

Karma

Dave

I used to wear wallabies
I never wanted these wallabies
Every nigga wants to be a gangster
Every nigga wants to hold a strap
And every nigga thinks a shank is banter
Until you're looking at your nigga
Breathing through a tube, like hes struggling to breath and he can't even speak or move
And now you're thinking what the fuck did I sign up for
Cause' now you gotta ride on guys who tried to nank him up so
The roads will get a boy changed like pampers
Cause' the hand tings had the ends intense like campers
Forensics intense, like intent to supply
If I ever link Sergai its intent to supply
We had the ends on our line
Had the mark for the product we attempt to supply
But I never had time for the shots
Inside it like nine on the dot
Tryna' revise for my mock
Then the p's started to rise
Bought a nine for the docks, paid nine on the dot
All the times that I grind I didn't shine on my mock
I ain't never been a fool, bro said stay in school
If you ace your exams then you'll get paid in full
I ain't never loved beef
Don't listen to these dumb dons
Wishing I could squash it I got beef that I can't run from
Mummy knows I done wrong
All the times I made her cry
All that ghosting in the night like I don't even need to lie
Let a nigga fuck with me
Got mandem that let that pumpy squeeze
So real man'll try to kill you for my brothers beef
I just keep walking them niggas they keep talking
They'll run into a stick like them niggas were sleep walking
I don't like to talk bro I just get so angry
Squash it if its verbal but I'll kill you for my family
Bruv I'm only 16 the streets ain't right
Know man'll bun you for designer I can deets your life
The trap wasn't a plan to me, road just made me angry
Sitting with a bag of green like what the fucks a grand to me
Used to watch The Bill, now I'm running for a bill
All this running from the bill might just turn into a casualty
Actually, the ends they might just turn you to a martyr
Snitches tryna blah blah the wing like Zaha
Trappers getting trapped by hoes turn father
Niggas living fast and getting killed by karma
Told you bout them days with Raps it was trapping
Told you bout them men like I'll go Charlie for a Chaplin
Now I'm laying down the law
Made the lady hold the raw
And I put it smack down I ain't talking bout no wrestling
Lawyers fighting cases we ain't talking bout no settling
Bruv I've been dead broke twice I had to get it in
Let a nigga rush me trust me that'll be the death of him
Always got the metal in my hand like its a wedding ring
And all these different moods I've felt

You're nuttin' with no g's like a gucci belt
Still I'm tryna make my p's stretch give a fuck if the beefs dead
Raf niggas down to scrap niggas like Benitez
Pagans had my whole ends locked by forensics
Cause' them shells flew like a spoonful of lemsip
And my pagans done it I ain't proud to say they done it
At least I know now what they were saying man they meant it