

The Grinch Freestyle

Luh Tyler

Nigga callin' like come home, why you actin' like the Grinch? (Brrt)
Boy, you better watch your tone 'fore I show you how it get
I buy all my friends Chanel for they birthday 'cause I'm rich
Way too player, I'll never keep the beef up 'bout some dick (Never)

Stand on business, pull up and get busy, pick a place (Buh)
Hoes ain't tryna fight, they swingin' belts and pullin' lace (Buh, buh)
Let that ho think I forgot, when I catch her, I'ma blank
Got these diamonds on the sink, shit water, hit like tank (Water)
Bitches think they ballin', but they really Ja Morant (They ain't)
Like a two-year old in diapers, walk 'round like my shit don't stink
Ain't got time for a ho even when I'm on vacation
And I wish a bitch would, roll her up and I'ma face 'em

Wish a nigga would, try to spark somethin' up, he gon' get smoked
Man, my nigga crazy and he ready to strike just like Lil' Boat
All this off the head, bitch, you can't name a song I ever wrote
I told your bitch that I'm a dog, but she keep callin' me the GOAT
Man, we gettin' this bread, no, we ain't fallin' out about no ho
Bitch, I'm a money fiend, if I ain't gettin' pape', then I can't go
Like how he bringin' in that cash so fuckin' fast, you niggas slow
My brand new bitch, I rip her out the plastic, fuck her on the floor

Yeah, he don't know if he want Latto or big Big Brook, we both cold
I been doin' bitches greasy, this shit jumpin' off the stove (Damn)
I done turned that nigga out, he eatin' ass and lick his holes
Y'all be bendin' over backwards, I don't choose, I eat toes
He like, "Baby, what's your sign?" I say, "Baby, I'm a throat GOAT"
I sit on his lap like Santa and I tell him what I want
Every day, I put it on, hit the 'Gram and strike a pose
Don't even ask me where I'm at, bitch, I'm always in my tote

Don't even ask me where I'm at, you know I'm always in my bag
I done finally ran it up, man, that's why all these niggas mad
Bitch, my diamonds hit without no flash and all my bitches bad
Pull up and I get that fuckin' cash and then we do the dash

All these niggas on me bad, is it the face or it's the ass?
Put more rappers down than Fani Willis, bitches go out bad
Bring my shit out from the back, I don't get it off the rack
If I catch that nigga cheatin', then we goin' tit for tat

This bitch callin' like, "Come home," why you actin' l like the Grinch?
Niggas mad to see up in the game, they sittin' on the bench
Ever since I jumped up on that mic, ain't been broke ever since
Nigga, I just walk up to a check and did my money dance

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(Pooh, you a fool for this one)
(Go Grizz)