

Magic

Lud Foe

Like I do magic (like I do magic)
Bitch, gang, gang
Like I do magic (like I do magic)

Run up on me and this shit gone get tragic
Make a nigga disappear, like I do magic
The police get behind me and disappear, like I do magic
I whip a deuce into a four, like I do magic
I dunk on a bitch, like I'm with the Lakers, they call me Magic
I'm gettin' to that dough and I probably fucked more hoes than Magic
You gettin' money, but when you goin' broke then disappear, magic
They say "Lud Foe, how you blow up?" I don't know it was magic
My homie caught a case, we caught the witness, they disappeared, magic
c
Fuck CPD, they ran in my house, they ain't find me I was in the attic
I got yo bitch up in the Wraith, looked up, she thought it was magic

While yo bitch keep callin' my phone, she got a fat ass, she want me
tap it
Run up on me if you think it's an act and this MAC have you stumbling
backwards
Bitch, all of yo homies in caskets, we been stuffin' them in backwoods
Bitch, I'll pull up and start blastin', I'll do a hit and start laugh
in'
Smoking opp pack, where yo gun at? You better tote that
I'm off the dome, I ain't even wrote that
It's a cold world, where yo coat at?
You get face shots, like a kodak
I'm lookin' for you nigga, where yo block at?
Ain't one up top, he forgot to cop that
Drive a 6-trey, then unlock that
Hit the block then I white chalk that
I fall in the club like, where them bitches at?
We in mini vans, lookin' for yo mans
Where them niggas at?
Shit that you do in the streets, never mention that
He ain't know I have my heat
I looked at that nigga like, bitch who you flinchin' at?
I'm Chef Boyardee, I fuck up the pot
Show me where the kitchen at
We in the club and she can't keep focused, I'm where all her attention
at
Bitch I was checkin' attendance, where was your attendance at?
Don't say you want war with us, cause if you start with us, bitch we
gone fuck around finish that
Pull on yo block, swingin' this brand new Glock .40 like a tennis rac
ket
Get knocked right out of yo socks, thought we was gone box, but no I'
m gone kill his ass
This clip full of hot shit, that's what I'ma fill his ass
We hate this fuck nigga, let off 30 shots and it still ain't hit (shi

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My bitch got a ass so fat, sittin' right on her back, her jeans, she
can't even fit

This pill got me rollin' hard, I got cotton mouth so bitch, I can't e
ven spit

Don't give no fuck who you go get, bitch, we gone kill you and whoeve
r you with

Try walkin' in my shoes, they don't even fit, cause bitch I'm real as
it get

Real as it get