

# 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