

Karate Chop

Future

You know, This just some real nigga shit, a real nigga story
You know what I'm saying?

(aye)
Slang a bunch of narcotics (then what)
Pull up in that new rarri (yea)
Living like John Gotti (the mob)
Chopping bricks like karate (chwaaa)
Drink a bunch of codeine (drank)
Serving to the dope fiends (they smokers)
Blowing money, stay clean (free bands)
Michael Jackson, Billy Jean

Got a panamera round a young nigga neck (porche)
Got a young bitch pulling up in a vet (she working)
Smoke a lot of kush & I have a lot of sex
Had to beat the grind up, ran up my check
Bitch nigga get money, nigga get that
Roll a blunt of chronic, nigga sell a lot of crack
You can hit a nigga line, order what you want
I can whoop a Maserati, pulling up a donk
50,000 on yo watch, young nigga splurge
Pop a ace of spade bottle, sip a lot of syrup
Keep a young nigga workin'
I'mma take a phone call, hustle everyday

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Whipping up a cake, just to go and snatch a spider
Young nigga play with keys, like a type writer
Al Capone, John Gotti was a nigga idle
I was never snitching, I can put that on the Bible
In a 4 door beamer, driving with a rifle
Nigga where you at, nigga we go pull up on ya
Young Bitch looking like Janet in the 80's
We was grinding up from a tube & a baby
Got the girl dripping wet like a jerry curl
Got a styrofoam cup and its full of syrup
Send it over from Lil Mexico & Let me Work
I can get 36 for a clean shirt

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Hol' up sir, you in my Rari
Money like I'm Frank Matthews
Killers around me like I'm Gotti
If I tricked you, know I'm sorry
I be fresh don't need no stylist
I be geeking on them mollies
Sell remix don't sell no cleans
My hand like a triple beam
I got workers like machine
All I do is sell dreams
Have my niggas serve fiends
I get up and then I lean

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