

It's fake lit, mayne  
(Fake lit?)  
Yeah, man. Fake lit, mayne  
You know, lightweight jammin', know'm'talkin'bout?  
Lowkey poppin'  
It's fake lit, mayne  
Fake lit

(JuneOnnaBeat, don't shoot him in the street)

We bounce out spaceships  
I keep it on me, you can check my hip  
I'm hella dope like sixteen zips  
We push up in the buildin' like 'this fake lit'  
Uh, this fake lit  
That's on my mama children, nigga, this fake lit  
Yeah, this fake lit  
We push up in the buildin' like 'this fake lit'

To get in this bitch it was hectic  
This more crackin' than I expected  
Bad bitches, short dresses  
Baller blockers wanna intercept it  
Don't ever disrespect it  
We gassed up, my nigga, super unleaded  
We talk slicker than some Armor All  
Lookin' for some bitches and some alcohol  
A half-a-hundred on my arm  
Yellow diamonds, looking like corn  
Papered up, fitted fly, bossy, hella dope  
Chain longer than a muthafuckin' bungee rope

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UH!  
I hope that it'll be no catastrophes  
This shit over capacity  
Fire marshal on his way, probably  
ABC trippin', checkin' identities  
We standin' on the couch like 'fuck it'  
Tycoon vodka in a ice bucket (Yee!)  
Livin' it up to the fullest, having our paper and showing off  
Broke up or broke a long time ago, get money or get lost  
Blowin' Girl Scout cookies, Durban and OG kush strains crossed  
My thundercats'll get on you for a quarter-pound of that sauce  
Baby got back, she thicker than bacon fat and I'm tryna have at that  
It's bitches up in this bitch, lightweight jammin', it's fake lit  
(Tell 'em, pimp)

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Know'm'talkin'bout?  
Having money, feeling good about my muthafuckin' self, mayne  
Know'm'talkin'bout?  
Yeah, mayne  
Ay, you can't keep a real one down, mayne  
Get money or get lost, mayne  
Ay, June, why you do a beat like this, pimp pimp?  
This muthafucka here mobbin'  
Mobbin'