Lit Like Bic

Rae Sremmurd

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Drinkin' on somethin'
Man I gotta be drinkin' on somethin'
Just chillin' with me, what the hell you doin' smokin' on green
Gotta be drinkin' on somethin'
I'm smokin' on somethin', try to 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', smokin' on somethin'
Have you smokin' on somethin'Lit, lit, lit, lit like Bic
SremmLife shit, bendin' by 6
2 by 2, 4 by 4
SremmLife shit, don't answer that doorNeighbors keep knockin', bitches keep watchin'
Hoes keep jockin', but the money keep flockin'
They wishin' we was floppin', I can see it on their 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, poppin' chapstick
Pop a bad bitch, 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
New 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 peel it
Go ahead and peel 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 the same hoes like you
Switch 'em out once a week, I'm cool
That's mid, I'm cool
Midnight crew, paint the Maserati midnight blue
Money pool, I'm 'bout to swim right through
Who are you?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
I'm really 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 came from that dirty town, look how I clean up
Lit, lit, like Jeeper's Creepers, wild boy in a wife beater
Hoppin' out of that two seater, doot doot, that's a new Beamer
Bad bitches come see Jimmy, 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
Blasts bustin', better run for cover
Drapped 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
Face Sremm and that's double troubleLit, lit, lit, lit like Bic
SremmLife shit, bendin' by 6
2 by 2, 4 by 4
SremmLife shit, don't answer that door

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/