

if looks could kill

Destroy Lonely

If looks could kill (Kill)

Baby, I'm the fashion demon
Ridin' down Candler Road, and I'm speedin'
I got hella hoes tryna fuck me and my bros (My bros)
I got hella shows lined up, I'm on the road (On the road, shows)
I get hella green, yeah, I get hella 'chos (Hella 'chos)
These niggas greedy as fuck, I'm 'bout to get over ('Bout to get over)
No, bitch, I'm not greenin' out, you cannot get over (Can't get over)
I just like to ball hard, ball like Dellavedova (Dellavedova)
Don't shop at Dover's (Nah)
Don't shop at Neiman's (Nah, no)
Don't commit treason (Nah, no)
Everything I do is for a reason
Everything I do is so strategic (Huh)
Baby, please don't leave me (Baby, please don't leave me)
I don't need you, and I know that you don't need me
I done got this fly, so, I'm on a date with the moon this evenin' (Huh)
She act cool, but I know she evil, so deceivin' (So deceivin')
If looks could kill, that makes every day Halloween, man (It's Halloween)

I get bitches, I don't need no wingman (No wingman)
I get riches, I don't sell no weed, man (Not right now)
I smoke dope by the pound, yeah, for real
Huh, I'm on the top of the mountain, king of the hill (Top Floor)
Uh, I don't like no Swisher, I like Grabba Leaf, lil' nigga (Grabba, Grabba, Grabba)
Real deal codeine sipper, walk 'round with a purple liver (Pur')
Uh, I'm a fashion killer, I'm the shit, pop a band (Pop a band)
I'm a real big baller, but won't let no lil' bitch play with me (Grabba)
I'm a pussy killer, after I hit it, might let her lay with me (Huh, huh)
She a fashion killer, check out how she walkin', yeah, look, she slayin' it (Huh)
My boy got a trigger finger, he ready to pull it, so, please don't play with him (Grrah)
I smoke 'til my lungs black, lil' bitch, I take that lil' blunt and I face that shit (Huh, face it)
I look at my demons and face 'em (Face 'em)
Take the Chrome Heart' Timb's and I lace 'em (Uh)
I'm walkin' through hell, I got an FN loaded up with a laser (Rah)
My bitch rockin' Chanel, I put on Balenciaga for all of my haters
I gotta go, bitch, I'll see you later (Go)
I'm the Dark Lord, real soul taker (Huh)
I'm the Top Floor Boss, a lil' player (Boss)
I put on big pants, real deal raver (Real raver)
(Raver)

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(Ayy, Clayco, cook that motherfucker up)