

## Said It's Lit

Omah Lay

Free them steppers  
Long live the fallen Blickys  
Twirl  
Sniper the Blicky, the Blicky, the Blicky  
Gang, gang, gang

I came up off the licks, I told my youngin, "Don't hit me till  
he off the list" (Till he off the list)  
Ain't they say that it's lit? How come whenever they see me the  
y never do shit? (Rrah, rrah, when they at his wrist)  
Tried to run but he tripped, bro keep on clickin' the blicky ti  
ll he don't exist  
Got a Glock with a stick and I've been itching to put a new opp  
in the spliff (New opp in a spliff)

I'm addicted to spinnin', who tryna go sendin'? Lil' bro don't  
take pictures 'cause he always drillin' (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, s  
krrt)  
My twirlers'll hit him, I swear they some villains  
I drop a bag, they gon' kill a whole village  
Itch it and up it, I be fiendin' to brush him  
I have a Cho, turn his brains into a slush  
Pull up, pluck him, they gotta rush him  
Gooley sauce, we left him drippin' and gushin'  
He saw the gun, started panicking, ain't no discussion  
We left him stiff like a mannequin, shouldn't been bluffin'  
Do a hit out the whip then we vanishin', open his muffin  
For that shit that he said in the song, my lil' stepper gon' ki  
ll him and dump him

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Opps skipped a beat when we lower the window, ain't see the gun  
, he just saw the extendo  
Spin on the bikes, hit an opps through the indoor  
Kill him, go throw 'em when I give him a signal  
I ain't takin' no threats, he gotta get lacked  
Little out of breath, he ran into death  
I'm with the crash out, tryna go blackout  
One in the head, if he slipped, then he passed out  
Tryna get low, but I already backed out, boy in a pack now

If I get the suspicion, a nigga ain't gettin' finished, then we  
spinnin' back out  
I got hella precision, my shooters be glitchin', they ready to  
spaz out  
Why these niggas tryna mimic the image for gimmicks? I'm ready  
to lash out

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