

# Kill (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign & Victoria Monet)

## Lupe Fiasco

Ty Dolla loops Saturday night for niggas  
Astronauts and alcohol  
We're like satellites for strippers  
I'm talkin' 187, make that mothafucka pop  
Runnin' 'round and 'round we go  
Saturday night for niggas  
Astronauts and alcohol  
We're like satellites for strippers  
Runnin' 'round and 'round she go  
We got dollar bills to kill  
We comin' to the stage next, you know who this is  
We got dollar bills to kill  
Get your money out niggas  
Money to burn in the atmosphere  
I'ma turn it up, you burn it up  
Turn it up, you burn it up  
I turn it up, you burn 'em up  
Murderer, murderer  
I want you to stay  
I'm talkin' 187, make that mothafucka pop  
I want you to stay, I'm a dollar bill killa  
187, make that mothafucka pop  
I need you to stay  
5, 10, 20s, I'ma throw it  
Work your way up to them big face hunnits  
These other hoes been workin' all week  
You gettin' more than that just off me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
We both work hard for this money  
I see you goin' hard for me  
It ain't no thing, you can take it off  
If I keep on drinkin', I'ma lose it all Saturday night for niggas  
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I want you to stay, I'm a dollar bill killa  
187, make that mothafucka pop  
I need you to stay  
My nigga, if these poles could talk  
If the stage grew another pole, got up and walked  
Gotta kill these dollars, it can't be an assault  
Need your real love, mama, you can't be in my thoughts  
Oh, no  
I knew a ten down in Houston  
So I wonder if you can do it slow-mo  
Then speed it up, heat it up, drop it down, beat it up  
Take it off, make it talk, shake it all, make it fall  
ATL, ATM, mama love to take it all Saturday night for niggas  
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I want you to stay, I'm a dollar bill killa  
187, make that mothafucka pop  
I need you to stay Just another Saturday night  
Showtime, I deserve these lights  
'Cause I work hard for what I get  
Just so I can give my ten percent  
You better pay up, pay up or get out  
I'm not into how you get down  
Hope you love me in the moment

But I know where I'm goin'  
And I'm just tryna get through this.....Saturday night for niggas  
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Saturday night for niggas  
Astronauts and alcohol  
You're like satellites for strippers  
Runnin' 'round and 'round I go  
I need dollar bills to kill  
We comin' to the stage next, you know who this is  
You better have dollar bills to kill  
Get your money out niggas  
Money to burn in my atmosphere  
So I'ma turn it up, burn it up, hey  
Turn it up, burn it up, hey  
Turn it up, burn 'em up, hey  
I'm a murderer, murderer  
You want me to stay  
I'm talkin' 187, make that mothafucka pop  
You want me to stay  
187, make that mothafucka pop  
I want you to stay Man girl I made a killin' off these drunk ass niggas tonight  
Ayy bruh that shit was goin' up, man  
But damn they had my pole clean today, I'm sick of this shit  
This bitch spilled her mothafuckin' drink on my goddamn shoes  
You dirtier than a mothafucka, dawg  
Next time they better have my shit clean  
'Cause I can't go up in this strip club  
Ayy it's cool though  
You already know  
I'll get some new ones tomorrow, fuck it  
You know the other spot poppin'?  
Yeah  
No more doin' that shit and tryna go to church in the morning  
Let's go to the other spot Now it's Sunday mornin' for sinners  
Preacher's daughter, holy water  
Be reborn, beginner  
'Round and 'round we know  
It's like dollar bills to save  
Make it rain on that collection plate  
Need a dollar bill to save  
Make it rain on that collection plate  
And your dollar bills can save  
Make it rain on that collection plate  
You made it clap, now take it back  
Pray  
You made it clap, now take it back

Pray  
You made it clap, now take it back  
Pray  
You made it clap, now take it back  
Watch it all wash away  
Watch it all wash away  
Watch it all wash away

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