

## Jovanotti

### "Karma"

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(Pep Love)

What? It's the money they want  
To try to get up in the mixture  
Things they do is unbelievable  
The web is weaved of bullshit  
Lies behind in disguise  
Designed to deceive you  
Forked tongues speak of fortune  
Out of their grasp  
For them to reach they would  
Have to come out of the grass  
Snakes and fakes tough breaks  
And bodies found in lakes  
Are one and the same and what makes  
The world go round is game  
Corruption in one hand  
Cleanin the other without  
Touchin a bit of filth  
Fuck that, shysty niggaz  
Get bucked at, the price  
Be the rigors of life  
And I love that  
But some of you want to  
Take the route that's easy  
Break in ya best friend's house  
To try to get him for his G's  
Cause you know where  
He leaves the keys  
To the safe and it ain't safe  
When you fuckin with these

(Partially comprehensible Major Terror verse)

(Pep Love)

Chorus (2x):

Hey yo we stay honest  
Won't make a fake promise  
Pay homage to truth

And never stray from it  
We make armor  
Never mistake honor  
Dance to the tune  
Of the snake charmer

If you snooze, you lose  
The serpent is lurkin  
Watch his every move  
Then swiftly usurp him  
Snatch him out of his skin  
Don't let him surprise ya  
Smile in your face then  
Try to sabotage ya project  
Shifty, shady  
It ain't fuckin with me  
I see him out the corner of my eyes  
Trying to get me but I'm wise  
To the ways of the wicked  
And it get to be a damn shame  
When I pull the ticket of an infidel  
Gafflers get their hands chopped  
At the wrist, life at risk  
And their plans got rearranged  
Messing with my money is dangerous  
Shots shatter ya blood clots  
Scattering like mice  
Whenever ya ways is shyste  
I raise the price to puzzle em  
And put em on ice  
Can't even look me in my eyes  
And acknowledge respect  
Now his every gesture and posture  
I'mma dissect  
Until he break in a cold sweat  
Cause he been doing this  
Since the days of Judas  
And ain't switched his ways yet  
A snitch, co-conspirator  
A broken spirit, a bitch  
No consideration gets displayed  
For this occasion, pistols blaze  
When we catch him red-handed  
This instantaneous  
Reaction get passionate  
The head of the snake I take  
And throw it in the basket

Chorus (3x)

Fake motherfuckers

Duck us and cut corners  
Talk about ya behind your back  
And make promises  
They just can't keep  
So you just can't sleep  
Look alive and alert  
Cause they will connive  
To put a hurtin on ya  
Convertin ya input to output  
Even when you try to live  
With a positive outlook about  
People the evil will still find ya  
Creep up behind ya  
Stab you in your back to remind ya  
That it exists, and pull a twist  
Fadangled and strangled  
Ya wish it wasn't like this  
But frontin is just the thing  
People like to do  
When they have not a clue  
If the lies are true  
We rise to the occasion  
And blaze em  
My faith is never tested  
I know that I'm blessed, praisin  
My essence of being  
I've been through the ranks  
Of snakes and hideous things  
For goodness sakes

(Chorus 2x, fading)

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