

## **The Karma Killers**

### **"Wadia"**

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[Sean Burke]

Wadia!

Wadia!

Wadia!

Wadia!

Wadia!

[The Karma Killers]

I got that paper and them rubber bands stacked up,  
(stacked up)

And I got sumthin hidden in the stash wrapped up,  
(wrapped up)

If you see purple in my cup that mean I'm leanin tough,  
(I'm leanin tough)

I got them haters on my back so I be strapped up,  
(strapped up)

I'm in a league of my own, While them haters throwin  
stones,

But my mind on cash I'm in the zone,

I'm grippin wood and tippin chrome, (chrome)

I'm well known, (I'm well known)

My wrist is rocky like Stallone, Southle is where I roam,

The champ is here and there is no clone, (there is no  
clone)

Off top, I'm well respected on many blocks,

So I'm pullin hundreds and smashin cocks,

knockin these broads up out they socks,

I'm in the hood like wig shops,

Look close, I ain't hard to spot,

I'm right there at that gamblin spot,

Stackin up a fat knot

[The Karma Killers]

Wadia!, yeah you know it

Wadia!, you got to show it

Wadia!, you have to see it

Wadia!, you have to buy it

Wadia!, you have got to see this amazing new car

Wadia!, is my country

[J Cole]

I'm a block-burner like Lil Wayne, improvise in the  
game like King James,  
The heads turnin like Slim Thug chain, but bangin  
hooks like Sugar Shane,  
I'm throwed off like Major Payne, Talkin shit like  
Clubber Lang,  
These boys talkin on the name, but they all washed up  
like Eddie Kane,  
The slab roof like David Blaine,  
it disappear like magic,  
glock 19 made of plastic, might stretch ya out just like  
elastic  
I stay up on my toes, till the day that my casket close,  
Bank rolls and fine hoes, fancy cars and stars clothes  
weed, cigars and mouet rolls,  
pints of barre and kushy dro,  
dime collector outside the club, and candy toy with the  
trunk exposed,  
swishahouse baby that's my crew,  
roll wit us or you'll get ran through,  
we loved by few and still true,  
let me tell yall just what it do

[The Karma Killers]

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[J Cole]

This hustle town Texas, I do this for the streets,  
grindin with no sleep, because that paper what I seek,  
That hatin need to cease, I'm evadin the police,  
And I been hustlin since ??  
My flow is out of sight, but them boys is all hype,  
they cant see me up on the mike, so they be hatin me  
out of spite,  
Some potent purple sprite, I done paid my dues,  
I hear the strong survive but the weak end up on fox  
news,  
Sleepless nights, with runnin hands, cuz nowadays  
them jackas plot,

Jealousy turn friends to foes, I'm packin glocks around  
the clock,  
Stackin knots and mackin hoes,  
chasin paper and ridin fo's,  
Get that dough what I propose, on 5-9 double-o

[The Karma Killers]

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