

Killa

Jay Park

I'm a killa killa killa killa
I'm stacking bodies to the ceiling
I talk my shit fuck your feelings
I take my pick they all willing
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I'm braggadocious,
boy I'm leaving all that humble shit
I don't feel human,
I might hop up on the mothership
A couple insta baddies with me
I can cuddle with
I might have a Lil Baby
on some Gunna shit
I ain't Donald Trump,
I ain't got to pay for it
Pussy make me stay for it,
extend it an extra day for it
I got to catch a flight,
yeah they pay for it
I'm making my way towards
Hov status, wait for it

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I ain't a mathematician, but I add it up
I ain't never ever subtracting nothing
My girl looking so fly all natural,
Make you cry like a bag of onions
Fuck them rappers on that ego shit
Flex on me, you need to eat more kid
Get your bread up,
and keep your head up
Tighten your belt up like ketosis
The first to do a whole gang of shit
If you don't know,
you bout to find out
This is my shit, you better sign out
I'm above the clouds, you on iCloud
At your neck like python,
let me be like bygones
I'm the best rapper,
bout to change my name to
Dylan Dylan Dylan