

# 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

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But the hands go up to the ceilin'

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I'm ballin' out, so you know it's me  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>