

You Be Killing Em

Dondria

You what's up girl
Ain't gota ask it
I done em all now,
I buy the caskets
They should arrest you,
Or whoever dress you
Ain't guna stress you
But, I'm a let you know...
Girl, you be killin em

Yeah, I know that's what they all says
She got a donkey with a worn Keep it clean cut like bald heads
Been playin with that green longer Say you gota ball harder then the ball pl
ayers
All she wana know, is there more than this?
Can't fault her, the lasting But he ain't beat it up,
I assault her
Shoulda seen her come to me when I called her
Slow strut like she walkin to the alter
Handbag on her arm holds her bills
And she ain't got a bag Often immitated,
Never duplicated
They say she a dime,
I say she underrated.
I just met her so the next solution
Did my old chick, execution.

I'm what's up boy,
Ain't gota ask it.
I did em all now,
You buy the caskets.
They should arrest me,
Or whoever dress me.
Ain't gota stress me
Cause I already know
Boy I be killin em

They call me fat fat but dondria's my name
I kill em softly with what my mama gave me.
It's safe to say I'm the baddest chick in the game
You can see I'm picture perfect when you look at my frame.
They ask is that was that you back there?
I keep it real no fake, she overkill.
No booty shots no booby pops
Hey, I'm not but they wana see my booty drop.
Drop, drop, drop, I work my body on the dance floor.
You can look, don't touch. boy you finer than a mother
Drop that chick boy let me upgrade ya.

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But, I'm a let you know...

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.
All the ladies...