

Ayy, leave a spell, 03
Ayy, leave a spell on your clique

I know voodoo, I know magic (voodoo)
Pull up on me it get tragic
Pullin' up, I lay 'em down in the past nigga
Zip a nigga up in plastic
I'm the nigga goin' up, a nigga savage
It's a gift, it's a curse, it's a gift, it's a curse
Nah nigga I ain't average
I'm the nigga goin' up, I'm a savage

Put a spell on that bitch in my verse, that's a whole quote
Chop a bitch off where the hoes go
Blood money on my neck, bitch I made it rose gold
All my peoples Pasadena like the Rose Bowl
More gas than my teachers off a whole flow
Watered down, from the bleachers to the end zone
Cheerleaders smoke dope, kickin' shit, no clothes
You see LA, I just run out, wonder where her clothes go?
Do it behind closed doors, sippin' lean, I won't dose
New sweater made by junkie made by Kezno in my Benzo
Get her on her ass like a movie that's suspenseful
Ten tre day, I'm soldiered down like ten-four
Long live King Yella, free my nigga TK
Fuck her in that prison with the damus and keyways
Or up in the dub from the arm to the peach cake
Peter-rollin' rollin', I ain't never been a cheapskate

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