Killin' It

BeatKing

Killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, loook at me, look at me
Killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it
Turnt up with bottles and models that's word to Bun B I'm too trill w
ith it
Killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it
Your main all on my dick in VIP and she feelin' it
Look at me, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, killin' i
t
Hol' up, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, look at me, look at me
Killin' it, killin' it, killin' it, killin' it
We gon' flex forever, bitch you gon' have to deal with it

Club God got paper and I'm fucking these bitches, eventhough I am fat
In the Lex with your lames with your main givin' brain, I got 12's in
 the back
Everybody in the club, anybody that you chillin' with
Tap him on his shoulder and say bitch I'm killin' it
I got 10 bottles, look at the sparkles bitch don't burn your forehead
You don't wanna fuck, your friend she peepin', you salty that's okay
Yella bitch in her feelings, I'm too cool I do not deal with this
Cause Imma fuck her friend, hit it from the back, she like nigga you
killin' it
I'm a ratchet, I'm [?] and we go up in Metropolis
We go DJ Diamond, these hoes on my dick cause we famous
Nut on your bitch and her face when I'm aimin'
She on the molly, she ain't trippin', she real with it
Imma send Jhene Aiko a DM, when she open it, it's gon' be bitch I'm k
illin' it
If you gettin' paper salute
Club God a institute
Bad bitch Imma hit it like Babe Ruth
If she pretty I eat it like Babe Ruth
Texas Hammer, we got the juice
My slab it ain't got no roof and I'm killin' it
You should kill yourself if you built like [?]
I'm out the H, niggas gon' hate but fuck 'em
I like these hoes, but don't love 'em
I fuck these hoes, but don't cuff 'em
Bitch I get paper it's nothing
5 years strong and I'm still in it
Nillik ti, BeatKing what did that say?
Bitch I'm killin' it

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