

# She Kills Me

Big K.R.I.T.

There she is, and I can't let her go  
She's so fly, and she's so sexual  
It gets me off when she walk  
Lick her lips when she talk  
She kills me, she kills me  
Murda, murda

It all started out in Brook' here late one evening  
One homeboy' girlfriend wanted me to meet her  
Then she told me she could turn any man into a cheater  
Real thick on the bottom, with some model-type features  
Really light skinned, and they called her senorita  
Both parents black, but still she a keeper  
Make a million and spend all of his cash  
Long black hair hang down to her ass  
Walked up to us like how ya'll doin'?  
Eyes on me so I'm knowin' she choosin'  
Really couldn't picture how she looked till' I seen her  
Face like feed her [?], body like Trina  
Sorta like delicious, or maybe much meaner  
If this is about grass, over there is much greener  
She dipped, I caught a glimpse of her ass as she was leaving  
I knew she was a killer, almost stopped me from breathin'

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Late one night, got a couple calls like  
"I ain't ever ever seen this number"  
Shawty on the other end like  
"It would be a shame if we never got to know each other"  
Really hate to wonder, If I got a girlfriend  
And if I'm gon' be real with her,  
If so head to the club and come and chill wit' her  
I got fresh to death to jump playa's  
Got my HB's on not to see these haters  
Valet my car and I head to the front  
She waiting outside when a playa rolled up  
Face so legit, ass hard to miss  
People stop to stare, skirt barely there  
All the other shawtys hating how she grind on me  
And all the other fellas wishing she would grind on em'  
She lit up the club every time the lights hit her  
It was murder she wrote, she's a serial killer

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After the club, in my spot she'd sit

She wanna let her hair blow out the top, she said  
If I was a store, she would shop, she said  
Want me to take her straight to the top, she said  
That's the grey goose talkin' and them shots of tequila  
She said that's just a little way of sayin' I could meet her  
And she a killer and I know she gon' fight for it  
Do it till' she can't stand, yeah I think she liked it  
So bad, can't help but to do it  
Make her cum so hard, can't help but to lose it  
Like a scene out a movie or a old school poet Got my tool on deck and I'm se  
arching for the killer (for the killer)

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