

## **Fabulous**

# **"You Be Killin Em (Remix)"**

Visit "[You Be Killin Em \(Remix\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

