

Karma

Problem

You're not on my mind
Yeah
And well
Well, I'm sittin' right on square one
Tryin' to get my head
Where it all started
Yeah

Can I live? (Can I live?)
Can I grow? (Can I grow?)
Can I be more than what I've shown? Listen (Yeah)
Not a Muslim, not a Catholic nor a Christian
I'm a leader, God, I still receive ya, hold on
I ain't gonna be so nice too much longer, niggas (Yeah, yeah)
For my father, I'm here to deliver karma to you (Yeah, yeah)
Off my growth, y'all eat, what am I, a farmer to you?
These life lessons ain't cheap, I'm tryin' to charge you niggas (Huh)
Paid dues and prices for late night vices (Psh)
Phone tapped by vices
Bullets hit friends heads 'til they physical's lifeless
Can't just right this, can't Suge Knight this, can't lock it away
And pretend it didn't happen, they just rappin', I'm just ventin'
Turn pain into passion, clown movie, it was written (Yeah)
I seem smitten, yeah I am, I stand tall
Still they try to tear down your man (Why?)
Bitch was you created to tear down my plans? (Yeah)
Tearin' down my psyche, re-evaluatin' friends? (Yeah)
Spendin' time over-
analyzin' lies, missin all your truths? (All your truths?)
Roundin' up my Y-Gs (All) and all my Snoops? (Yeah)
Tell 'em tool up, time to bring them Oscars to them actors (Yeah)
Raw spelled backwards will be bad for you like laced Backwoods
I'm angry (Fuck these niggas)
Been overlooked and disrespected, can you blame me? (Can you blame me?)
The animal's in every room, they can't tame me
They won't try (Nah), go on, try (Yeah)
You'll be spray paintin' another R-I-P name
'Fore the last one you just put up paint dry (Got 'im!)
It's Diamond Lane, nigga, I can't lie (D-D-Diamond!)

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For real
Tryin' to get my head
Where it all started
Yeah

No, they say my dog just start snitchin' (Say it ain't so)
I love women, but fuck these bitches (Bitches and hoes)
I told you first verse, I'm here to bring the karma (Uh)
It's tough to raise your daughter when you don't respect they mamas (Uh)
Chachi, that ain't right nigga, where's your honor? (Where's it at?)
I need a mood change, shit, where's Rihanna? (Uh)
The thick one, Problem, Chachi, pick one (Come on)
Ménage with a God, help massagin' my problems
Psh, alarmin' you strangers, I'm far from a angel

I keep it 200, the law will obtain me I'm ballin' and angry (Uh)
Okay, see, Russell Westbrook with it
Make the beat like the rhyme and lay the best hook with it
And niggas still question my spirit
Question my goals, question my motives, question my character
Like I'm doin' this for money, nah
I just want y'all to love me
The right way, though

You're not on my mind
And well
Well, I'm sittin' right on square one
That's all man, fuck
Tryin' to get my head
Man
Where it all started
Karma