

It's fake lit, mayne
(Fake lit?)
Yeah, man. Fake lit, mayne
You know, lightweight jammin', know'm'talkin'bout?
Lowkey poppin'
It's fake lit, mayne
Fake lit

(JuneOnnaBeat, don't shoot him in the street)

We bounce out spaceships
I keep it on me, you can check my hip
I'm hella dope like sixteen zips
We push up in the buildin' like 'this fake lit'
Uh, this fake lit
That's on my mama children, nigga, this fake lit
Yeah, this fake lit
We push up in the buildin' like 'this fake lit'

To get in this bitch it was hectic
This more crackin' than I expected
Bad bitches, short dresses
Baller blockers wanna intercept it
Don't ever disrespect it
We gassed up, my nigga, super unleaded
We talk slicker than some Armor All
Lookin' for some bitches and some alcohol
A half-a-hundred on my arm
Yellow diamonds, looking like corn
Papared up, fitted fly, bossy, hella dope
Chain longer than a muthafuckin' bungee rope

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UH!
I hope that it'll be no catastrophes
This shit over capacity
Fire marshal on his way, probably
ABC trippin', checkin' identities
We standin' on the couch like 'fuck it'
Tycoon vodka in a ice bucket (Yee!)
Livin' it up to the fullest, having our paper and showing off
Broke up or broke a long time ago, get money or get lost
Blowin' Girl Scout cookies, Durban and OG kush strains crossed
My thundercats'll get on you for a quarter-pound of that sauce
Baby got back, she thicker than bacon fat and I'm tryna have at that
It's bitches up in this bitch, lightweight jammin', it's fake lit
(Tell 'em, pimp)

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Know'm'talkin'bout?
Having money, feeling good about my muthafuckin' self, mayne
Know'm'talkin'bout?
Yeah, mayne
Ay, you can't keep a real one down, mayne
Get money or get lost, mayne
Ay, June, why you do a beat like this, pimp pimp?
This muthafucka here mobbin'
Mobbin'