

# K.I.L.L.A.S.

## The Game

Woo, woo  
They talkin' bout real niggas back in style  
Look, we never went nowhere  
We just had to turn to a secret society  
'Cause too many sucka niggas got a blue check  
And thought they was somebody  
You know who I'm with  
Killas, killas, killas

Brand new Richard Mille  
Timbs on when I step through the city  
Gucci North Face when it get chilly  
See them robbers? Yeah, them killas is with me  
Killas, on top of the buildings, killas  
I'm droppin' the ceiling, killas  
She left you on read to hop in this red Maybach with the killas  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide  
'Cause we got them FNs, she sneak 'em inside  
We takin' them shots, but you still alive  
We eyein' your section, yeah, we 'bout to slide  
We roll up our sleeves, we light up your Live  
We don't want to debt it, we ready to die  
Meet you in Heaven, we up in the sky

Tell God we killas  
Killas, killas, killas  
Killas, killas, killas  
Tell God we killas  
Killas, killas, kill  
Killas, killas, killas, huh

She textin' me (Right), he wan' take her phone (Damn)  
She broke his heart (So), he wanna break a bone (So)  
Talkin' bout you bad (Bad), every time I make her moan (Moan)  
Said she ran the crib, you Kyrie, you can't play at home (Sheesh)  
Wanna know about me, just ask, nigga  
They'll tell you that I'm that nigga  
Two hoes, Jack Tripper  
Don't confuse me with these rap niggas (No)  
My .45'll still slap niggas  
Worse than that, I'll spray the MAC, nigga  
Don't play with Game and don't play no games  
Wanna play games, they got apps, nigga (Apps, nigga)  
Cargo off of this game, twenty-four acres in Spain  
But go to Google, type in "Harlem", what pop up? My nickname, it's

Killa, killa, killa, killa  
Killa, killa, killa, killa

I'm finna go catch me a body  
She up in the lobby, I think her name Dotty  
She fuck with them Saudis, she be in them Audis  
Pink toes, Cam said she a thotty  
I be in Abu Dhabi  
Lewis Hamilton head-ass nigga, racin' Ferraris  
Richard Mille on chill  
Playboy, this watch is a Carti'

I stepped on her Valentinos with my Air Forces on  
Think I said sorry?  
Fuck I look like, Steve Harvey?  
Money bags got her acting like she Ari (She not)  
Saweetie, Kehlani, Mulatto, Normani  
And her, yeah, her  
The one with the dots, both queens  
Nicki and Naija, Rubi and Siza-  
My bad, SZA  
Lizzo, she a killa  
Chloe Bailey, she a killa  
Can't forget about her sister  
She a killa  
Dream Doll, killa  
To be a killa, you gotta be BIA  
Brown skin, I need a Lupita  
Type of chick I could vibe with  
Hold the Draco for me, slide with  
Rick Owen boots make her 6'5"  
But when she fuckin', she 5'6"  
Got a threesome for the Wi-Fi  
Gave it to her, got a high five  
No reception in the high rise  
Shoulder shrug, bye-bye  
Least you leavin' with a

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