

# No More Magical

Mick Jenkins

It is No More Magical  
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Ever gripped the chalice  
Wasn't gifted balance  
Held shit steady wit my hands you can see it in the callous  
See em speaking fallacy  
I seen em bury talents  
Behind the curtains fatasty too  
They call it magic I don't  
A beauty pageant of sorts  
I could imagine of course  
I took the road less traveled  
Won't even track it for sport  
This Coaching jacket legit  
Me and my niggas a force  
Most couldn't match our flame  
A matchbook to a torch  
A flap jack ina pan  
We backflipped off the porch  
The backdrops is the same  
But each pictures distorted  
I paint them shits while they snoring  
I'm tryna shake em awake  
But it look like they enjoy it

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Third eye closed  
Birds eye view  
Hear what he say  
Watch what he do

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Birds eye view  
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Watch what he do  
Can't trust a soul what I'm posed to do  
Threw his ass 11 catch 22  
I just wanna know who I'm gone run into  
Can't tell who been woke and who is just now coming too  
Bank tell me I'm broke I know which one running through  
We gone get that government funding too  
What the summer do  
Blacken us  
Short and long list of how they tracking us  
Flipping ips like a spatulas  
Catchin me I'm cooked  
We be all outta bounds you can color me shook  
Still shoot my shot shout a young devin book

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