

Kharma

Zion I

[Intro: Scratched vocals]

Kharma, "One" "One"[Verse 1: Zion]

Yo, a te' a te' a te' a testin' one two

I'm sendin' out a shout to all the massive in the crew

I think if you could get into my space and

Thoughts travel at light speed of conversation

Hell within the slim borders of mind quarters

Seats in carport or servin' short orders

It's torment the way the Kharma spin orbit

I memorize all my trauma and then record it

It's all live, never been Memorex

To manifest faith through my text, let the bill collect

(Little boy pack a gun, little boy is gonna pay-ay)

Yo, I step aside trouble, boy in a bubble

I spit, do my thing, give me space like the craft hubble

This here rumble in the world, what you didn't know?

Have the rich eat the po' with they dinner roll

It's habitual, life within this digital citadel

Make me holler "Condition critical!"

See a pistol pull, seen a solution

Baby gettin' fed a syringe of confusion

Gun blast make cash, it's just murder

Ratings gettin' higher with insanity and further with it

[Chorus: Zion w/scratched vocals]

Little boy think it's fine, little boy is gonna pay-ay ("Kharma")

Everything you do come back to you someday-ay ("Kharma")

Can't face the sun so hide away-ay ("Kharma")

Little boy think it's fine, little boy is gonna pay ("Kharma") [Verse 2: Zion]

Yo, fire gas lit, act like the Mac spit

Won't make your back flip, trapped in a casket

Reminsce on the life that he missed

Only sixteen when it came down to this

Videos, TV, action heroes

Blood lust, bust a vein for DeNiro

Burn like Nero did to Rome

Why you all upset now it's at your home?

When it was at mines everything was just fine

But now you start to see everything in due time

[Chorus: Zion w/scratched vocals]

Little boy pack a gun, little boy like Tanqueray-ay ("Kharma")

Everything you do gon' make your hair turn gray-ay ("Kharma")

Nowhere to run, are you afraid-aid? ("Kharma")

Little boy pack a gun, little boy is gonna pay ("Kharma")
Pay, pay, pay, pay, pay, pay, pay, pay, pay, pay
Little boy is gonna pay[Beat switch][Verse 3: Zion]
Guns and money go hand in hand
It's the way that the devil keep controllin' man
Rebels who fight in the name of Jah
But with sticks and stones never get that far
Seeds is planted, trees is chopped
Many await the day that Jesus drop
But in the meantime, live lives of sin
At the gates of Heaven, they can't get in
Preachers, teachers, holy rollers
Terrorist bomb, Pakistani soldiers
Mason bankers, ancient races
Fight for the keys of our sacred places
Bases loaded, we up to bat
Coulda hit a homerun, but we pulled a gat
Bad seed tree make bad seed fruit
Good seed look, don't do bad, too
You got choices to make a dif'
Ain't no weight so heavy that you can't lift
Everything you do come back, no if
But when you understand Kharma, life's a gift[Outro: Cut vocals]
Flow has many dimensions
Rhyme scheme, consciousness
Flow within life

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