

# Killa

## Father

(Killa!)

She love this pack  
She love my tats  
She think I'm bad  
Think I'm a killa

It's not like that  
I don't go out  
I just kick back  
And count my scrilla

In my chinchilla fur  
Love to get on her nerves  
I love the way she twerk  
My have to give her ass the work

I'm slizzard off of this Goose  
The whole damn club getting loose  
I'm 'bout to break her in two  
And hit the room

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She love my tats  
She think I'm bad

Think I'm a killa  
It's not like that  
I don't go out  
I just kick back  
And count my scrilla

She tryna feel on me  
Tryna get the best of me  
See her in all of my dreams  
I think she put a hex on me

Askin' me when I'm gon' slide  
Pull up on her on east side  
Why I'm so paranoid  
Always hanging with my boys

She love my pack  
She love my tats  
She think I'm cute  
Think I'm her boo

I'm so into it  
I might just do it  
I be going through it  
I tend to ruin shit

Killa, Melty on the beat  
Rarely in the streets  
Know a nigga always bring that heat  
Know I been geeked for the like six weeks  
Awful on chain (Buss it down)

Know they gone feel my pain  
Rain down, on me  
(Killa)