

## Next Kill

Niykee Heaton

Shell cases on the kitchen floor  
I don't love him, not anymore  
Say it's been a long time, the wrong time  
Fuck it baby now you're all mine

I don't love 'em like I used to  
Setting up my next kill  
Thought that you knew  
I don't love 'em like I used to  
Setting up my next kill  
Thought that you knew

Like I used to  
Like I used to  
Like I used to  
Setting up my next kill  
Thought that you knew  
Like I used to  
Like I used to  
Like I used to  
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Thought that you knew

Got a love [?] blood written on the wall  
I loved a few, but I killed 'em all  
Told him on the first kiss  
Don't fall in love with a natural born killer 'cause I never miss

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