

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>