

## Karate

Troy Ave

Pull up in a big body  
All my homies stacked up, real mobby  
These ain't no raps, these my real habits  
And New York got me what, call me up mobbin  
Mine is stacked  
And I sell a bunch of cocaine powder  
No I don't fuck with dope things, shower  
RIP my nigga Skin Peeps  
And free my nigga Rum, he in 6C

Polo will be probe sniffed on my jinx  
Got me sky snickers, yea I got winks  
I ain't talking shoes fool, old things  
And I don't ball dudes with they whole bling  
On whole it means they shit could do it music  
These labels get they butt up, yea so we can do it  
For now I got a shade to cook, nigga choose it  
The price is right, hoes is white, play your dank music  
Tu ru tu tu tu spin that wheel  
Spend that 100 with me, I could give a better deal  
I'm a count this money, that move funny  
You just better chill  
Put a band on the grand and look for the man  
Cause niggas do got fake bills

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