

Lit (Ft. Ty Dolla Sign)

Wiz Khalifa

Oh, oh, we don't put it on in the crib if it ain't fire
Oh, oh, won't even pull up to the club in it if it ain't fire
Oh, oh, won't smoke, won't pass, won't hit it if it ain't fire
Oh, oh, don't spend no time on a bitch if she ain't fire
Oh, oh, we don't put it on in the crib if it ain't fire
Oh, oh, won't even pull up to the club in it if it ain't fire
Oh, oh, won't smoke, won't pass, won't hit it if it ain't fire
Oh, oh, don't spend no time on a bitch if she ain't fire Let's get to the basics, let's get to the basics
I'm rollin' a j up, I'm lovin' the fragrance
I'm hardly on time 'cause my mind is where space is
But I always I grind cuz, that's how my fam raised me
Think I got problems, say that I'm crazy
Love marijuana, smoke on the daily
Smoke wit' my mama, roll one for my lady
Blow the whole pound now, came up from a AV
I'm lettin' the top down, and countin' them faces
I'm blowin' the smoke out, exhalin' the vapors
I'm smokin' in public, they stare in amazement
I'm lightin' that bomb up, it's takin' me places Oh, oh, we don't put it on in the crib if it ain't fire
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Oh, oh, don't spend no time on a bitch if she ain't fire I pull up foreign, lil baby for it
I let her drive when it get boring, I lay back smoking oh yeah
Fog up these windows, fog up these windows
Girl, first we were just smoking and then we're fucking
Drop her off tell her goodnight
Gotta go get my money right
OG Louis XIII on 'em
Don't pass me that mid homie
Judge gave my nigga life, he took the bid still didn't snitch homie
Niggas quick to claim they real but they ain't never been through nothing
Had to keep my distance from them bustas
Fuck her one time, I will never trust her
She got attached to these real ways
Deleting all the texts while I roll a whole Oh, oh, we don't put it on in the crib if it ain't fire

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Oh, oh, don't spend no time on a bitch if she ain't fire
Let's go
Let's get it
Rolled up my weed as soon as the day start
Get me a pound and I break it apart
Kush on my clothes smell the green in my car
Ain't coming close you smell me from afar
Time after time I keep smoking that herb
Joint after joint I must be on the verge
Of overdosing I be on that loud
Speeding me up while it's slowing you down
I just got back from an overseas trip
Smoking with Ty he had me high as shit
'Cause we keep nothing but good in our j
Repping our gang and we mob everyday
Break down an ounce put it right on the tray
Ain't saving nothing we smoke everyday
Light up a joint let it stink up the place
Or hit the bong blow the smoke in your face
I'm a get money nigga, I'm a get money
I'm a real nigga, so I'm a keep it real
And I love getting high
And I love getting high
I'm a get money nigga, I'm a get money
I'm a real nigga, so I'm a keep it real
And I love getting high
And I love getting high
Break it down and roll another one
I could get anything I want
I told her you should bring a friend for the crew
Hear 'em talk but they don't want it though
I'm in the Hall Of Fame of smokers
Everybody that I'm with get high too
Only rolling in a Wiz Khalifa paper
Taylor Gang G-pen smell the vapor
Take it to the head before I walk up to the plane
I probably get so fucking high I don't even know my fucking name
You gotta be a pro if you wanna get this blow
Never inhale, teach you how to hit this smoke
And I'm never running out of it
Kush smoke got a lot of it
Smoke like we hit the lottery
Seen Snoop he was proud of me

Won't go broke 'cause I never spend
If them hoes don't smoke don't let 'em in I'm a get money nigga, I'm a get money
I'm a real nigga, so I'm a keep it real
And I love getting high
And I love getting high
I'm a get money nigga, I'm a get money
I'm a real nigga, so I'm a keep it real
And I love getting high
And I love getting high

Songwriters

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