

Killin' It

Krewella

You're gonna push your luck
Tell me you've had enough
I'm taking off these gloves
Get down and lick the dust
Wanna piece of this
Wanna, wanna piece of this— cherry pie
What you, what you gonna make of this?
One minute in the back seat
You hit the switch
I'm a predator, rapture, I am killin' it
I am— killin' it
I'm a predator, rapture, I am killin' it
I am—
killin' it
Got you sweating for the high baby, night and day
I'm a punch to your gut and take your breath away
Love drunk, in the craze when you get a taste
I'm an earthquake, feel my rage till I get my way
Like a drug
Come on, come on, gotta get your fix
Eat your heart out then seal it with a kiss
Aim high, pull the trigger till I get a hit
I'm a predator, rapture, I am killin' it
I am— killin' it
I'm a predator, rapture, I am killin' it
I am— killin' it

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

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