

Karate Kid

YONAS

I don't like photos
But you should still take a photo
Never know when you'll meet another dude like me got the juice and the mojo
But y'all already know though
Karate kid in the dojo
The young Phil Knight, I'm about to make a couple million dollars off a logo
I keep it on the low low
On the real low low though
Got a couple rappers buried in the pool, try to find 'em, Marco, polo
Mob ties, yolo
Dinner time, wine and Risotto
Go against me that's a no no
I'm a bull and all I see is rojo
You think I'm the goat... ditto
Wrote this this in the back of the Limo
Surrounded by down ass women cuz we don't really fuck with no h-to the izz-
o's
Where I'm from no hero's
Just chase the dinero
So if you're thinking about cutting me check, better add more zero's
You rappers my sons... all you niggas my kiddo's...
This is what happens when you put a great shark in the water with the Mino's
I don't feel these weirdo's
Not even a little
We'll turn your wife to widow
Put the muzzle... on the back of the pillow... bow!

Best believe imma beat it up
Call me the Karate Kid
She ain't tryna smash
Show her where the lobby is
You don't know who I am?
Ain't it muh fuckin obvious?
I'm Daniel LaRusso
Show em where the bodies is
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Show em where the bodies is
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Show em where the bodies is

Packin the Mac in the back of the Acura
Emmaculate with all this rappin vernacular
Whoever else rappin better just pack it up
The shit you tried with them just never do that with us
I took the pop sound and brought it back to the cut
For all my relatives that rhode in back of the bus
I am the fingers for people lackin the touch
And my wardrobe still so magically fabulous
Maybe it's the skill and maybe I have the luck
Maybe I need more but maybe I have enough
Maybe I'll do just a couple more shows where there's ladies in the front row
grabbin my nuts
This life as a star is like a habit and such
I be chillin in the hills in a palace and stuff
But I'm always aware, so don't poke the bear, and then get scared when the s
avage erupts
This no babbling mumble rap track

I've come to un-do you dumb dudes that's whack
I'm like the Sun Tzu, the Kung Fu of rap
I've learned the great one's, are the ones who adapt
Got a couple bullets left I run through the trap
Cuz we are at war, at war with the facts
The writings on the wall, it's an Andy Warhol in fact
I hope y'all absorbing that
You rappers my sons... all you niggas my kiddo's...
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