Karate Chop (Remix)

Jacquees

You kExplainnow, 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 'rarri
Living like John Gotti
Chopping bricks like karate
Drink a bunch of codeine
Serving to the dope fiends
Blowing money, stay clean
Michael Jackson, Billy JeanGot a Panamera round a young nigga neck
Got a young bitch pulling up in a vet
Smoke a lot of kush & I have a lot of sex
Had to beat the grind up, ran up my check
Bitch nigga get money, nigga get that
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' gotta buss a cape
I'mma take a phone call, hustle everydaySlang a bunch of narcotics
Pull up in the new 'rarri
Living like John Gotti
Chopping bricks like karate
Drink a bunch of codeine
Serving to the dope fiends
Blowing money, stay clean
Michael Jackson, Billy JeanWhipping up a cake, just to go and snatch a spider
Young nigga play with keys, 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 a tube 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 Lil Mexico & Let me Work
I can get 36 for a clean shirtSlang a bunch of narcotics
Pull up in the new 'rarri

Living like John Gotti
Chopping bricks like karate
Drink a bunch of codeine
Serving to the dope fiends
Blowing money, stay clean
Michael Jackson, Billy JeanPop a lot of pain pills
Bout to put rims on my skateboard wheels
Beat that pussy up like Emmett Till
Yeah....
Two cell phones ringin' at the same time
That's your ho, callin' from two different phones
Tell that bitch "leave me the fuck alone!"
See, you fuck her wrong, and I fuck her long
I got a love-hate relationship with Molly
I'd rather pop an ollie, and my dick is a trolly
Boy, I'll bury you like Halle
And these hoes say I'm blind,
Cause I don't see nothin' wrong with a little bump and grind
Man I just received a package
Them other niggas taxin'
And my pockets so fat, I'm startin' to feel contractions
And my cousin went to jail for them chickens
And he already home and that nigga must be snitchin'
Cut him off like karate!Slang a bunch of narcotics
Pull up in the new 'rarri
Living like John Gotti
Chopping bricks like karate
Drink a bunch of codeine
Serving to the dope fiends
Blowing money, stay clean
Michael Jackson, Billy Jean

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/