

Killin All the Boyz

EMM

You can't kill me,
Not my soul
This is real life,
So what side are you on? Killin all the boys,
Killin all the boys,
Killin all the boys,
La-la-la-la-la-la They call me fly for a reason
Got your lifetime reputation in a weekend
I'm running harder in my pumps and my sequins
Cause your repeating of cheap can't be the chieftain I wanna licky of the doubt your dishing out son
Yes I'm a female and uh, yes I blew you out son
And now your pouting, acting like it's so dumb
Kid I play a lion, what you play is a victim She says
"A girls gotta eat
Gotta feed the beast
No I don't make candy
But I trick or treat" I am the female edition
And I'll put you out of business
They want me sweet and submissive
But I am too ambitious I am...
I grew my teeth premeditated
I couldn't see the procession of elevation
Hallucinations mutated my motivation
What illuminated he made into liberation I wanna see your tug of war fall in the mud, kid
The fighter-for and predator darkened the sun kid
So will you run kid,
Over to the pyramid?
Bull is gonna run madrid so stampeded or stomping? I do not fear the dark
I do not fear the darkness

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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