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# Junior Senior ''Karma''

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## [Mr. Lil One]

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Where's my G's at sippin Mickey's and wearing Dickies Throwin up your set with a neck full of hickies No I'm not Ricky but I live la vida loca Buckin down you socas that be talkin out your bocas Mota for the smokers, coka for the nose Peace to all my niggas that be talkin shit to hoes Clothes always creased screamin out fuck peace Nigga I'm from the streets where the devil never sleeps Deep into the bangin started slangin tryin to make it Run up on my shit, you got to murder me to take it Never tried to fake, tried to make it the way I can Cause man made the money, money never made the man

Listen to the whistle, keep your fingers on the pistol Fuckin wit that crystal makes a mothafucka dismissed Every thing you love, and every thing done Don't mean a fuckin thing when a mothafuckas sprung

### [Chorus]

Leave it alone you're fuckin up holmes You're doin em wrong, You're doin em wrong You're doin em wrong, for all the wrong reasons You got a Karma with all the four seasons [2x]

### [Mr. Lil One]

Any ways, just another day but I'm livin Givin it all I got for my mothafuckin Tot Hustlin my shit makin sure it's in your spot Bumpin down your block hear it every where you walk Hocus Pokus I was faded when I wrote this PCP smokers bangin who the lokest Bury you, I'm darin you, see if I put scare in you No air in you, left, when I done leave you hung Tattos and hair nets, youngsters and vets Throwin up their sets screamin out fucked the rest Let the dogs loose, gettin faded off the juice I'm fightin to get rich while you're fightin over a bitch Mothafuck you both, I'm stickin to my oath Terrorfy you bitches when you hear about my riches It's not about my salary it's all about reality I'm tryin to feed my family so why fuck you mad at me

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One(Talkin)] Yeah, this is to all you back stabbing bitches All you two faced hipocrits You mothafuckin haters out there You know who you are You got some karma for that ass Karma for all the four seasons Gone

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