

# It's Lit (Prod. by Nima Fadavi)

## Roach Gigz

Man, fuck that chorus shit  
I'm in New York on my tourist shit  
They want to meet me top floor and shit  
'Bout to be on TV like that Dora chick  
Sometimes I reminisce about how the morn' got missed  
Then I pop a cork and pour 'til I piss  
With four or more chicks  
That's bored of your dick  
Now that's a great mix  
8 chicks, and greatness  
It's kinda funny how time is money  
And ain't been late since  
If you owe me call me surge  
Make your payments  
My fragrance  
Makes sense when you see my eyes  
And you don't need a club to see my drive  
You gotta be a hustler  
Or else they won't fuck with ya  
The world is your customer  
Serve em' what you're best at  
I'm from the Bay like Dre where the crest at?  
I gotta fly to see my pops  
Did you catch that?  
My mom's is the best dad, focus on you  
So hopefully when you see me you won't get mad  
Jetlag, I don't got it  
I'm getting lit with the pilot in the cockpit  
You know I'm fucking playin'  
About that fucking plane  
I ain't trynna die because the pilot's high  
I stay on some cool shit, don't play with that bullshit  
I stay on some cool shit, don't play with that bullshit  
Don't always break them, but I always got the rules bent  
Tell me how to do it, when I'm a lover not a fighter  
And I started real young, had a rubber in my diaper  
My wife really got other girls trying to wife her  
I feel like a Mormon  
And when I get rich I'm going to have midget doormen

Don't make me feel important  
It's a hard knock life, ask Jay-Z  
Or Annie the orphan, don't make me bring out the Italian  
Start extorting, park your Porsche and take your keys  
Because if these kids were like we were  
Then your fucking kush is going to be gone for sure  
I caught them slipping at the gas station  
All they saw, was the car's big ass shake  
And after that we were half baked, like Dave Chapelle  
We were raised in hell  
How'd I turn so bad? I was raised so well  
No paper trail  
I didn't write this down, I'm an Adidas man  
No Nike town, my eyes are brown  
I'm really 5'7 but I say I'm 5'8  
Now you can vibrate and go fuck yourself  
And all these other boxers better tighten their belts  
It's Roachy Balboa bitch, Roachy Balboa  
I'm not a villain, but I gotta kill them  
These other rappers are really not appealing  
Somebody gotta tell them  
I'mma lay back, in a Giants or A's hat  
Always rep where I'm paged at  
A Bay beast, ain't nothing going to change that  
Or rearrange that  
My brain where the flame at  
And you can't buy the same cap, you gonna get chain snatched  
Where my pain pills?  
I really couldn't tell you how being the same feels  
Or wood grain feels  
But I will when I get my deal, you can trust that  
Fuck with it, or get the fuck back

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

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