

Bad Karma

Sierra Kidd

All I ever did was trust my faith
Then I lost it all just to gain it back
Lost my love, my hope painted it black
That was my biggest sin and I still get flashbacks
Cause I was not myself, unable to fix it all
Gave away a part of me, made myself so small
Realized that's not what I want
Making you uncomfortable is not what haunts me anymore
Watch me not dim my shine
So bright all the insecurity's burning down
I know it's hard sometimes, keep going
Not giving your demons a safe space or a home anymore

I got an AP, my brother got him a Patek
And I copped different Rolies for all of my friends
Spending my money as fast as I'm getting it back
Hide your kids, hide your wife, we come to collect
Reppin the set, live and direct!

The demons are out, we put 'em on wax
I see what y'all been doin', man we follow the tracks
My momma a bear, her son out the trap
The game in my palm, ain't breaking a sweat
Hide the scars with tats I got on my flesh

Take y'all out, stop running your mouth
Ask around, the streets will vouch
My name ring bells, my bros bring hell
30 deep like Adele

I lost a homie to the streets
Still ain't never called police
Man, we handle it ourselves
I lost a homie to the drugs
Still ain't snitched on no one
Still called nobody for help
Ain't got a dad, I got my mama
The ones who do not fuck with us got bad karma
Today you got away, but at least we got your partner

Been so much up in the streets, karma on the way
Bad bitch in my hotel, I nutted in her face
Put a bitch out, go separate ways
I'm from the projects, I come out the lane
Don't fuck with them nigga, what's hitting my face
I don't fuck with the laws, man I'm tired of this case (bitch)
Smoking on opps, I ain't smoking on gas
He tried to run, we gon' get on his ass
Oh silly ass nigga you play with that bag
I'm coming to kill, put you ass in the back
Pop me a perc, man I throw me a four
What you gon' do when that money get low
You know how I'm coming, I'm kicking the door
This ice on a nigga, I'm colder than snow

They need money, who you think they call on me
Niggas fake, but I was blinded, couldn't see

Rolling loud, was in New York, my momma see me on TV
They be speaking on a kid but bitch I made it off the streets

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