

Young Nigga

Luh Tyler

Yeah, nigga
Gang, gang, gang
Big Ski, nigga, ski
Yeah
On God
Nigga, no cap
(Spacy got this sauce, ho)
Ski

I'm a young nigga, stackin' up that pape', puttin' on for the city (F or the city)
Made it happen, should've seen they face, they can't believe I did it
(Believe I did it)
Started rappin', finally found my way, now we got seven figures (On God)
When people see me out, they just say, "Hey, Ty, can I get a picture?"
Before a nigga come 'round tryna play, they better reconsider (Reconsider)
Hotboy, brodie keep that fire underneath his pillow (Hot)
Made a way, did it on my own, ain't never need a nigga (On God)
I'm 'bout my pape', if they ain't gettin' cash, then you won't see me with 'em (Won't see me with 'em)
Talkin' money in my rhymes, I ain't promotin' no violence (Yeah)
All these hoes on my body, I been pimpin' like Scottie
She was playin' hard to get, but I still got up inside her (Ugh)
Niggas always tryna kick it, I don't do the karate (Spacy got this sauce, ho, what?)
She a good girl, but when she see me, bet she get naughty (On God)
They like, "What you like to do?" Bitch, gettin' bands is my hobby
Youngin really havin' motion, if I like it, I'll buy it (Cha-ching)
Pop and Grimy, them my brothers, if I'm ridin', they ridin' (No cap)

My lil' bitch should be a stylist 'cause she stay throwin' fits (She always throwin' fits)
Like Danny said, bitch, I'm from Florida, but I Cuban'd my wrist (On gang)
I been puttin' in that work, bitch, I been droppin' these hits (Droppin' these hits)
Now ma dukes don't gotta work because her son done got rich, nigga (Her son done got rich)

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(Spacy got this sauce, ho)
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Hotboy, brodie keep that fire underneath his pillow (Fffah)
Made a way, did it on my own, ain't never need a nigga (Need a nigga)
I'm 'bout my pape', if they ain't gettin' cash, then you won't see me
with 'em (Won't see me with 'em)
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Nigga, yeah, gang, ski