

You Be Killin Em (BEEKAY EXT.)

Fabulous

You what's up girl, ain't gotta ask it
I dead 'em all now, I buy the caskets
They should arrest you or whoever dressed you
Ain't gon' stress you, but I'm a let you know
 Girl you be killin' 'em
 You be killin' 'em
 Girl you be killin' 'em
 You be killin' 'em
 Girl you be killin' 'em
 You be killin' 'em

Girl you be killin' 'em You ain't gotta worry bout her, shorty straight
 Been chasing her for two days, first forty eight
 A bad bitch cost, she worth every cent
 She look like the best money that I ever spent
 Just watching my cutie pie get beautified
 Make me want better jewels, a newer ride
 Louis Vuitton shoes, she got too much pride
 Her feet are killing her, I call it shoe'icide
 Looking good has it's sacrifices
 Chilly weather bring four figure jacket prices
 Her body nice, face dime
 Give you that iPhone four, face time
 Shorty in the streets, still handle the home
 Enough class for wine, still handle Patron
 When them other hos call I hand her the phone
And she hand 'em the tone You what's up girl, ain't gotta ask it
 I dead 'em all now, I buy the caskets
 They should arrest you or whoever dressed you
 Ain't gon' stress you, but I'm a let you know
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Girl you be killin' 'em Yeah I know that's what they all says
 She gotta donkey with her, Juan Valdez
 Keep it clean cut like bald heads
 Been playin' with that green long as Paul Pierce

So you gotta ball harder than them ball players
All she wanna know is there a mall near us
Can't fault her, the last nigga spoiled her
But he ain't beat it up, I assault her
Shoulda seen her come to me when I called her
Slow strut like she walking to the altar
Hand bag on her arm cost four bills
And she ain't gotta beg, borrow or steal
Often imitated, never duplicated
They say she a dime, I say she underrated
I just met her so the next solution
Dead my old chick, execution You what's up girl, ain't gotta ask it
I dead 'em all now, I buy the caskets
They should arrest you or whoever dressed you
Ain't gon' stress you, but I'm a let you know
Girl you be killin' 'em
You be killin' 'em
Girl you be killin' 'em
You be killin' 'em
Girl you be killin' 'em
You be killin' 'em
Girl you be killin' 'em You be killin' 'em
Had to let you know
You be killin' 'em
You be killin' 'em
Girl you be killin' 'em
All the ladies (to all the ladies)
You be killin' 'em
You be killin' 'em
I'd like to congratulate you
Congratulations
You be killin' 'em
Girl you be killin' 'em And you just came from the gym clothes
In a fitted cap and some Timbo's
And a pair of flats, well trimmed toes
Camera in the mirror, B.B.M. Pose
Still killin' 'em hoes
You still killin' 'em hoes
You still killin' 'em hoes

Songwriters

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