

Stayed Down

Luh Tyler

(Damn, Tye, you made this bitch too?)
(Baby, give me some cash)
(COUPE)
Skii
Gang, nigga, yeah

Stayed down and now we goin' up, that's what they hate to see (They hate to see)
I come straight off the head, this rappin' easy as my A-B-C's (My A-B-C's)
I'm in the booth and I just rolled an eighth up full of J to Z's (Phew)
Man, I think I'm addicted to that money, I can't stop chasin' cheese (Chasin' cheese)
Take his bitch, I kinda feel like God, I had her on her knees (Uh)
My brodie outside, think he playin' COD, he keep it in his jeans (Frرت, fah)
I made it out, Luh Tyler beat the odds, he livin' out his dream (My dream, n
igga, yeah)
On the rise, I know we on the way, I'm comin' with my team (With my team, ni
gga)

Erase him with that lead, extended Dickson, no Ticonderoga
That's a hard pill to swallow, read about the whale and Jonah
Tyler got me second hand smoke, I guess that I ain't sober
Something's fishy, I'ma pop the chop, that bitch from Nova Scotia
Florida man, before I saw snow, I cracked an avalanche
Colt .45 and two shots like the Afroman
I be peepin' all the opps, pussy, check the CAT scan
Fuck your body, my lil' dog'll catch a hat, man
Water, my bitch bad, she drink matcha tea
Ayy, ayy, I'm gettin' chicken like it's Jollibee
But I don't like how people pick and choose a time to rock with me
They talked to me like a child, I got rich, now they speak properly, water

Yeah, Salt Lake City, I done brought Utah the jazz (Duh, duh, duh)
Double 0, I'm Jordan Clark when it's time to spaz (Double 0)
You ain't even got connections in the jungle, boy, you bound to lag
They say I'm Collin Sexton back in 'Bama, now they hate the jazz (Yeah)
I tried to tell my last bitch I barely sleep 'cause I be up trappin' (Trapland)
Third shift, wrappin' up gifts, sealin' up, packin'
Yeah, stay focused, you a turtle, pickin' up trash and (You a turtle)
I can remix the whole square and still have 'em matching
Yeah, this some shit you never heard and never seen before (Duh, duh, duh)
I feel like Leonard Marshall rockin' seventy, sendin' thirty more (Thirty)
Ayy, we just flew into the 404 (Brr)
Wilt Chamberlain, pull up, chains danglin', bet this shit gon' float (Yeah)

Ice on me got me freezing, think I need a coat (Ice, ice)
Niggas actin' different for no reason, switched out on them bros (Yeah, on t
he bros)
My dog been gamblin' with his life like he don't got no hope (Hope)
Just like the bakery, I run that bread, I get it by the loaf (I get it by th
e loaf)

I'm out the way, I'm in Atlanta, chillin' with my twin (With my twin)
Yeah, if you hit me on that other line, we could get 'em in (Get 'em in)
The kid just woke up, went and blew a bag, and ran it up again (Ran it up ag
ain)

He ain't even much our kind, he don't play to win (He don't play to win)

It costs to be the boss, I thought outside the box to be the boss
They tryna hassle jit', he kicked 'em off like David Hasselhoff
I got rid of that lil' fire below so I could start to save a lot
I remember skating Weston park, long live Adelkoff
I don't go against the grain, I beat the grain, I'm makin' mochi
Bought a chain, it's doin' figure eights, called it Zamboni
If it's beef, we do carpaccio, I do not bologna
Pasta in my pocket, .40 cals look like rigatoni

Duh, duh, duh

Water

Phew, skii