

Black Magic

Mike G

There it is, come on
It's some sort of detonator
It's ticking, and we don't have much time left
That my little friend is a monumental understatement

In my bag in case they ain't too solid
Too stand up like Kanye's popped collars
The champagne of rap when whining is not an option
Used to do pop ups, gang shit
After tour the revenue wouldn't fit in shoe boxes
Giving the Creator his due props
But you ought to do what you thought proper
And fall off in the heard like Mufasa
The top shotter, fox body modded
Down south you see them rims and whips hopping
On the west still riding Coups and Impalas
Proud of copping Pradas as resolution to their problems
Every good morning, my girl say grand rising
Heavyweights still stay polished as hair models

You riding wave after wave, playing survival
And I'm only ever decent in my arrival
Digi-dash, I could play games on the console
Smoke to stay sane, brain left and my mind's gone
They riding wave after wave, playing survival
And I'm only ever decent in my arrival
Blood line been a rough ride but I drive slow
They searched the plane bag, ain't find the hydro
Flocka show out in the Bay, I got the stage pass
When we eat we can all go and get the combo
Devil's in the details, the Lambo diablo
As far as I know that's fair as the carnival
Hit my phone to put me on with some who'd rather get it on
And make it known than sing a song to get along
Was on roam before we had to sit at home
They all the same so I'm Gucci on these different clones