

Killin 'Em

Yeat

(I-I-I-)
(I-I-I-)
(I-I'm working on dying)
(BNYX)
(I got, I got)

Got hunnid round bitch, got hunnid round bitch, got hunnid round bitch, got
hunnid round chops
Got hunnid round bitch, got hunnid round bitch, got hunnid round bitch, got
hunnid round chops
Them drugs is killin' 'em, killin' 'em
Drugs is killin' 'em, drugs is killin' 'em
The mob is killin' 'em, mob is killin' 'em
Mob is killin' 'em, killin' 'em
Them guns is killin' 'em, guns is killin' 'em
Gun gon' shoot, it go killin' 'em
Memphetamines killin' 'em, 'phetamines killin' 'em, yeah, and muhfuckin' spi
nnin' 'em
I'm drinkin' that dirty, that mirty, that cup, that mud, that muhfuckin' wha
t?
We come from that dirty, we drinkin' that dirty, we come from that dirty stu
ff

Yeah, I got some brothers, who movin' that chicken, yeah (Yeah)
Ride on that bitch with AP, on my wrist, on my feelings (Touching the ceilin
g)
Yeah, I been servin' them boys like I'm workin' at Chili's (What? What? Yeah
)
Yeah, it's Christmas, it's cold, this shit could get chilly (What? What? Yea
h)
I touched me a muhfuckin' milli', yeah
I'm swervin' that fuckin' Chevy
I'm on the side with the gremlin, gremlin, pull up and fuck my system and th
e mayhem
Them drugs is killin' 'em, drugs is killin' 'em
Drugs is killin' 'em, killin' 'em
I'm takin' the Perc' with Amoxicillin, hit the ceiling lil' bitch, and I'm f
eelin' 'em (Ooh)
No, you can't rock with the mob, can't rock with the gang, lil' bitch, we no
t feeling you (Uh)
All this shit feeling familiar, uh
Gotta give me the lock and I'm killin' 'em (Ooh)
I touch a mill' every first of the month, that's why my pockets not big enou
gh (Ooh)
Ride 'round the city inside of the Tonka, yeah, but this shit still not big
enough (Ooh)
Come every time back from my break, yeah, and I'm all on the charts (Yeah)
When I geek up, lil' bitch, yeah I go to the sky, bitch, I live in the stars
(What)
Fuck what you sayin', lil' bitch, you is not one of us, you is not one of ou
rs
Yeah, I made this shit up, but I'm back on them charts (Yeah)
Headin' number one for the month, yeah, stay number one for the year (Yeah)
Yeah, I turn up the muhfuckin' metal, yeah, I'm crankin' them gears (Luh cra
nk)
Yeah, I pull up to London with shanks on me, bitch, I'm stabbin' they ears (
Luh shank)

Fuck what you sayin' lil' bitch, I'ma do all this shit, bitch, I do it for y
ears

(I got, I got)

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