

# Kill for Your Lovin' (feat. Crystal Watson)

[Krizz Kaliko](#)

She keep switchin' that ass and she know she playin'  
Lick her lips when she walk past, she know she playin'  
Bad as hell, I know, she must have a man  
I got to have you's what I'm sayin' She gotta be the baddest, marital status don't matter  
Hit it like a batter and dickin' up in her bladder  
She diggin' the chadder, the way that I'm comin' at her  
Too many get the number, get out of her little lighter and I Up there like \* \* down and hope she  
stayin'  
I got to have you's what I'm sayin'  
I kill for your lovin'  
(Say it) I will for your lovin'  
(Tell me) What to do with my lovin'  
(Nothin') I won't do for your lovin'  
Now give it up to me  
I kill for your lovin'  
(Say it) I will for your lovin'  
(Tell me) What to do with my lovin'  
(Nothin') I won't do for your lovin'  
Give it up to me He tryin' to holla-ho-holla, no, he trippin'  
But he got them kinda lips that was made for kissin'  
Maybe he packin' and he got somethin' with him  
I think I'm goin' with him He gotta be a winner and gotta take me to dinner  
And then he goin' in \* \* gonna deliver  
I never let him in her if baby is a beginner  
Cause this'll be the \* to put you off in a blender  
He's like a player and got a lot of women  
I don't care, I'm goin' with him Your man ain't no problem, off him, it's automatic  
His hands up to you up off him, it's automatic  
I'll come, call me, it's automatic  
You know I gots to have it And I'll be  
Focused on pokin' you on a regular-regular  
Ready to take at any competitor (I'll stalk you)  
And ain't nobody better that can piddly-diddly you  
Man, I'll make you bite the piddle a little (I got you) She can make me do the fool and I ain't  
playin'  
I gots to have you's what I'm sayin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>