She Kills Me

Big K.R.I.T.

There she is, and I can't let her go
She's so fly, and she's so sexual
It gets me off when she walk
Lick her lips when she talk
She kills me, she kills me
Murda, murdaIt all started out in Brook' here late one evening
One homeboy' girlfriend wanted me to meet her
Then she told me she could turn any man into a cheater
Real thick on the bottom, with some model-type features
Really light skinned, and they called her senorita
Both parents black, but still she a keeper
Make a million and spend all of his cash
Long black hair hang down to her ass
Walked up to us like how ya'll doin'?
Eyes on me so I'm knowin' she choosin'
Really couldn't picture how she looked till' I seen her
Face like feed her [?], body like Trina
Sorta like delicious, or maybe much meaner
If this is about grass, over there is much greener
She dipped, I caught a glimpse of her ass as she was leaving
I knew she was a killer, almost stopped me from breathin'
There she is, and I can't let her go
She's so fly, and she's so sexual
It gets me off when she walk
Lick her lips when she talk
She kills me, she kills me
Murda, murdaLate one night, got a couple calls like
"I ain't ever ever seen this number"
Shawty on the other end like
"It would be a shame if we never got to know each other"
Really hate to wonder, If I got a girlfriend
And if I'm gon' be real with her,
If so head to the club and come and chill wit' her
I got fresh to death to jump playa's
Got my HB's on not to see these haters
Valet my car and I head to the front
She waiting outside when a playa rolled up
Face so legit, ass hard to miss
People stop to stare, skirt barely there

All the other shawtys hating how she grind on me
And all the other fellas wishing she would grind on em'
She lit up the club every time the lights hit her
It was murder she wrote, she's a serial killer
There she is, and I can't let her go
She's so fly, and she's so sexual
It gets me off when she walk
Lick her lips when she talk
She kills me, she kills me
Murda, murdaAfter the club, in my spot she'd sit
She wanna let her hair blow out the top, she said
If I was a store, she would shop, she said
Want me to take her straight to the top, she said
That's the grey goose talkin' and them shots of tequila
She said that's just a little way of sayin' I could meet her
And she a killer and I know she gon' fight for it
Do it till' she can't stand, yeah I think she liked it
So bad, can't help but to do it
Make her cum so hard, can't help but to lose it
Like a scene out a movie or a old school poet [?]
Got my tool on deck and I'm searching for the killer (for the killer)There she is, and I can't let her go
She's so fly, and she's so sexual
It gets me off when she walk
Lick her lips when she talk
She kills me, she kills me
Murda, murda
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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