Karate

Jared Evan

(Round 1, Fight!)

(Moe Pope)
Yeah, Moe, let us demonstrate
I've been covered by the game I need to ventilate
They imitate, they feather-weight, they never based
They only got the treble to level out their lemonade
(Huh, we was here to make a back break
I was trying eat a little bit of cupcakes on the tongue
But the drums are giving me little chills
And now we're swapping the bills
And it's making me hyperventilate)
Wait! Hyperventilate?
You talking about the ones that make you want to levitate?
Yeah, all they want to do is emulate
Agitated by the fact that we're corrupt and we regulate
(Domination, a celebration
Educating motherf*ckers we're the patients
The vapour, the straight rays are the hatred they're giving me
Is pushing the motivation)

You don't want to be the only
If you do, you need the police
I don't listen you're below me

But I try, I try to be nice
I try to be nice (Round 2, Fight!
I try to be nice)

(Moe Pope)
Yeah, yo, uh, I say we blast fools
We got to get up in them and rip them an asshole
They pass slow
They mad though
They never had dough
When I rhyme I'm giving them one of the last shows
(They talk but they ask where they at though
On the mic about to let the f*cking gat blow
And I'm killing them I suppose
Civilian, villain, I'm watching their mind explode)
Yo, mind explodes, my mind is blown
I'm obviously not the one to have to rhyme alone
It's like: I kill them, I got it, I fill up a bottle
I never had stat, Big Daddy Kane is my model
(It's like
The poem is scrape your face and base shades
The cake was space the place hate us more
Now they scream for the encore
Now they scream for the encore)

(Victory)

(Game Over)

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