

Yo

Yo, what goes around comes around, that's why I got the Karma c
herry red

The illest shit I seen in my life was in the Feds
Jew jay joggers gauge down the fucking leg
Whippin' yola, lookin' like I'm cookin' fuckin' eggs
Half my niggas doin' life, my other niggas dead
Rockin' vintage Icebergs with the Snoopy head
Bobby Fischer in the Fisker, you know the richer
Muzzle on the baby Tec, you can hear the bullets whisper
My pockets got more Sharks than the Shine State
New York mind state, check the Buffalo crime rate
Gas up on the hip in case you niggas trip
I run up on your whip and do some old Gangland shit
On the real, niggas know the deal
Karl Lagerfeld bucket on Sugar Hill
Niggas gettin' money, everybody worth a mil
Wipe my ass with a new hundred dollar bill, for real

Yo, half my niggas doin' life, my other niggas dead
You can hear the bullets whisper
What goes around comes around
Check the Buffalo crime rate

Sayin' nigga rich, nigga rich
Dang, ain't that a bitch? Yeah, it's a bitch
Ya rich rich nigga, uh huh
Remember the name