

MF Grimm f/ Block McCloud, Ill Bill

"Karma"

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[Block McCloud]

Yeah
Day By Day
Uncle Howie
Brooklyn Ac
The holy trinity nigga
Check this

See Block McCloud sitting on a stoop in Brooklyn
Don't step you might slip like a fiddler on a roof
Fans respect Block cause what I'm spitting is the truth
Nasty nigga, love a groupie licking on her cooch
Cause I don't give a fuck, down a bottle of my jaw stuff
With only a night, looking for more sluts to force fuck
Ironie how the liquor make me vomit
Like denying me the things that I love will make me
want it even more
Like a hard to find Brooklyn Ac track
To a fan that keep looking cause I'm cooking that crack
It's like karma, what goes around comes around
What goes up must come down, coming out the
fucking underground
We surfacing from the church of sin
Uncle Howie work the single, Day By Day made the CDs
you're purchasing
Niggas with bad karma, shed 'em like a serpent's skin
Murdering foes dead like blood curdling

[Chorus]

Karma's a bitch
Fuck anybody who snitch
Have the police wondering whose body is this
See the cut that make sure the payback's enormous
Have us begging for mercy from a god that scorns us
Karma's a bitch
Fuck anybody who snitch
Have the police wondering whose body is this
See the cut that make sure the payback's enormous
Have us begging for mercy from a god that ignores us

[Ill Bill]

I'll make the hallow tip explode in your brain homie
The sound of it will leave you cold and defamed wodie
When hypothermia sets in, the reaper's calling
Rising off the crucifix like it's Easter morning
Everything turn black when my heat is talking
And everybody wear black when they see your coffin
Your apocalypse perhaps is me achieving glory
Sitting on a jewel throne whores kneel before me
I'm a legend on these streets my people adore me
Storm the streets with loyalty and go to war for me
Run up in your crib an pop a sawed off on me
And jump right in front of a bullet if it's coming towards
me
I'm a cross between the most morbid disease and a
swarm of bees
Leaving you horrifically tortured and deceased
While you feast on goats and dance for Satan
You wake up in another life a brain cancer patient

[Chorus]

[MF Grimm]

Wild in a wheelchair like Lieutenant Dan
Feds follow me around in a blue tinted van
That's first unit, second unit, their van's tan
Black helicopters on top with a scan
Manson, even while in prison
Warned you about me, but you didn't listen
Switch picture, I run the world
Karma's a bitch and my name is Earl
Why would I, look what you done to me
I'ma kill you, you better run from me
It's a horror flick don't run in woods dummy
You's a punk but you hide it real good money
Thrown in a trunk, you riding in the hood money
Lay down and die, I really think you should money
Come out your pockets, I'm Roy Demeo
Come out your sockets, your arms and your legs go
Kickbox bitch, no love this way
Cut your head off, save it for a trophy
You mother, make her more upset
Dig casket up, dump the body on her doorstep
Shoot your carcass, bonus little death threat
That's nothing, you haven't seen our best yet
Cremate can't find where the hash is
Get the bamboo, roll up your ashes
Light it up, this high is the fastest
We get about a brick from you, you gonna last us
Everyone know I'm quick to bust a gat
Disrespect my flow, I'll murder you for that
Hide body, throw a party, picnic where you at

Side bar lawyers talk, beat the murder rap
Seeking for the max, evidence is wax
No one is safe so suckas watch your back

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