

Lit (ft. J. Cole & KQuick)

Bas

Do you still believe in love? Or do you like drugs? Ran into a night owl rollin' White Owls

Girl it's been awhile since I hit a White Owl

I'm with it though, she a centerfold

Big ol' blunt look like tentacles

She strip in Europe, Interpol

Don't remember her in her clothes

I fucked her friend, damn they was close

Let's reunite, let's get em close

Hit 'em twice in a row, hit a flight, and I'm ghost

That's the last time I seen her though

She be gettin' too eager, ho

Stamp it like it's my visa

Cheefin' off of these berries

When the world gets heavy and it hurts to carry

I'm her Midnight Mercenary

Fiend It's lit

Feel the buzz?

That's a half?

Shit it was

It's lit

Feel the buzz?

It's lit

Feel the buzz? She take me to a place that I never would discover

Might never have another, so I had to fuck her

Reach into my pockets, damn I ain't got a rubber

See my nigga Ron, like L. Ron Hubbard, he be outta space

Say he got a case of straps at the back of the hotel cupboard

Room 508, check by the safe, she say "Boy you got it made

Do you got a cape?", I ain't with the games ma, do I gotta wait?

I'm quite impatient, intoxication got me feelin' like procreating

Girl I'm the baker, you surely caking

Stand back, catch my amazing graces

Photo finish and fornication

Photo finish and fornication

Fiend It's lit

Feel the buzz?

That's a half?

Shit it was

It's lit

Feel the buzz?
It's lit
Feel the buzz?Feel the buzz
Can you feel the buzz?
Feel the buzz
Do you believe in love?
What's your drug?
What's your drug?Now comes the question of which intro do you use?
Do you use this intro or the other intro I was talkin' on?
But, then that let's people know I had more than one take
So maybe we should just not use this and use the other intro
So people would think I just took it straight through
Yea, let's do thatYou'd be surprised how many truths you can hide in flows
I'm listenin' to this beat with my eyelids closed
Thoughts keep flashin' and I keep laughin'
I never thought that I would fuck Irish hoes
Maybe Asian bitches or Caucasian bitches
Remember when I got to New York I was lost
Because all I ever saw was Jamaican bitches
I ain't barely know what Jamrock was
Lil' country nigga God damn I was
To you niggas talkin' online until you make it this high
Then you could never understand this buzz, well
Maybe if you put yourself in the shoes
Of a nigga comin' straight out the South
No gold grill just a east coast feel
And a set of crooked teeth in his mouth
Make them hoes bounce, that can't get enough
Niggas say I made it I ain't make it enough
Man hang that nigga, you a real lame ass nigga
If you ain't got my tape in your truck
Cole, uhm world don't you forget that
I think I lost my mind round the same time I lost my six pack
But no sit-ups for me, long as my dick still get up for me
Long as a ho still give up for me
She usually charge but she get us for free
Woah, that's TMI, lil' something like TMZ
Scared of the days you'll be seeing me
'Cause my girl do not play, coach DNP
That's something for the hoop fans
Just copped her the coupe man
No drop top but a slot on the roof that can slide out
And get a little sun while you ride out
Ced on the beat let me vibe out
We was 15 with a ASR up in my house

Writin' rhymes out, momma made it happen
Could've been a lawyer but I made it rappin', he made it rappin'
Now at the shows he the main attraction
Another shot of Henny so I'm faded askin'
How long do this drug called fame be lastin' "It's lit, feel the buzz?"
Another shot of Henny so I'm faded askin'
How long do this drug called fame be lastin', that's deep Feel the buzz?
It's lit
Feel the buzz?
Feel the buzz?

Songwriters

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