

Santa

Luh Tyler

(P. Bell)

Skee, Z

Phew

Yeah, yeah

Let's go

Yeah, ayy

Yeah, I got a big bag on me, bitch, I feel like Santa

Yeah, the way we bring that chicken in, we look like some scammers

She tryna kick it, Kung Fu Panda

Pull them bands out on camera

We get shit lit just like a candle

My nigga dirtied up his Fanta

I done took off, know they ain't expect it, show me where that check is

Stay on your pivot, know this hit get hectic, we stay well-protected

Your lil' bitch eat me up just like spaghetti, we get to that fetti

I'm in her dream just like my name was Freddy, fuck the beat up, leave it me ssy

Yeah, I got a big bag on me, bitch, I feel like Santa

Yeah, the way we bring that chicken in, we look like some scammers

She tryna kick it, Kung Fu Panda

Pull them bands out on camera

We get shit lit just like a candle

My nigga dirtied up his Fanta

Yeah, scrape the pot, I think I broke my wrist from whippin' Arm & Hammer

Walked outside, I just made me a ten, but can't forget the blammer

I get groovy, bitch, my life a movie, better not change the channel

I got buttons on my glizzy ten, ain't walkin' 'round with standard

Yeah, I'm in my own lane, I'm calling shots, just call me Major Payne

Don't make me up that button, frrt, I ain't got no aim

Yeah, I found a route, I pull these bracelets out, go straight to Johnny Dang

And they talkin' down like I won't make it, I just look how far I came

Please don't call my phone, bitch, not right now, I'm in here baking cookies

Think 'bout takin' somethin' from my trap, you better off robbin' bookies

Runnin' laps, that switch stay in my lap, bitch, I love playin' with fullies

Don't get me pissed off, nigga think he big dog, I love killin' bullies

I don't give a fuck, you with your boo, I'm smackin' Frenchies too

Beat that pussy up, can't stay for long, I'm ridin' round chasin' loot

Nigga losin' pape', his motion gone, I blame it all on you

These pussy-ass niggas hate me right or wrong, I put shit on the news

Right or wrong, put shit on the TV, no, them boys can't see me

I'm in the booth right now, I'm on that gas, it got me gettin' sleepy

When we poppin' out, we stay on ten because this shit get creepy

This bitch, she bad, I think that ho a zombie by the way she eat me

For sure, nigga, we gon' give out lessons, know we do the teaching

Take that nigga bitch and smack her ass, I give that ho a beating

And we steady runnin' up that bag, these niggas know we eating

Jump up on that mic', I snap on beats, I do it for no reason

Yeah, I got a big bag on me, bitch, I feel like Santa

Yeah, the way we bring that chicken in, we look like some scammers

She tryna kick it, Kung Fu Panda

Pull them bands out on camera
We get shit lit just like a candle
My nigga dirtied up his Fanta

I done took off, know they ain't expect it, show me where that check is
Stay on your pivot, know this hit get hectic, we stay well-protected
Your lil' bitch eat me up just like spaghetti, we get to that fetti
I'm in her dream just like my name was Freddy, fuck the beat up, leave it me
ssy (Nigga)