

# 4 Lit (feat. T.I. & Ty Dolla \$ign)

## B.o.B

Shit be two lit, shit be four lit  
Pick me up before six  
Gutter bitch with another bitch  
We ain't tripping 'cause we all hit  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit  
Two lit, shit be four lit  
We ain't tripping 'cause we all hit Yeah yeah, d—d—dat's the shit I like (Hey)  
I ain't got no type, I can't decide  
Girls like girls like girls, they can't deny  
Eating pussy with a side of wine  
No, it ain't no telling what we might do  
When she in a penthouse with a tight view  
Reefer got me stuck, shit, got my eyes glued  
Oh yeah, that's my girl and that's our wife too  
Lit, shit be four lit  
Pick me up before six  
Gutter bitch with another bitch  
We ain't tripping 'cause we all hit  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit  
Two lit, shit be four lit  
We ain't tripping 'cause we all hit Ayy, Dolla hit it, B.o.B hit  
Uh, T.I.P hit it, TZ hit  
Ayy, I feel like we the new Dogg pound  
Uh, she know Dolla getting money now  
Uh, I'ma pass her like Cam  
Yay, I'ma pass her like Peyton  
Oo, I got diamonds on my neck  
I got diamonds on my rib, put some diamonds on my main bitch  
Uh, in the Porsche so wavy  
Put a Rollie on my lady, Dolla need a new baby  
Eh, she know Dolla stay litty  
Still ain't heard about Dolla? You should come to my city  
Shit be two lit, shit be four lit (Yeah)  
Pick me up before six  
Gutter bitch with another bitch  
We ain't tripping 'cause we all hit  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit (Ooohhh)  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit (Ye—ye—yeah)  
Two lit, shit be four lit (Uh, okay)  
We ain't trippin' 'cause we all here (Yeah) You know we all wit' it

All my niggas quick to hit and never call bitches  
Just might see my lil nigga pulling up wit' y'all bitches  
Pick the short ones up, bend it over tall bitch  
Ayy, put that phone down and mind your fucking business, girl  
Ayy, put some money up if you so independent, girl  
Now I'm just tryna put some diamonds in ya pendant, get your titties fixed  
Presidential suites and private jets, outside the city shit  
One thing I can't stand is a petty heaux  
Can't keep your business to yourself, don't go to telling folks  
'Bout where you been and how much pussy you be selling folk  
Don't wanna see her with a telescope, tell her thoShit be two lit, shit be four lit (Yeah)  
Pick me up before six  
Gutter bitch with another bitch  
We ain't tripping 'cause we all hit  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit (Ooohhh)  
Yeah, we all with the fuck shit (Ye—ye—yeah)  
Two lit, shit be four lit (Yeeah)  
We ain't trippin' 'cause we all here (Ooohhh)  
Yeah yeah, Dolla \$ign

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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