

# 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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