

# Kill Jill (feat. Killer Mike & Jeezy)

## Big Boi

??????? ??????????????  
??????????? ??????????...Polo to the floor though, you already know doe  
It's Adamsville forreal, you see it hoe, just take a photo  
I'm reppin' as I'm fo' door with a fo'-fo' on your bro though  
Cause that dodo thought that he could rob a player for some dough tho  
I (pff-pff-pff-pff) oh no, on some Allen Temple  
On some England manor, I'm so Mysty' Valley  
And I gotta couple pounds yesterday outta Cali  
And my bad bitch from the Valley brought me brand new Bally's  
And I'm playin' with a new American dream, Dusty Rhodes  
Man, she been ridin' clean since her daddy rode on vogues  
I done fucked her in every hotelly, every hole  
I ain't fucked her with my wife, but if she meet her she might be a go  
Ric Flair, Ric Flair flashy, bitch, don't I look dashin'?  
Bitch don't I look classy, bitch, don't act so sassy  
I'm the, I'm the man boo, that's with or without you  
To hell with what your mouth say, show me what that mouth do  
I hear 'em talking hella reckless, I won't even stress  
Just kill 'em softly with my presence, won't even address it  
They say it's lonely at the top, but this the best shit ever  
Hey don't you see me out here shinin'? Bitch I'm barely flexin'  
I hear 'em talking hella reckless, y'all won't even stress this  
Just kill 'em softly with my presence, won't even address it  
They say it's lonely at the top, this the best shit ever  
And even if we die today this shit gon' live forever  
Live forever  
Daddy Fat Saxxx with three X's, fuck niggas hit the exit  
No S on my chest but all these diamonds got me blessed  
Usually I don't do this, dumb it down, go stupid  
Since 17 been countin' M's, my bank account's on Goofy  
They say Cosby gave 'em roofies, now who knows what the truth is (what?)  
Chicago's full of shooters, my garage is full of hoopties  
Got that Southern drawl and all that  
My pretty rose look like ball-bats  
The South got somethin' to say  
And all y'all niggas can't get y'all ball back  
If I ain't a hot boy then what it is, call Sax  
Daddy Fat in it y'all, never fall back  
Like clocks in the wintertime  
We stay eating like it's dinnertime  
Been feasting and chiefing and blowing big  
But it ain't no reefer round

We don't know the meaning of drought  
Cause we keep it so wet, boy swear now it's been a while  
Just speaking in general  
While there is no formidable  
Opponent or/and nigga that want it  
Pure uncut, never step on it  
Line for line, dope when you want it  
Mine the kind to give a nigga hope  
When they down and out  
Nigga dig a hole so deep, ain't no climbin' out  
I hear 'em talking hella reckless, I won't even stress  
Just kill 'em softly with my presence, won't even address it  
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They say it's lonely at the top, this the best shit ever  
And even if we die today this shit gon' live forever  
Live forever  
Yo hoe, listen, just like I turned coco  
My vision is pimpin', you already know doe  
So go hoe, stroll hoe for the po-po, that's my logo  
Fo' sho hoe, pogo, get-get down on the flo' hoe, flo' doe  
Yo hoe, listen, just like I turned coco  
My vision is pimpin', you already know doe  
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Fo' sho hoe, pogo, now get down on the flo' hoe, flo' doe  
On the flo', get down on the flo' hoe  
On the flo', on the flo', get down on the flo' hoe  
On the flo', on the flo', get down on the flo' hoe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>