

Kill Shit

Lil Bibby

Aye Bibby, let's kill shit broski. Whatchu wanna do?
(It's whatever man, just go on ahead and rip that shit
I'm a come around and clean that shit up)
Let's get it

Know a couple niggas that's down to ride for a homicide
When it's drama time run up on a nigga with the llamas flyin
Leave his loved ones all traumatized
One-fifty I'm really with' it, I'll drop his ass and then forget it
I'm the man round my side of town, might see a bitch and forget I hit it
Lil Bibby on the track with me, one mistake and he clap fifty
When I hit the scene hoes go insane
Cause they know a nigga got them racks with' me,
No velcro but the strap with' me let a nigga wanna act silly
I'm a let it off and then leave him there, ride off and don't even care
Bitch I cash out 'till I pass out, got a couple trues I don't even wear
In the game bitch I do my thang, hoes scream my name I ain't even there
Lil Herb boy I doos this, leave your bitch wetter than a pool pit
And I make bands like I make friends, bought some ray-bans on some cool shit
But now it's back to some killa shit, got some wild hoes that'll drill a bit
ch
Yea it's no limit, thirty years runnin', thirty years gunnin' and we still t
he shit
I never run cause I stay to fight, I'll cook a nigga like steak and rice
And it's hella real in the battlefield, gangbang gotta pay the price
Hit a nigga with the forty fifth, bet it make his ass do forty flips
M-O-B I don't love a ho, I'm a be this way 'til I'm forty six
Matter of fact 'til a nigga die, smoke kush blunts 'til a nigga cry
And I never feed off another man cause I understand how a nigga lie
Never snitch on a nigga dry, yea that's how a nigga die
Got a yellow bitch in the passenger, she gon' suck and fuck if I get her hig
h
If I do the dash then my whip will fly, foriegn shit what a nigga ride
I ain't never sneezin' let a nigga try, got the nine rutger on a nigga side

Lil Bibby, no limit yea
I'm all about that sack bitch, my young niggas they clap shit
Let the mac spit, we whack shit
Weezy in that cut
With that nina that's that black bitch
Rico wanna' get 'em, I'm like cause' man I got this
Shootin' shit, Hittin' shit
Four five extended clip
Y'all be on that snitchin' shit
And Y'all know what snitches get, no limit shit, we with' the shits, I'm foc
used on gettin' rich
M-O-B forget a bitch, right after I hit the bitch
Like point me to the kitchen bitch, I be water-whippin' shit
Whip it, Jeff Gordon whip it
Hit it with' the fork, straight drop no shorts
Shooters on and off the court, shoot a nigga off his porch, turn a nigga to
a corpse
Yea I'm bout that, rollin' up that loud pack
Catch me lackin'? I doubt that, cause I never leave without that
And that's real shit, got real hitters they kill shit
You fuck around hit the kill switch, these hollow tips you feel this
And I'm tryna get real rich cause my mama said I wouldn't be shit

Nobody never gave me shit
Like "Bibby hop on this remix"
"That's five hundred, no free shit"
Cause I'm hot
And I do this shit for my block
I got thirty off in that Glock, have my nina give you top
Bodies gon' drop and we ain't gon' stop
R-I-P Roc, catch a few opps, send a few shots might hit a few blocks
Fuck a few thots
I need two mill, might seem like a lot but I spit straight drop
So it's really not, my team gon' eat, R-I-P to police
Fake niggas don't speak, cop killers in the heat
Catch me in the streets, shout out to broski