

Magic

DJ Drama

Yeah
(Don't worry 'bout him)
(Levi, make sure they goin' right down there)
VVS, uh-uh
Oh yeah
Got my neck cold
Yeah

VVS stones and baguettes got my neck cold (Cold)
Pull up to the spot in that 'Vette, now your bitch gone (She gone)
All that back bitin' that you doin' get you backdoored
Too many damn bales in the trap, got my pants swole (Oh yeah)
I can make the work do some Magic, no Orlando (Orlando)
I took a lot of chances shootin' dice in the bando (Bando)
Faked him with a dummy, no, he ain't think he was gettin' a hand-off (No)
I'm with some freaky robbers, man, they love to snatch your pants off (Snatch 'em off)

Slidin' down the strip throwin' hundreds out the drop-top (Yeah)
Know some real ones lost they life, they ain't have they Glock cocked (Glock)
And I'm feelin' fly, bitches watchin' me like Peacock (Oh yeah)
Word on the street, I'm the hottest, that mean he not (Not)
We got so much paper, they started to think we own an oil rig
Only time I'm pumpin' a nigga up is in my ad-libs (Ad-libs)
I'm from Walker Homes, but got the mansion here in Nashville (Nashville)
Hundred K a hit every time I move, that was my last year (Last year)
I just talked to Wafi, he say he can't wait to see my shine (Shine)
I dropped off two-fifty all in twenties, told 'em, "Give me mine" (Give me)
If we got some smoke, guaranteed I'ma slide for mine (Yeah)
Got so close up on me, I swear to God, see the white in his eyes (Oh yeah)

VVS stones and baguettes got my neck cold (Froze)
Pull up to the spot in that 'Vette, now your bitch gone (Gone)
All that back bitin' that you doin' get you backdoored (Back)
Too many damn bales in the trap, got my pants swole (Swole)
I can make the work do some Magic, no Orlando (Orlando)
I took a lot of chances shootin' dice in the bando (Bando)
Faked him with a dummy, no, he ain't think he was gettin' a hand-off (Nuh-uh)
I'm with some freaky robbers, man, they love to snatch your pants off (Snatch 'em)

Send 'em out of town, come to kill, they ain't comin' to chill (Nope)
Everybody clutchin', ain't missin' nothin', and they comin' trim
Bought that boy a Rollie, he lookin' at his time, he can't wait to kill (Hey)
He done did fifteen on that twenty, free my homie Trill
Every time he catch another body, he get geeked for real (Haha)
I get active and clean the evidence, I really get neat for real (I'm neat)
Take it out her friend, put it in her mouth, she a freak for real (She a freak)
I direct a shooting and plan it out, I'm something like Steven Spiel' (Steven Spiel')
I know you don't really want the smoke, homie, be for real (For real)
I'ma tell my brother to fuck your bitch, I bet you gon' be in tears (You gon' cry)

I might just give you too much clout if I get you killed (Uh-huh)
I'ma let my dog handle them murders, I'ma just get them M's (Oh yeah)

VVS stones and baguettes got my neck cold (Froze)
Pull up to the spot in that 'Vette, now your bitch gone (She gone)
All that back bitin' that you doin' get you backdoored (Haha)
Too many damn bales in the trap, got my pants swole (They swole)
I can make the work do some Magic, no Orlando (Orlando)
I took a lot of chances shootin' dice in the bando (Bando)
Faked him with a dummy, no, he ain't think he was gettin' a hand-off (No)
I'm with some freaky robbers, man, they love to snatch your pants off (Snatch
your pants off)

These niggas too soft