

# Karate Chop

## The Terrordactyls

[Intro] You know, This just some real nigga shit, a real nigga story  
You know what I'm saying?

(Hook)

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

[Verse 1: Future] Got 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 everyday

(Hook)

[Verse 2: Future] 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

(Hook)

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne] 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 trolley

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!

(Hook)Explain

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