

## Karate Chop

Verse Simmonds

Bitch why you frontin on a nigga, you ain't all that  
We be hoppin out the jag with that strong pack  
I be fly above the rim, what you call that?  
Came from nothin I stay hustlin, I ain't goin back  
Pop that pussy bitch you know I came to spend a grip  
Throw 300 at my nigga just to cop a zip  
Fuck a tellie girl let me hit it in the whip  
Let your man rock the boat, I'm tryina sink the ship  
Started at onyx, we ended at follies  
The turn up was real, and she hopped on the molly  
She know that I'm famous, she came out to party  
We fucked in the rally woke up in bugatti  
Sorry my nigga if that was yoru shawty  
These bitches ain't shit, you should know that already  
These bitches is sticks so I'm up in they bellies  
I hit in the act like I'm all in the hurry  
Yaaah, I'm the shit and you know it  
Champagne pour it, tow up fin to blow up  
You keep saving all these hoes, call your ass heroic  
Keep them snakes about that grass so I had to mow it  
Ah, my niggas holdign that bow 5th, hit your ass with that oh shit  
Specialist with that face lift  
White girl with that nose pop, they start sucking, they won't stop  
I promise y'all with that boom flop  
It's that karate kid on that chop chop

Verse, strike a bunch of narcotics  
Pull up in that new 'Rarri  
Living like john gotti, choppin bricks like karate  
Strike a bunch of codeine, serving to the dope fiends  
Blowin money, stay clean, michael jackson billy jean  
Whippin never cake just a born snatch a spider  
Young nigga play with keys like a type writer  
Act on pole, for I got it was a nigga at the mall  
I don't know snitchin, I get..on a bottle  
Then a 44 beamer ...with a rifle  
Nigga where you at, nigga we gonn pull up on you  
Young bitch nigga like janet in the 80's  
We was grinding up from a 2 and a baby  
Got the girl drippin wet like a jerry curl  
Gotta stop for a cup in it full of syrup  
Tin it over, ...let me work  
I can get better sip for a clean shirt  
I strike a bunch of narcotics, pull up in that new rarri  
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Who bad, pop a lot of pain pill, bout to put rim on my skateboard wheel  
Beat that pussy up like in the tell  
2 celphone ringin at the same time  
That's your hoe, calling from 2 different phones  
Tell that bitch leave me the fuck alone  
See you fuck her wrong and I fuck her long  
I got a love hate relationship with molly  
I rather pop a olly, and my dick is trolly  
Boy I bury you like holly,

You mean so say I'm blind  
Cause I don't see nothing wrong  
With a little bumpin grind, and I just received a package  
Them other niggas taxin, and my pockets so fat  
I'm startin to feel contractions  
And my cousin went to jail for them chickens  
And he already home, man that nigga must be snitchin  
Cut them off like karate

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