

Black Magic

Joyner Lucas

I like this feeling
Yo Q turn me up just a little bit
Yeah, just a little bit
Alright I'm ready let's go

I got 'em bitching, I'm focused
Back and forth from coast and I backstroke and I'm floating
All up in your bitch ocean, I don't think this should be insulting
Drink the juice from my glow stick, don't call me back I'm groaning
But thanks for buying my posters, I fucked around and get twisted
Strait Tequila gon' burn and I write 16's and murder that sick shit
Waiting for my turn, I'm doing this shit since I was an infant
Way before I had sperm, yeah that's the definition of an addiction
Fuck these niggas gonna learn
And I got this bad bitch she a brain buster, I don't care if Lil' Wayne fuck
ed her, I beat her down and get brains from her then kick her out cos I can't
trust her
Fuck the Benz mother fuck can't drive, and fuck the party I'm staying in, bu
t when I get rich you'll see me whippin' it'll probably be something Bruce W
ayne was in
It'll probably be something that Jay Z in
It'll probably be something Kanye be in
King size bed in the back seat, something that I can make a baby in
Wait hold up, hold up, hold up
Way too much kool aid in your heart valves
If I was you then I'd die now, jump out the window like Ron Brown
So

What you, what you, what you want?
What you niggas want?

Give you want you want
Man this that Chris Angel, that Houdini, that Bum Diggy
Now fuck with me, that black magic
That same shit that made your bitch fall in love with me
What you, what you, what you want?
What you niggas want?

Give you want you want
Oh yeah this that Copperfield, that David Blaine, that Bum Diggity
Now fuck with me, that black magic
That same shit that made your bitch fall in love with me

Now
I don't need no crew with me, I'm solo
Benz on no polo
No Gucci but I'm so fly
When I walk by it's in slow mo
Shorty want me we both know
She can swallow my mojo
Don't call me back, I'm gross though
But that's the [?]
I fuck around and get wasted
They don't like me then what a shame
Take a number then wait in line
There's a million niggas who feel the same
Disappear like black magic

Black coupe to get a black wagon
Black driver with a black mask
And a black pistol for your black ass
So fuck a blunt, I'm high off life
Piss me off, that's not alright
Yeah that's that shit I don't like
Bitch hurry up, we don't got all night
508 and that's where I'm from and my shows startin', they ready for me
Profound in my hometown, it's like Motown bitch I'm Berry Gordy
Broke nigga, no tour jet
Big dreams of a Corvette
J-Low on my doorstep with some booty shorts and a corset
So hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, way too much Kool-Aid in your heart valves
If I was you then I'd die now, jump out the window like Ron Browz
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