

## **The Karma Killers**

### **"Candy"**

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[Sryan]

Now my candy, is so fresh so clean  
I break them boys off when I pull up on the scene  
In my candy, with ten coats sprayed tight  
And that Northside royal blue is settin off the white  
On my candy, sho' ain't the average paint  
You go to Ike tryin to buy it he gon't tell ya ya can't  
Have my candy, it's like a one-of-a-kind  
And you might have a painted slab but it ain't pretty as  
mine  
Cause my candy, worth mo' than money can buy  
Brought it to Funkmaster Flex and seen a grown man  
cry  
For my candy, sittin on nuttin but glass  
Stoppin traffic on the freeway, when I fly past

[Chorus]

In my candy, got no competition on the street  
You can win a Dub car show and still can't compete  
With my candy, cause it's the sweetest on the block  
And I'm trill, workin the wheel, that's why they all jockin  
My candy

[Sean]

Now my candy, is sittin tall on them Vogues  
It's like an alarm clock, wakin up all the hoes  
My candy, is wetter than high tide  
And it's lookin like I just had a blizzard inside  
Of my candy, got mo' wood in it than a forest  
One look'll get you hooked like a motherfuckin chorus  
My candy, drips an unerasable stain  
It's real magic, not like that motherfucker David Blaine  
My candy, it got the woman on the front  
And a Ph.D in showin niggaz how to stunt  
My candy, it got the fifth up on the back

[Chorus]

In my candy, got no competition on the street  
You can win a Dub car show and still can't compete  
With my candy, cause it's the sweetest on the block  
And I'm trill, workin the wheel, that's why they all jockin

My candy

[Adam M]

Now my candy, is so smooth, so laid  
And these boys can't comprehend how the paint got  
sprayed  
My candy, makin people stop drop and stare  
Pull out any car you want to but it won't compare  
To my candy, it's like a fo' wheel mirage  
That's too pretty to park, in a motherfuckin garage  
My candy, it's like a part of the fam'  
So lose my friends or my ends I wouldn't give a damn  
But my candy, is an extension of me  
So when you lookin at my car you lookin at Karma  
Killers  
It's my candy, player, throwed, fly  
And you can't fuck with it no matter how hard you try  
My candy, the other level of the game

[Chorus]

In my candy, got no competition on the street  
You can win a Dub car show and still can't compete  
With my candy, cause it's the sweetest on the block  
And I'm trill, workin the wheel, that's why they all jockin  
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