

# Lit Like Bic

Rae Sremmurd

Drinkin' on somethin'  
Man I gotta be drinkin' on somethin'  
Just chillin' with me doin' somethin', little green  
Gotta be drinkin' on somethin'  
I'm smokin' on somethin', try to go pop on somethin'  
I ain't trippin', I don't give a fuck if it's your girl  
Man she drinkin' on somethin', smokin' on somethin'  
Have you smokin' on somethin'

Lit, lit, lit, lit like Bic  
SremmLife shit, bendin' by 6  
2 by 2, 4 by 4  
SremmLife shit, don't answer that door

Neighbors keep knockin', bitches keep watchin'  
Hoes keep jockin', but the money keep flockin'  
They wishin' we was floppin', I can see it on their faces  
I can point at different bitches and I bet they all from different places  
Look at all this money, lit, lit, lit  
SremmLife shit, poppin' chapstick  
Pop a bad bitch, I'm so grown  
Brand new car, I'm so on  
Yeah nigga what, all my niggas rich  
All my bitches rich too so you need a key to come visit  
News life shit, test this cup  
Test this cup, do it for us  
Four eyed, damn, I'm twisted bad, I can feel it  
Aquafina water, go ahead and peel it  
Go ahead and peel it, do it if you dare  
I just wanna lay it down and run my fingers right through her hair  
Remove her underwear, lick, lick, lick  
Lit sex yes, she show chest  
Breathe in deep, geeked all week  
Sunday night, Sunday fight  
Argue, don't wanna argue  
How could you think that I would ever leave you?  
I see right through you  
Get money with the same crew  
I fuck the same hoes like you  
Switch 'em out once a week, I'm cool  
That's mid, I'm cool  
Midnight crew paint the Maserati midnight blue  
Money pool, I'm 'bout to swim right through  
Who are you?

Who said they got that stanky loud? I wanna smell it  
You say you run your fuckin' town, I let you tell it  
Who really run the underground? I wanna meet you  
I'm really tryna bite the style, you know we see you  
Before I let my whole hood down I'll bring my team up  
You say you run your fuckin' town, we need to link up  
I came from that dirty town, look how I clean up  
I came from that dirty town, look how I clean up  
Lick, lick like Jeepers Creepers, wild boy in a wife beater  
Hoppin' out of that two seater, doot doot, that's a new Beamer  
Bad bitches come see Jimmy, just might leave a tip with you  
Lit, lit, might spend a ticket, see if these red bottoms fit you

I'm doin' numbers, Sremm goin' bonkers  
Blasts bustin', better run for cover  
Turnt up, I might run for governor  
I need bottles here on the double  
I need bitches here on the double  
I need condoms here on the double  
Rae Sremmurd, that's double trouble

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