

# Karma

III Bill

Yeah  
Day By Day  
Uncle Howie  
Brooklyn Ac  
The holy trinity nigga  
Check this

See Block McCloud sitting on a stoop in Brooklyn  
Don't step you might slip like a fiddler on a roof  
Fans respect Block cause what I'm spitting is the truth  
Nasty nigga, love a groupie licking on her cooch  
Cause I don't give a f\*ck, down a bottle of my jaw stuff  
With only a night, looking for more sluts to force f\*ck  
Ironic how the liquor make me vomit  
Like denying me the things that I love will make me want it even more  
Like a hard to find Brooklyn Ac track  
To a fan that keep looking cause I'm cooking that crack  
It's like karma, what goes around comes around  
What goes up must come down, coming out the f\*cking underground  
We surfacing from the church of sin  
Uncle Howie work the single, Day By Day made the CDs you're purchasing  
Niggas with bad karma, shed 'em like a serpent's skin  
Murdering foes dead like blood curdling

Karma's a bitch  
f\*ck anybody who snitch  
Have the police wondering whose body is this  
See the cut that make sure the payback's enormous  
Have us begging for mercy from a god that scorns us  
Karma's a bitch  
f\*ck anybody who snitch  
Have the police wondering whose body is this  
See the cut that make sure the payback's enormous  
Have us begging for mercy from a god that ignores us

I'll make the hallow tip explode in your brain homie  
The sound of it will leave you cold and defamed wodie  
When hypothermia sets in, the reaper's calling  
Rising off the crucifix like it's Easter morning  
Everything turn black when my heat is talking  
And everybody wear black when they see your coffin  
Your apocalypse perhaps is me achieving glory  
Sitting on a jewel throne whores kneel before me  
I'm a legend on these streets my people adore me

Storm the streets with loyalty and go to war for me  
Run up in your crib an pop a sawed off on me  
And jump right in front of a bullet if it's coming towards me  
I'm a cross between the most morbid disease and a swarm of bees  
Leaving you horrifically tortured and deceased  
While you feast on goats and dance for Satan  
You wake up in another life a brain cancer patient

Wild in a wheelchair like Lieutenant Dan  
Feds follow me around in a blue tinted van  
That's first unit, second unit, their van's tan  
Black helicopters on top with a scan

Manson, even while in prison  
Warned you about me, but you didn't listen  
Switch picture, I run the world  
Karma's a bitch and my name is Earl  
Why would I, look what you done to me  
I'ma kill you, you better run from me  
It's a horror flick don't run in woods dummy  
You's a punk but you hide it real good money  
Thrown in a trunk, you riding in the hood money  
Lay down and die, I really think you should money  
Come out your pockets, I'm Roy Demeo  
Come out your sockets, your arms and your legs go  
Kickbox bitch, no love this way  
Cut your head off, save it for a trophy  
You mother, make her more upset  
Dig casket up, dump the body on her doorstep  
Shoot your carcass, bonus little death threat  
That's nothing, you haven't seen our best yet  
Cremate can't find where the hash is  
Get the bamboo, roll up your ashes  
Light it up, this high is the fastest  
We get about a brick from you, you gonna last us  
Everyone know I'm quick to bust a gat  
Disrespect my flow, I'll murder you for that  
Hide body, throw a party, picnic where you at  
Side bar lawyers talk, beat the murder rap  
Seeking for the max, evidence is wax  
No one is safe so suckas watch your back