

Ricky Blaze**"Kill Em"**

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Ft. Jim Jones

[Hook]

She don't got nothing on you
She don't got nothing on you
So fuck them other bitches, baby
She don't got nothing on you
She don't got nothing on you
So kill em, kill em,

Shown up bag and the shoes match
Does she got stacks, does she got stacks
Car outside and it's paid for
Does she got facts, does she got facts
No dudes in payin around her no mind, her no mind
So she just wanna live her life, live her life
Body and shape, so you winning
And nothing ain't fake, yeah that ass
You got that cake, cake, cake, cake, cake
Cake, cake, cake, cake, cake
So blow your killers out and kill em,

[Hook]

She don't got nothing on you
She don't got nothing on you
So fuck them other bitches, baby
She don't got nothing on you
She don't got nothing on you
So kill em, kill em, kill em
Kill em, kill em, kill em, kill em
Kill em, kill em, kill em, kill em
Kill em, kill em, kill em, kill em
Kill em, kill em, kill em, kill em

She caked up like animax, I'm caked up like benjamins
A lot of dudes can't afford this
Cause baby girl shoes cost mortgage
Body look good like she got a trainer
Let her body be the canvas I'ma be the painter
So I can hit her with my boski out
And I put her out to sleep like paki out
Killer dead want a7, the devil wears prada but I wanna

make heaven
Bad girl and a good purse,
That bitch had niggas in the hood thirst
Seen that bitch brings whips to the hood first
If I hit that, good work
She gonn come back, run back
And tell me you don't want that

[Hook]
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