You Be Killin' Em (remix)

Fabolous

Yo, 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'mma 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 about her, shorty straight
Been chasing her for 2 days, first 48
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 its sacrifices
Chilly weather bring 4 figure jacket prices
Her body nice, face dime
Give you that iPhone 4, face time
Shorty in the streets, still handle the home
Enough class for wine, still handle Patron
When them other ho's call, I hand her the phone
And she hand 'em the tone
Yo 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'mma 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
Yeah, I know that's what they all says
She gotta donkey with a 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
Should've 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
Yo, 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'mma 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)
To all the ladies
(You be killin' 'em)
I'd like to congratulate you
(You be killin' 'em)
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 ho's
You still killin' 'em ho's
You still killin' 'em ho's

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