

Chris Paul, hey
Bitch, you know I'm balling, why you keep on calling me?
All this money on me look like I just hit the lottery
I know that she like me and I think she want to swallow me
In the mall, bitch, I go Chris Paul
I been front line, shawty, yes, I'm riding with my dogs
She like to drip like me so lil' one what I call her
Put that shit on and take it off, shawty
Patek on them hoes, huh
Look for all of them, all black fashion
My bitch drippin' just like a witch, black magic
Chrome hearts all through my crib, bitch, I'm having this
Yes, you already know that I'm geeked, why you asking me?
I been off the porch, lil' bitch, I'm clutching on my 40
I ain't have no silver spoon, got it up out the streets, I forked it
She just tryna get some money out of me unfortunately
'Cause I ain't paying for no lil' bitch that ain't even worth shit

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Killa
She a lady killa
Yeah, yeah, for real-a
I'm the look killa with the swag, I be drilling
She a lady killer with the swag, she be spilling
All black fur on my jacket, chinchilla
Tom Ford, Paul McCartney and she going stella
Paparazzi pop my shit, lil' baby, I look stellar
You paparazzi popping, bitch, uh-huh, yeah, you look stellar
If looks could kill then it's first degree murder
They said the real niggas died, well, we resurging
Niggas talking so much shit, I know they teeth dirty
I been walking so much shit, lil' bitch, my feet hurting
Niggas moving kinda weird, it's making me nervous
I ain't never running out of paper, bitch, I keep splurging
I ain't never worried 'bout a hater, we gon' keep on hurting
Them with all this flexing, counting all this money, bitch, I'm never stress
ing
I been counting hundreds

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