

Need a Lighter (feat. 21 Savage)

Lightshow

I like my bitches bossy
This Lacoste fit, it cost me
A couple grammys on me now, I'm tryna get 'em off me
I'm tryna get a Grammy
And beach house in Miami
My bitch might need a Beamer
Right now she drive a Camry
That hundred round like family
I ride around with it
Might hit a lick and smoke a pound
I'm really down with it
If I see them lights flash I'ma down imam down hill it
That mean I ain't stoppin', turn up like I ain't poppin'
Nigga who is you and where you from? you ain't poppin'
Fuck you call this phone for if you ain't shopping
Rather not do club hopping, I like bank hopping
Walk out that bitch with them bags like I'm bank robbing
Don't compare us to these niggas cause they ain't mobbing
They starving, bitch I'm cooking like I'm J. Harden
Watch young nigga go and get it quick as clay hardens
If you ain't getting digits, nigga say nothing
We got the all the drugs, we just need the lighters
We got army guns like the fucking fighters
Let that bitch convince me, pop a half, I might swerve
Talk her out her panties if I say the right words
Promise I don't think I could get any higher
Had to write a thank you note to my supplier
Please don't cut them lights on when I'm riding by, sir
P
Cut the lights on, fuck it, cut the lights off, diamonds lit
Couple VVS's on my neck the way my diamonds hit
I was 13, robbin' niggas, drinking that brown bitch
Riding in a drop with a Glock and a fucking stick
VVS all on my neck, hold up
100 round drum in that TEC, hold up
Pull up on you in a 'Vette, hold up
Pull up, bitches break their neck, hold up
Pull up on you in a ghost, hold up
Pull up, break your bitch's throat, hold up
Niggas think I make money rapping but bitch I'm still selling dope
I'm in DC with my nigga Lightshow
Went to Avianne now my fucking ice glow

And I keep a pistol everywhere that I go
I don't need no fucking shooter, young Savage gon' blow
We got the all the drugs, we just need the lighters
We got army guns like the fucking fighters
Let that bitch convince me, pop a half, I might swerve
Talk her out her panties if I say the right words
Promise I don't think I could get any higher
Had to write a thank you note to my supplier
Please don't cut them lights on when I'm riding by, sir
Please don't cut them lights on, I am smoking fire Please don't hit the lights, that shit is bright
Please don't hit the lights, this prescription in my Sprite
Please don't hit the lights, chopper on the seat inside
Please don't hit the lights, I might have to spend the night
At the jailhouse, wait inside that bitch 'til I get bailed out
Outed by a black cop, damn he a sellout
Most these niggas rats, they walkin' 'round here with they tail out
Ain't eyeballing shit, I whip this motherfucking scale out
I thank god for rap but I'm a motherfucking trap god
Lot of niggas down so my first speed dial is my strap guy
I didn't go to college, I rap automatics, cap guys
Finna pull up really really deep like a capper
We get product and we split that shit up like a hot pie
My bitch like to cook, hope she put lobster in the potpie
AR-15 bullet 'bout the same length as a hot fry
Wore that bitch's own designer bag like a fly guy We got the all the drugs, we just need the
lighters
We got army guns like the fucking fighters
Let that bitch convince me, pop a half, I might swerve
Talk her out her panties if I say the right words
Promise I don't think I could get any higher
Had to write a thank you note to my supplier
Please don't cut them lights on when I'm riding by, sir
Please don't cut them lights on, I am smoking fire
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