

# Need a Lighter

## LIGHTSHOW

[Verse 1: Lightshow]

I like my bitches bossy

This lip cost 30 [?]

A couple grammys on me now, I'm tryna get 'em off me

I'm tryna get a Grammy

A beach house in Miami

My bitch might need a Beamer

Right now she drive a Camry

That hundred round like family

I ride around with it

Might hit a lick and smoke a pound

I'm really down with it

If I see them lights flash I'ma down [?]

That mean I ain't stoppin', turn up like I ain't poppin'

Nigga who is you and where you from? you ain't poppin'

Fuck you call his phone for if you ain't shopping

Rather not do club hopping, I like bank hopping

Walk out that bitch with them bags like I'm bank robbing

Don't compare us to these niggas cause they ain't mobbing

They starving, bitch I'm cooking like I'm J. Harden

Watch young nigga go and get it quick as Klay [?]

If you ain't getting digits, nigga say nothing[Hook: Lightshow]

We got the all the drugs, we just need the lighters

We got army guns like the fucking fighters

Let that bitch convince me, pop a half, I might swerve

Talk her out her panties if I say the right words

Promise I don't think I could get any higher

Had to write a thank you note to my supplier

Please don't cut them lights on when I'm riding by, sir

Please don't cut them lights on, I am smoking fire

[Verse 2: 21 Savage]

Cut the lights on, fuck it, cut the lights off, diamonds lit

Couple VVS's on my neck the way my diamonds hit

I was 13, robbin' niggas, drinking that brown bitch

Riding in a drop with a Glock and a fucking stick

VVS all on my neck, hold up

100 round drum in that TEC, hold up

Pull up on you in a 'Vette, hold up

Pull up, bitches break their neck, hold up

Pull up on you in a ghost, hold up  
Pull up, break your bitch's throat, hold up  
Niggas think I make money rapping but bitch I'm still selling dope  
I'm in DC with my nigga Lightshow  
Went to Avianne now my fucking ice glow  
And I keep a pistol everywhere that I go  
I don't need no fucking shooter, young Savage gon' blow[Hook: Lightshow]  
We got the all the drugs, we just need the lighters  
We got army guns like the fucking fighters  
Let that bitch convince me, pop a half, I might swerve  
Talk her out her panties if I say the right words  
Promise I don't think I could get any higher  
Had to write a thank you note to my supplier  
Please don't cut them lights on when I'm riding by, sir  
Please don't cut them lights on, I am smoking fire[Verse 3: Lightshow]  
Please don't hit the lights, that shit is bright  
Please don't hit the lights, this prescription in my Sprite  
Please don't hit the lights, chopper on the seat on sight  
Please don't hit the lights, I might have to spend the night  
At the jailhouse, wait inside that bitch 'til I get bailed out  
Outed by a black cop, damn he a sellout  
Most these niggas rats, they walkin' 'round here with they tail out  
Ain't eyeballing shit, I whip this motherfucking scale out  
I thank god for rap but I'm a motherfucking trap god  
Lot of niggas down so my first speed dial is my strap though  
I didn't go to college, I rap automatics, cap guys  
Finna pull up really really really deep like a capper  
We get product and we split that shit up like a hat pie  
My bitch like to cook, hope she put lobster in the potpie  
AR-15 bullet 'bout to sing like there's a [?]  
Wore that bitch's own designer bag like a flat guy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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