

# You Be Killin Em

## 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 ima let you know  
Girl you be killin em  
You be killin em  
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You be killin em  
Girl you be killin em  
You be killin em  
You ain't gotta worry bout 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 cutiepie 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 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 hoes 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 ima let you know  
Girl you be killin em  
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You be killin em  
Girl you be killin em  
You be killin em Girl you be killin em  
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  
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 ima 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  
All the ladies (to all the ladies)  
I'd like to congratulate you  
Congratulations 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, BBM Pose  
Still killin em hoes  
You still killin em hoes  
You still killin em hoes

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>