

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

She love my 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

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)