I got the magic, yeah
Feel like doe ray me fa
Baby why we wasting time
Magic
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I always kick em in the mouth w/my outfit
My jacket & my shoes and my girls ain't come out yet

Quiet nigga I just do a lotta loud shit I ain't tryna hear about nobody who ain't bout shit

I bet u won't forget my name like I'm mike Jones She change colors in the sun she got some nice tones

I fuc my girls to sleep
Wake up & fuck em back to life
And then they tag team
Suck me right into the afterlife

I'm feeling on yo booty
I'm feeling like yo booty
Yo boyfriend car is booty
I don't like it when you moody

My house is nice & roomy My weather never gloomy It's hard to watch a movie Cause all u gon do is do me

She asked me if I'm hy
I told dat bitch I'm never low
She ask if she could see me later
I said bitch u never know

Baby come back down to earth Get a grip She told me it's My length And my girth and my tip

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I'm in Vegas like a Knigge got a residence there Stood up so high seen my head in the chair Stick with me I've been fooling him with every trip Disappear for a year on a negative bitch Can't explain the mystery trap door still flew back Can give Stella her groove back Poof who is that
Game chop a bad bitch into 2/2 screw that
Put her back pull a rabbit out a do rag
Pimp prestige knock a trick off the street
Making a scene hype mike levitate from the weed
Smoking mirrors man these niggas just be puppets to me
So I only show the hoes what I want them to see
Man hands magic touch tracks it's a jingle
Stick magic like a 50 Cent single
Bruno Mars on a sick bender in Reno
Jackpot dick I'm a walking casino

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