

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
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 Whipping 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 shirt 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 Pull 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 lean 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>