

I'm lit, ayy ayy (I'm lit)  
My bitch is thick, she roll with sticks  
I'm lit, ayy ayy  
I'm dressed in wick, I'm too legit  
Ayy ayy (ayy ayy)  
I'm lit, I'm lit, I'm lit, I'm lit  
Hey, Caskey, what up, bro?  
Ayy ayy (ayy ayy)  
My bitch is thick, I roll with sticks, ayy ayy  
Ah Dexter! Ah what?

I'm lit, I'm lit, huh  
Run up on him with a stick, cocked  
Your bitch a bitch  
Fuckin' on his lil bitch, ooh, huh  
Swear to God, bitch, you a lame lil hoe  
Fuckin' lil bitch, give me brain, lil hoe  
I don't do it for the fame, lil hoe  
Run up on him with the banger, hoe  
Bang! Bang! Bang!  
Run up on him, blow his brain, brain, brain, brain  
What, huh? Yeah, go and shoot him, snatch his chain  
Ooh, what? Yeah, ooh, smokin' on poo  
Fuck on your boo, huh  
I get the money, I swear that these blues, yeah, Dexter

I'm lit, I'm lit, huh, yeah  
No one could tell me I owe 'em shit  
I'm lit, I'm lit, yeah  
What's on your hip? That's some Rick Owens shit  
I bought a zip, she up in my whip  
Ayy, shorty, I got a ownership  
She won't give me lip, she hopin' the tip  
Is what I got sittin' up on her  
My bitch too hot, had to freeze her  
She know I don't need her, I'm sippin' out the new two liter  
Weed like the [?]  
Perk, sittin' in the vert with a eater  
Damn, shorty got her friends  
But we sittin' inside the two seater  
Yeah, so I just had to swap out that coupe for a beamer

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