

# Wizards Of Waverly Place

midwxst

Well, you know everything's gonna be a breeze  
That the end will no doubt justify the means  
You can fix any problem with the slightest of ease  
Yes, please  
But you might find out it'll go to your head  
When you write a report on a book you never read  
With a snap of your fingers, you can make your bed  
That's what I s-

Got a stick in my hand, bitch, I feel like Selena  
I feel like I'm Autumn, pull up with my nina  
Might trade in the whip and go cop me a beamer  
Like an alien, bitch, take me to your damn leader  
Call me Goku while yo' ass is fucking Vegeta  
I got black and brown on me, I look like a cheetah  
Making hits like it's nothing, they say I'm a cheater  
That bitch in my phone, know I had to delete her

This shit is not a game, this shit not Roblox  
Mask on my face like I belong in CO-OP  
You wanted smoke, but I know you won't show up  
Getting on stage and I tear the whole flow up  
Say you sip lean, but I know you gon' throw up  
What you worried for, boy? Like your name ericdoa  
I be with my gang like a cartel Sinaloa  
Hit a nigga like skull, hit him, crack a toe-a  
Bitch, I'm a star and I'm not talking fox  
Twisting my hair, I might turn 'em to locks  
Recording this song, I might turn up the VOX  
You can't get in the party, can't get in the spot  
Like a tower, my friends have been telling me, "Drop"  
Like a janitor, we gon' pull up with the mops (Ayy)  
My name is not Hunna, but I'm finna pop (Yeah, ayy)  
Like a game of Call of Duty, stay with my squad (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

Niggas say they don't like me, then ask for a follow back  
Niggas dick riding and proud of that, I'm not allowing that  
Might buy your bitch a lil' Prada bag  
Smoking on heater Nevada pack, it's a pajama pack  
Might put your ass in a slumber  
Green in my pockets resemble cucumber  
Your bitch tryna post me on VSCO and Tumblr  
Mark Sanchez with the bag, you really a fumbler  
You yo' daddy's son, you niggas is bitch made  
Apply the pressure, Aerosol, the clip spray  
I was selling Takis back in the sixth grade  
Now I'm moving molly, niggas still get blazed  
I hate the niggas that talk a lot, bark a lot  
Ain't got no bike, lay 'em out in the parking lot  
I ain't Suge, but my nights can get dark a lot  
Leave a nigga leaking over a parking spot  
Neck is so icy that I got a cold, wipe my nose with my pistol, I'm freezing,  
huh  
Niggas be hating the bread I be making, you mad, nigga? What is the reason?  
Huh  
My nigga, what the fuck is you telling me? 'Bout to catch me a felony, I get  
bills like I'm Bellamy like okay, okay

You are my enemy, nigga, you are no kin to me, Spanish shawty be feeling me  
like olay, olay

Okay, okay, bro where the fuck your MAC at?  
Got the choppa on me, hit him, ratta-tat-tat  
Niggas say I'm a bitch, nigga, where your dad at? (Nah, seriously like where  
the fuck is your dad?)  
You broke as fuck nigga, go get a bag  
Got a Latvian plug and that boy call me lad  
And he working with twelve, but that boy look like Vlad  
And I'm feeling like Summrs, he going out sad  
Bitch, I'm looking like a wizard, nigga, this a different episode  
Bitch, I'm in the telly, 'bout to fuck up on another ho  
Bitch, I got a Glock, uh (Damn, let me get another go)  
Bitch, I got a Glock and finna aim it at your fucking bro  
Calling up my shooter, finna wipe another nigga nose  
Lean with the Sprite, niggas ask what I'm sipping on  
Chris on top, tell me something that I didn't know  
I just scored on the opps, swear to God, it's like 6-0

I been adding up money, know I never subtract  
I know motherfuckers mad 'cause I'm speaking the facts  
Only typing over Discord tryna act hard  
I don't even gotta try, know I'm finna be a star, uh  
Got some bullshit, I feel like my name is Berleezy  
You gon' see my name up in your phone, on your TV  
If you stealing my swag, just say you wanna be me  
Make a hit, then I'm gone, boy, you know that I'm leaving

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