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
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

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

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.

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!