

Los**"U Be Killin' Em"**

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Never been a woulda coulda shoulda man
My sh*t is Fabolous de-de-de-de-de-damn
There's a lot of b*tch n*ggas actin fly now
You on the ground n*gga I just brought the sky down
Need sum diamonds in your watch you could borrow
mine
That's a reminder y'all n*ggas "on borrowed time"
And I'm feelin big everybody smaller den me
So they lookin up to me even if they taller den me
You ain't never live a word of what your mouth speakin
Your whole sh*t made up n*gga house keepin
My money stack not a funny cat worry me
I hand out ass whooping's with money back guarantees
Apparently you get hype and play roles
You talk like a pimp, but you wife and pay hoes
I'm bout 8 months from that white and grey rose
Russel sweatsuit with the Breitling face froze
In them Reebok classics white and grey soles
Holding my nuts doing my best Michael J pose
Hope you like to take notes cuz you sloppy, imperfect
So the best you could ever do is copy my worst sh*t
Your hearse flip from what I'm loadin in the gauge
So you ain't gotta wait to roll over in your grave
Cavalli shades, fresh fade, Gucci link on
Front row at the fight light, lukki with the mink on
And my girl go harder than 6 Compton b*tches
Red bottoms on look like she been stompin b*tches
Yea we gettin them amounts you will never see
I got a brick a swag for every ounce of your jealousy
From what they tellin me, I seem to be the man
A boutique boy that cop sneakers in japan
Lampin on the island just to see a decent tan
So have my money in total "kima kesha pam"
All this ice on my wrist that's a risk factor
You wouldn't need this much ice for a wrist fracture
N roll wit a click full a chick snatchers
So we didn't really want your b*tch it was just practice
I flick ashes of a yacht deck
All I do is cum to a chin like a mach neck
Stop dat I'm from a hood where they never smile
N*ggas make that tre pop like Kevin Liles

My city never blink they be thinkin cash
And stay clappin on a n*gga like pinky ass
That thing flash they snatch chains and curse
Gettin that dirty money no last train to paris
So to all you rap lames and other suckas
I bet this Mack Maine leave you in the Gudda Gudda
Motherf*cker, spend a day in these streets and see
N*ggas a do the unthinkable for Alicia Keys
Uhhh and as soon as them fed swing through
They Draked on you damn I ain't know you sing too
King who? Run what? We can all assume
You got knocked cuz all your goons use auto-tune
Meanwhile I Lebron ball, john wall
Give me the mic I give em the light Sean Paul
Haters stay tuned I got a lot of sh*t in store
Best to ever do next stop bidding war

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