

## Lit Like This

Skept

Got the girls, the cars, the money in the bank  
Keys to the house, whip bigger than a tank  
So much ice it's a joke, don't mistake it for a prank  
When you're lit like this, you might need to get a shank  
When you're lit like this, you might need to get a skeng  
You got bagged for a M, he didn't even get a ten  
Them boys snitchin', man, they're rattin' on their friends  
He's a opp boy, can't pattin' up again

Back from the village with a brand new source  
Another G.O.A.T. got sacrificed of course  
I don't like passa, black lives matter  
But if a opp drops I cannot feel remorse  
It's money, murder, and sexual intercourse  
Big smoke, I never play the victim  
Money hangin' on my neck, tryna bring my niggas in  
'Cause it's a cutthroat world that we livin' in

Still, if I had to pick a side, I pick the gang side  
Check the scoreboard, they're losin' by a landslide  
See them hatin' on me and I understand why  
They know my name in every city, this a franchise  
Talk shit, jump ship, watch it capsize  
Money on your skin fade, that's a flat line  
We takin' champagne showers, gettin' baptized  
Bring some more Dom Pérignon for the bad guy

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I made her laugh, now she calls me Prince Charming  
I don't care about the price, I'll just put my card in  
I'll be fresher than your boyfriend inside the coffin  
I was born cryin', I'ma die laughin'  
You ever seen a friend turn frenemy?  
Grew up in the hood where all I see is jealousy  
Brothers switched up on me 'cause I adjusted  
I still love 'em but they can never be trusted

Yeah, I know you see what I just did  
Came in a double R, left in another car  
GQ, top 5, I'm a cover star  
I ain't gotta say names, you know who the brothers are  
Give 'em the green light, I can make a youth famous  
Hear them talkin' 'bout me like they're newspapers  
Who are they though?  
Who are you though?  
We only talkin' money in the studio

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