen nothin' in a week
And I got on dark shades, a nigga feel like Eazy E (Yeah)

(That nigga Wiz hit my phone, nigga, said I'm hard, nigga)
(Nigga, uh)