

Killin it

Future

Insane your girl giving that pussy, killing it
Every time I get a pack I'm mixing it, I'm killing it
Got so many of them chains on I'm glistening, I'm killing it
Every I'm a nigga stepping I'm shitting, I'm killing it

I done fucked every bitch in Atlanta
My brother Future done killed the rap game up in Atlanta
I'm walking in the club with too many chains on
You think I play with Michael Jordan I got six rings on
I got that molly and that drank in my Styrofoam
I got ten cell phones and they bing homes
Your bitch in love with me, killing it her ringtone
I done cause I dry nigga killing it
You might as well walk trying to pull up next to me
FreeBandz casino in the streets and I'm killing it
All white ghost in the hood I'm Rossing it
Hold on my pinkie and my bone on that FreeBandz shit

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Killing it, man, I be killing it
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Killing it, man, I be killing it

I'm all about that paper but I don't end it
You say she bad, casino band here
You say she bad, slicy bang here
Mix that gold with that silver I'm a chemist
Where the time go? I don't know, tic tic
And how you like your girl, how you think thick thick
Your girl is my apprentice, my swisher she twist it
Them fill em, then get lit and munchies, then picnic
Freebands, you don't wanna miss this
And one year, you might have to buy a tic
To witness this pimping, my income extended
I'm iron coat, I'm different
I started independent