

Get Lit

Ludacris

When the liquor get up in me

When the liquor get up in me

When the liquor get up in me

When the liquor get up in me I'm a motherfuckin' beast (When the liquor get up in me)

Tell these niggas clear the streets (When the liquor get up in me)

I'll be all up in my zone (When the liquor get up in me)

I ain't never going home (When the liquor get up in me) Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Ah shit

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Ah shit Ima drink until I'm drunk (drunk), smoke until I'm high (High)

Hustle till I ball (ball), get money till I die (Die)

These haters want my paper and the snakes is out to get me

So when I leave this bitch I'm taking everything with me

With my wrist glowing and my fist throwing

And my Lamborghini Aventador sneak it on the block

Been going and I been flowing I gotta say that Ludacris, a nigga never gonna stop

Hanging with women that's loving them drugs

Neighborhood call me the plug of the plug

Poppin' a pill and then jump in the tub

We buy out the bar, we buy out the club

Got a black, AMX, I left home, no Visa

Talk money, and my money, talk back, like Caesar

Mix soda, with the syrup, we be leaning like the Tower of Pisa

And if y'all don't fuck with us, then we don't fuck with y'all either I'm a motherfuckin' beast (When the liquor get up in me)

Tell these niggas clear the streets (When the liquor get up in me)

I'll be all up in my zone (When the liquor get up in me)

I ain't never going home (When the liquor get up in me) Get lit (Get lit)

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Get lit (Get lit)

Ah shit

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Ah shit I'm talking 1 shot, 2 shots, 3 shots, 4

How many shots to hit the motherfucking floor
You sipping man, quit tripping man, stop acting like a ho
Waitress said another round? I said you already know You see I started from nothing and made it up outta the
hood

Dollar and a dream and I made what I could
Fifty to a hundred, then a hundred to a grand
Then a grand to a milli, nigga really what's good
It's wood in the whip the wood like a wood shop
Neighbor's all think that I cook rocks

No peace in the streets
Really got me thinking ain't no such thing as a good cop
My neck froze and no ice steel
Flows, rappers just bite still
Platinum plaques, three Grammy's
I tell you I Made It like Mike Will
With coupes all on that freeway
Pockets on Gabby Sidibe

Got cake and women blowing like everyday is my b-day We be getting mighty bold (When the liquor get up in
her)

She be sliding down that pole (When the liquor get up in her)
She be shaking it for daddy (When the liquor get up in her)
Getting freaky in the Caddy (When the liquor get up in her) Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Ah shit

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Get lit (Get lit)

Ah shit She dragging a mink coat, got Peter pissed, it's a pity

A titan like Tennessee but she chiefing like Kansas City

She love it when she get tipsy and strip to the core essentials

With her legs sprawled out like the Air Jordan symbol

She be twenty thousand feet in my apartment in the sky

Y'all hoes just drink and drive, my woman just drink and fly

She a lady in the street ain't nothing fake about her booty

She call me for special ops, I told her that's my Call of Duty She be getting mighty bold (When the liquor get up
in her)

She be sliding down that pole (When the liquor get up in her)

She be shaking it for daddy (When the liquor get up in her)

Getting freaky in the Caddy (When the liquor get up in her) Get lit (Get lit)

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