

Abracadabra

Lil' Wayne

Mula!
Yeah, look
I'ma tell you all this last time, don't get involved
Bullets start, ripping through the walls
Hit your baby momma, and the house door
We making house calls
I'm an outlaw, in the south ward
Knock your ass out, if you talk stupid
Got a big dick, so I walk stupid
She got that hit it quick in the car booty (Hold on)
Bad hoes need to get a raise, Lame niggas tryna get away
But all your diamonds need to get appraised, you in the way
Too many nights I was out lurking, mine in the days
Nine days on my ocean drive with a bad bitch lyin in the shades
Sipping minute maid, gotta penetrate, let me demonstrate
Got the Jones soda with the drink in it
Got a backwood with the dank in it
Party ain't popping if we ain't in it
Go Blake Griffin, might flex on 'em
That's too much sauce
I bet them hoes know who I are
They treat a nigga like a superstar and that's what I am
I got your bitch but that's my bitch
So that's our bitch and that's all cool
When you trip out, won't dip out
She just call me and I fall through
And that's bad news
Hold these nuts, cashews
Vroom, I flew past you
New whips here, what the bags do, past cool

My enemies should get a good breakfast and a cup of coffee
I know refugees that don't rush things, they kill 'em softly
My closet still got Nike boxes and a couple corpses
Look, even though I'll never sell my soul, I got a couple offers
Don't think about it, I smoke about it, I drink about it
They rap a body, then rap about it
Sink the body, then sing about it
Zip the body, then sip about it
Fuck the world, I'ma still get some cool things up out it
If a CEO wanna dance all in my video, I need a big deposit
Swerve, swerve, I'm back on 'em
I bet I'm turning my back on 'em
I fuck, then see if Tune, Jay Jones, Hoody or Mack want 'em
Real shit, I've seen good girl go to airports with that pack on 'em
Trill shit, I've seen bad bitches with good genes but I slack on 'em
I ain't focused there
Gotham City, got Batmans and Jokers there
I'm in the club but I'm in the cut, they got cameras here like Oprah's here
Since a kid, I heard gunshots, mothers cry, all the shit soldiers hear
So I had to Abracadabra, voila just to make hope appear
Young

Abracadabra, Abracadabra!
We rata-ta-ta-ta, then disappeared, right after it happened
Copperfield, I just popped a seal
You don't believe in magic, but you know that I'm for real

Voila, Voila! Ta-da, Ta-da!
Voila! Voila! Mula! Voila!
Told my momma, nana
I'm doing my count
Don't ruin my count
Bust to em, I'm out
Voila, Voila! Ta-da, Ta-da!
Voila! Voila! Mula! Voila!
Mama, nana
I'm doing my count
Don't ruin my count
Bust to em, I'm out, Voila!

Magic Dust, yeah that's a rush
Got her cracking up, crying all at once
Man, that was fun, I'm spazzing up
I'm gassing up that Cali stuff, that massacre
I'm magical with chemicals
And smashing stuff, Metallica
Satanical like Skeletor
You're greener than a salad bar
I leave from here to Africa
To read some Maya Angelou
And prank a call, you acting all Di Caprio
We trap and go from caserole
We back and fourth in traffic with that Macklemore
That magic snow, it's always cold
And my freak on that molly water
I met this bitch on Collins
But she out the hood, her mama cook
I'm on the way, I'm on a stage
The Magic show, I feel like Dave
I walk on water, float in air
I'm over there, I'm in your face
I pop up out of nowhere
Bap-bap at your doorbell
Disappear in thin air
All we leave is smoke there
Smoking roadkill, she on coke here
Stash is sticking to her nosehair
I'm a magician in the motel
Moving tricks for wholesale
Hold on, abracadabra
The data don't matter
We rata-ta-ta-ta, over the chatter
We got mo' ammo than Granma
Hammers and hammers
Pull up in Lambos
Shoot up the cameras
Die in pyjamas
Find you with Sam and your wife and your mamas
All in your family, I'm balling like Magic
Voila!

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Copperfield, I just popped a cell
You don't believe in magic, but you know that I'm for real
Voila, Voila! Ta-da, Ta-da!
Voila! Voila! Mula! Voila!
Momma, nana
I'm doing my count
Don't ruin my count

Bust to em, I'm out, Voila
Abracadabra, Abracadabra!
We rata-ta-ta-ta, then disappeared, right after it happened
Copperfield, I just popped a seal
You don't believe in magic
But you know that I'm too real, Voila, Voila!
OVO shorts, high socks
Music is art, Basquiat
Niggas is squares hopscotch
Time out, nana, I got sauce you dried out
I'm big boss, you big mouth
Magic show don't miss out
Voila!

What haven't I done yet?

I haven't Bungee jumped, err, haven't been to Mount Everest, err, take that back, I've probably have been to Mount Everest. Probably flown over it, probably rolled past it and it just was twisted, you nah mean? That's real shit, real shit, real shit. Holla at my friends, they will let you know slime has sat down and probably at with the president, and whatever president it was at the time, totally don't remember, you nah mean? But I do remember, Obama saying my name in a speech, shoutout Obama. But still, what haven't I done yet... release Carter 5