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
FiendIt'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
FiendIt'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 deepFeel the buzz?
It's lit
Feel the buzz?
Feel the buzz?

Songwriters
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