

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 '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 Got a Panamera round a young nigga neck

Got a young bitch pulling up in a vet

Smoke a lot of kush and 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 bus' a K

I'ma take a phone call, hustle everyday Slang a bunch of narcotics

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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 Whipping 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 Jheri 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 shirt 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
Pop 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

Songwriters

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