

# Karma

## Headie One

(M1OnTheBeat)

Yo, One

Ain't it ironic? I got this bad B sayin' that I look like Marlo (Turn)  
I was on the Wock' to light my spliff, I needed a wick like Nardo (Turn-, tu  
rn up)

Only force tried trappin' Harlow (Ah), I bought box for the shells, Vapiano  
(Suh, suh, suh, suh, s-s-suh)

I'm still tryna make all the opp boys dance, Amapiano

Young boy's out tryna scan that opp block, gotta treat that strip like a bar  
code (Yeah)

Somebody's gettin' burnt like charcoal, job done, bravo (Bang, bang, bang)

Run out of bells for the Makarov, now I'm pissed off at the Russian like NAT  
O (One)

Took the shotty to the yard dance, couldn't even dance to the dancehall (Let  
's get it)

Ding-

dong, ridin' past Bruce Castle, had a car filled up with packs and parcels

I'm feelin' like Sol Campbell in Tottenham, violate, then they're comin' bac  
k with the arsenal (One)

The obbo been callin', have you ever had to duck from a Trident taskforce? (  
Turn, turn)

'Cah I caught me an opp boy and my black blade, pull her on the phone like L  
atto

And then I got recalled, my probation officer's just an arsehole (Told me, t  
urn)

I had my flat filled with cardboard, no money on my spends

Had to wrap that boy in the corner, I'm feelin like Dizzee Rascal (Told me,  
turn)

I don't want no karma, why you think I read my psalms for? (Turn up)

I don't know what's wrong with the dawg dem, wanna shoot first, ask question  
s after (Turn, turn)

I see a man get bun, now he with the new camp like he play for Barça (One)

Should I believe in karma if you turn cold turkey? (Told me, turn)

This young ting say she want a new bunda, she goin' Turkey like she Wilfried  
Zaha

Bro-bro said he need a bad B from the The Bronx, is that too much to ask for  
? (Shawty)

I told him I'd rather smoke on a opp than smoke on a zaza (One)

She wanna twerk and shot Reposado (Yeah), eat calamari with the tartar (Yeah  
)

Only if she knew this tray ain't come with a K, Travis Barker

Proud that I worked hard and now I work smarter (Turn)

We was skiing to the Louis store, but in my Prada balaclava (Turn, turn)

Punjabi link in Brum, I'm feelin like Mist with these apnas karlas

Coppin' up ties, show the opps 'bout darkness tryna find any Tom, Dick and H  
arry (Gang)

Crept with a baby like Nala, gang really tryna up this tally

You was in the web like Peter Parker, all of these civilians with ballies

Trapped out of bandos and alleys

So it was [?] when they ask my anti (One)

And still jakes think there's no [?] the amount that I'm out in Pari' (Pari'  
)

These boys in blue got bro doin' seven, now he's like Mountain Manny (Manny)

And he ain't in Pentonville, but the feds got him worked out in Cali

Be careful, the hoes, they'll at your addy and then go DXB out there fatty  
You see, since broski got down my man, he's only comin' out with baccy (Told  
me turn)  
He didn't get recalled, the probation officer weren't an arsehole (Told me t  
urn)  
Now we uptown sharin' tacos  
We came up, now there's money in the ends (Turn)  
The bros do a works, go burn their cargos  
They don't want no karma, why you think they read their psalms for? (Turn up  
)

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