

# Rapper Of The Year

Luh Tyler

I ain't never wrote a song no I don't need no pad or pen  
They say I'm rapper of the year  
I got them niggas mad again  
Bitch The grind don't never stop every day we getting it in  
Niggas love to rap bout opps  
I'm finna tell them bout them bands  
Every time I hit the road  
I come back with at least a ten  
If you wake up trying to get some dough  
Then you know what I'm saying  
They be hating on the kid like hoes  
Them niggas really fans  
And the shit I just made from this show  
Can't fit inside my pants

It's early morning woke up to check  
Just made me do my dance  
Jump on the mic and go dumb on the beat  
That shit don't make no sense  
I want the bread man y'all can keep the beef  
That shit don't make no bands  
I'm in the booth I'm in here dropping heat  
Like bitch go get the fan  
Hold on let me throw my shades on  
Now I'm in that mode  
He wasn't tryna get no money early  
Now that boy too old  
Why these haters worried bout the kid  
Bitch go touch your nose  
When they see me go and drop that pendant  
I might make it snow  
You see the kid done turned in to a star  
Its my time to shine  
Nigga we ain't even getting no sleep  
We been too busy on the grind  
I go crazy on the beat they be like where u get your lines  
My bitch bad I love the way she look at me  
She know she fine

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I feel like I'm heaven sent but bitch I gotta give them hell  
All them bitches that ain't let me hit back then  
They on my trial

Niggas tryna come around because this cake  
Bitch I can tell  
Nigga we put gas up In the sky that's Mary Jane you smell  
Bitch that's that gas nigga