

Karma

Lucky Daye

I got me a new girl
Call herself Karma
Told her "If I ever got the chance to
I'd come and meet her mama"

The curves on her body
Got me bumin' through rubbers
So good, we go zero to sixty
I leave and she miss me
Now she wanna kiss me (Woah)

Know I better slow down, I'm going too fast
Keep on playing with a trigger, she might shoot back
She was cool with them shoes and a new bag
Now she wanna keep me to herself, won't do that

Karma
Karma
Karma
She won't stop coming around
Karma
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Karma
She won't stop coming around

Told you I would call back
Now you won't answer
So petty, all these diamonds and charms
Drippin' all down your arm
Still don't know what you want

But I'm the biggest fan now
Backstage throwin' tantrums
I wait for you in a line, I don't mind
Doing crime was the fine
I'ma throw that ass and some

Know I better slow down, I'm going too fast
Keep on playing with a trigger, she might shoot back
Then she get cool with the whole crew, now you like "Who that?"
I was your dude, now you're like "Who?"
Bitch that shit's rude, yeah

Won't stop
Karma
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She like to come, she won't stop coming
She like to play, she won't stop playing
I'm at the Days Inn, late night blazin'
Push it to the limit 'til my heart racing

Only thing we know fasho is everything we saying
Hopefully its safe to cite 'em
Writing with my play pen
All in her playpen
Want to see if she taken
But I'd rather say 'naythin'
I'd rather say nothing
The signs be so blatant
But I know she be bluffin'
I know she be fakin'
Yellow tape it with caution
I know we just fuckin'
Got my heart in a coffin
Awesome, with me and her
It'll never be cuffin'
That's Karma

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