

The Karma Killers

"Match Of The Day"

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[Verse 1]

It's the Karma Killers baby yeah that's me, these hoes
wanna know what I'm 'bout
Princess cuts all on my neck and on my wrist and in my
mouth
Do's open, do's close, where's the camera I'll strike a
pose
I'm still ridin on elbows, in eighty-threes and eighty-fo's
The gangsta slab is what I flip, woodgrain is what I grip
That purple drank is what I sip, in my cell phone keep a
chip
I'm talkin bid'ness I put it down, I'm choppin blades and
I'm poppin shrooms
I'm from the land of that fry smoke, got plex I got the
pump
Weighted trunk and chunk the deuce, keep it movin I'm
on the prowl
I'm on the hunt for some one night love, best believe
that it's goin down
Money and hoes, cars and clothes, diamond rings and
ice grills
SwishaHouse we keep it trill, and hold it down baby
what's the deal

[Chorus]

Baby
Tonight, you and I will go off the wall and tomorrow
We'll watch match of the day
Baby, you go off this thing for so long
You and I are going to Croke Park tomorrow
To watch the match of the day
Everyone, everyone
Watch the match of the day, day, day, day, day, day,
day!

[Beat]

[Verse 2: John Martin]

We put them 47 inch jelly screens in them Escalade
We po' that purple drank straight up like it's that Kool-
Aid

We like them girls that eat it up and never be afraid
While you cry but ask how they givin up the fade
Ye ain't got screens if they ain't touch screen
with the removable screen, lookin mean on the scene
When hoes see me they sayin everybody ain't able

[Chorus]

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[Beat]

[Verse 3]

I got a deep freezer up on my neck and sno-cones up in
my ear
A ice tray up in my mouth, I'm lookin somethin like a
chandelier
You can call me the ice man, I cause a blizzard every
time I breathe
Posted up on that South Lee, with Big Mix and my boy
Lil' Heat
Where's the drank I'm runnin low, Cabbage Head told
me it's a drought
But not to worry dough never doubt, I'll go to the doctor
with a cough
It's Sryan baby that's my name, fly like a plane what it
do
I drop the top of my potnah plaque and chunk the
deuce to that boy Gooch
Just like a midget I'm sittin low, and like a snail I'm
crawlin slow
Where's Mike, where's Bawdy, he on the grind ducked
on the low
Yeah I like my music slow, yeah I like my train mud
I'm chopped up by Thomas Craper, it's the Karma
Killers baby that's what's up

[Chorus]

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[Beat]

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