

It's Lit (feat. IamSu)

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 tryna 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

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