

# Lit Like Bic

Rae Sremmurd

[Intro: Slim Jxmmi]

Drinkin' on somethin'

Man, I gotta be drinkin' on somethin'

Just chillin' with me with the haters doin' somethin'

Little girl, he gotta be drinkin' on somethin'

I'm smokin' on somethin', tryna go pop on somethin'

I ain't trippin', man I don't give a fuck if it's your girl

Man she drinkin' on somethin', have you smokin' on somethin'

Have you smokin' on somethin'

[Chorus: Swae Lee]

Golly, golly, she love me, and

My woman, my ho, these women

Lit, lit, lit

Lit like Bic

SremmLife shit, bendin' by 6

2 by 2, 4 by 4

SremmLife shit, don't answer that door

[Verse 1: Swae Lee]

Neighbors keep knockin', bitches keep watchin'

Hoes keep jockin', but the money keep flockin'

They wishin' we was floppin', I can see it on they 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, pop a chair, sit

Papa bear shit, 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 pill it

Go ahead and pill 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 them same hoes like you  
Switch 'em out once a week, I'm cool  
Oh, that's mid, I'm cool, damn  
Midnight crew  
Paint the Maserati midnight blue  
Money pool, I'm 'bout to swim right through  
Who are you?

[Verse 2: Slim Jxmmi]

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  
Already 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-I-I came from that dirty town, look how I clean up  
Lit, lit like Jeoper's Creepers  
Wild boy in a wife beater  
Hoppin' out of that two-seater  
Doot-doot, that's a new Bimmer  
Bad bitches come see Jxmmi  
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  
Bands bustin', better run for cover  
Piped 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

[Chorus: Swae Lee]

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My woman, my ho, these women  
Lit, lit, lit  
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