

Karate Chop (Remix) [feat. Lil Wayne]

Future

You know, This just some real nigga shit, a real nigga story
You know what I'm saying?Slang a bunch of narcotics

Pull up in the new 'rrari
Livin' like John Gotti
Choppin' bricks like karate
Drink a bunch of codeine
Serve it to the dope fiends
Blowin' money, stay clean
Michael Jackson, Billie Jean

Got a Panamera round a young nigga neck
Got a young bitch pulling up in a 'Vette
Smoke a lot of kush & I have a lot of sex
Had to beat the grind up, ran up my check
Picture nigga getting money, nigga get back
Roll a blunt of chronic, nigga sell a lot of crack
You can hit a nigga line, order what you want
I can whoop a Maserati, pulling up a donk
50, 000 on yo watch, young nigga splurge
Pop a ace of spade bottle, sip a lot of syrup
Keep a young nigga workin' that'll bust a k
I'mma take a phone call, hustle everyday

Slang a bunch of narcotics
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Michael Jackson, Billie JeanWhipping up a cake, just to go and snatch a spider

Young nigga play with ki's, like a type writer
Al Capone, John Gotti was a nigga idol
I was never snitching, I can put it on the Bible
In a 4 door beamer, driving with a rifle

Nigga where you at, nigga we go pull up on ya
Young Bitch looking like Janet in the 80's
We was grinding up from two and a baby
Got the girl dripping wet like a jerry curl
Got a styrofoam cup and its full of syrup

Send it over from New Mexico & Let me Work
I can get 36 for a clean shirtSlang a bunch of narcotics
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Michael Jackson, Billie JeanPull up, serve you in my Rari'

Money like Im Frank Matthews
Killers around me like I'm Gotti
If I tricked you, know Im sorry
I be fresh dont need no stylist
I be geeking on them mollies
Sell remix dont sell no cleans
My hand like a triple beam
I got workers like machine
All I do is sell dreams

Half my niggas serve fiends
I get up and then I leanSlang a bunch of narcotics

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>