

Karma Pt. 2

Waka Flocka Flame

Always a part two to this shit
I don't trust shit, fuck these niggas and these bitches
You heard part one
I don't trust shit, fuck these niggas and these bitches
Here go part two motherfucka
Brick Squad
Bow, bow, bow, bow

Father God have my back, I see karma coming back
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All this shit I did coming back around
I ain't gon stop 'til he in the ground
Headshot a pussy, that's a man down
Momma always working, daddy not around
So I'm gang bangin', click hangin', set trippin', hoppin' out the whip
Renegading, diamonds yellow, they lemonading
Block of roaches, I exterminate 'em
10 bands, that'll terminate 'em
New aves, had to renovate 'em
You a hater, pocket watchin', tryna count my paper
Pocket rocket came with a laser
Ice him now, catch his brother later
All I know his grand and stack the paper
Mix the purp and yellow, nigga I'm a Laker
I ain't like him then, I don't like him now
If I want his chain, they gon lay him down
Smoke volume by the half o' pound
Waka Flocka love them gun sounds
Shooters, got 'em on speed dial
I'm a rich nigga shoutin', "Fuck trial"
Try me, click-clack, bow-bow-bow-bow-bow-bow-bow

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Meet his maker, undertaker
Quick to catch a fade like a taper
He ain't gangsta, nigga he a faker
Cut the beef, I'm a fuckin' baker
Better shut up, nigga, my cannon K up
Two-two-three, cut shit like Vega
Get him knocked off for a favor
Don't play no games, this ain't fuckin' Sega
Just picture frames as I tell 'em spray

I told grandma pray, it's goin' down today
I'm from Clayton County, not the fuckin' A
Niggas runnin' West, I got a minute late
K with my, it stay with me, niggas play with me, fuck a fade
I could give a fuck, we could die today
Sticks with me, DJ Holiday
All my dawgs might fuck her face
Got my dawg with my, yeah my fuckin' Ace
See that tall nigga, he could tuck a K
Two twin Glocks, call 'em Kid 'n Play
My tee Supreme, like Kenneth Bae
Yellin' Bricksquad!
Every fuckin' day

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Salute Me or Shoot Me volume 6!