

# Lit (feat. Gucci Mane & T-Pain)

## Steve Aoki & Yellow Claw

Yeah, boy, you gettin' that T-Pain and Aoki (Gucci)  
All of y'all tryna do our shit, you just soundin' like karaoke (Huh?)  
Long as y'all gettin' lit (Yeah)  
Yellow Claw gettin' lit (Ha)  
Long as y'all gettin' lit, let's go  
It's Gucci Mane in this bitch, and yeah, it's lit, hella lit  
Yellow Rollie on my wrist, same color my yellow bitch  
I say I ain't got no type, but I prefer 'em super thick  
I was born for this shit, you too borin' for the bitch  
In the foreign, motor roarin', sittin' on Forgis with a kit  
Plus my outfit sick with it just like E-40 and the clique  
I'm so spoiled, she don't get naked, it's hard for me to tip  
I'm so hard, got 'em runnin' and I just put in the tip  
They don't see me  
Oh no, they don't see me  
Your girl's drawers comin' down  
But the hands go up to the ceilin'  
I guarantee it, I guarantee it, I guarantee it, I guarantee it  
I'm throwin' money in the VIP  
I'm ballin' out, so you know it's me  
They tell me, baby you were born makin' big noise  
Hanging in the street, yeah  
I be hangin' in the street, oh lord  
I guarantee it, I guarantee it, I guarantee that I'm the shit  
If you're feelin' like me, I guarantee it's about to get lit  
I'm tryna live, tryna hit Club Liv and spend a mil  
Who wanna chill with a rich nigga?  
Can't wait to pay your bills  
Listen here, I just made 20 thousand disappear  
See it clear, crystal clear  
Just like these diamonds in my ear  
I'm tryna live, tryna hit Club Liv and spend a mil  
Who wanna chill with a rich nigga?  
Can't wait to pay your bills  
I'ma put that top [?] shit in your ear, listen here  
I just pulled up to the front, trunk in the rear  
Gucci  
They don't see me  
Oh no, they don't see me  
Your girl's drawers comin' down  
But the hands go up to the ceilin'  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>