

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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