

Killin'em

Lil Debbie

You ain't talkin' 'bout gettin' rich
Bitch, what the fuck is you talkin' 'bout?
Money schemes, we stockin' out
And them hater hoes, we chalk 'em out
Yeah, Debbie gon' kill 'em
(Debbie, don't kill 'em)
Now, Debbie gon' kill 'em
(Alright, go get 'em)
Right now I'm feelin' high as a kite
Bitch, fuck your feelings, I'm chillin'
Heard you were lookin' for Debbie
Find me wherever the bread be
Pussy as good as the head be
But you silly bitches are not ready
I'm on one, I'm turned up, we just havin' fun, hoe
What you make in one year, I just made in one show
I'm on, bitch, yeah, I'm on
What the fuck y'all on? Motherfucker, I'm gone
Damn right, I'm gone
Four shots of Patron, now boss bitch straight
12: 30, kicks clean, but my nails dirty
Been grindin', hoe, outshinin' hoe
You bitch made like vagina, hoe
And that's real shit, I'm a real bitch
I lock and load and I kill shit
Don't feel shit, I'm cold-blooded
These bitches hatin' but my hoes love it
So, fuck y'all, all o' y'all
If y'all don't like me, blow me
Y'all gon' keep fuckin' around with me
And turn me back to the old me

It's like I keep running into the same bitches
Tryna creep up while I'm lane switchin'
Play hard but the game different
And I can't even play with ya
Killin' em, killin' em, killin' em
Bitch, I'm killin' em, killin' em, killin' em
And I go hardcore as a motherfucker (bitch)
And I go hardcore as a motherfucker (bitch)
And I go hardcore as a motherfucker (bitch)
And I go hardcore as a motherfucker (bitch, bitch)

Poppin' bottles in the club all night
Mixin' purple with that Sprite, all right
Poppin' mollies with that kush blend off light
Still shittin' on you bitches on the off night
Debbie, hoe, Debbie, hoe
Far shit, the old stereo
Ain't shit you can't tell me, hoe
Oooh, kill 'em little [?]
I'm the baddest bitch everywhere we go
We pass the blunt like merry-go
With that kill shit, barrio
You bitches talk but act scared tho
I'm on, yeah, hoe, I'm on
Swear to God, I'm gone, what the fuck y'all on?

Most shot of Patron, I been smokin' that bomb
Bitch, I'm faded, you nothin' and I made it
I'm poppin' and you hate it
Yeah, you watchin' and you hate it
You can't say shit, now I'm higher than a spaceship
I don't know if I'm comin' down
Treat the Bay like track meat
Just ask my city who runnin' now
They love the style, they feel the flow
These bitch know, so they steal the flow
But I steal the show, all eyes on me
'Cause I'm still the hoe, yeah, I'm still that hoe, bitch

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