

Magic Number

B.o.B

Three is a magic number
Yes it is, it's a magic number (yes it is)
(One, two, three and)
All ya ladies pop yo pussy like this
Pop, pop yo pussy like this
All ya ladies pop yo pussy like this
(Bobby, bobby, bo-bobby, bobby)
Bobby, bobby, bo-bobby, bobby)
From the south to the west to the east to the north
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I'm tryna' hit a triple play
Hookah, hoes and henny call it triple H
Me and my bitch flip your bitch like a real estate
I'm tryna' paint two bitches watch me illustrate
I'm Bob Ross I don't get erased
Two is a party and three is a crowd
So that mean only crowd pleasers allowed
The odd couple, all you hoes in trouble
No catching feelings we don't do cupid shuffle
Are you serious? she indecisive if she with the silly shit
Talking out your neck, ventriloquist
"Y'all so horny I thing I just got my period"
Hm, really bitch

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You want hookah on the first date, uber on the first date
Conversation, liquor, stake just to get to first base?
Oh you too old for casual sex
Do it for a bag that's collateral sex
She make a whole dick vanish that's magical neck
I'm talking 'bout three mathematical sex
She swallow all the kids no child get left behind
Can't say if she on go but it seem like she inclined
You blew your whole cover, you blew your facade
Your man found out you eat cat now he wanna manage
She squeeze the pistol 'till I pull the trigger
Death come in threes I'm a pussy killa

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Just do it don't stop don't miss
85 knots on a yacht don't slip
36 swishers in the box don't trip
Three baby daddies then boom, niggas ain't shit
Three round of drinks then boom, now you like chicks
Don't be a grinch, don't be a grouch
Tryna pump tryna dump tryna hump tryna plow
She a hood bitch but not financially hood
She got a bread and moved down to Miami for good
I like my omelettes with cheese, crispy hundreds no crease
Ain't talkin' retros but I like my women in threes

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