

# Earvin Magic Johnson

Nas

On my Earvin Magic Johnson, I'm enterprising  
I keep it ghetto like the hood before they gentrified it  
I might burn this bitch down, Left Eye, Andre Rison  
I can't trust you built for cuban links unless we tied in

Shout to Rae and Ghost  
Can it be all so simple? One of my favorite quotes  
From 42nd Street, days of pimps wearing suede loafers  
That McDonalds is still there where we had to trade blows  
Then I stood on stages, Australia on occasion  
Country Club, House of Blues, stadium status, hands wavin'  
Hip-Hop 50 celebration, funny we the same age and  
We just keep on getting iller, word to Heavy, word to Dilla  
Word to Hev, word to Dilla  
Milk D, I'm top billin', cooked in soul, grandma's skillet  
And they rearrange my quotes, try to make me out the villain  
Have you jammed up like what you spread on toast  
Here's a dose of that interesting poetry others wishing they wrote  
We don't smell y'all smoke, you should try a different approach  
Word to Hev, word to Dilla  
Overweight pockets for my niggas 'til the scales tippin', get it?

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(Only built for Cuban links)  
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I can't trust you built for none of this unless we tied in

Family ties, squad ties, money ties  
Suit and ties, shoes tied, ready to ride, choose a side  
Thought I told you all the time that we was surfin'  
And you know I'm down for my niggas, free C-Murder  
Fuck the chat, you know that I'm 'bout my mathematics  
When you run up mad numbers, yeah, that's when they get the maddest  
Acrobatics with the alphabets, I gave out Pateks  
And I gave out Rollies and new Ranges to the baddest  
Plus I wear the scars from the streets, ducking the mark of the beast  
I know some brothers doin' life, they say, "Nas talkin' for me"  
My brother Will for real, he used to thug the thugs  
I'm throwin' George Washingtons 'cause we them ones, uh  
Word to Hev, word to Dilla  
Rest up, half a million on an island all alone, I still ball  
Me and Wilson put up forty on the board  
At the Forum like I'm Magic and Kareem on the floor  
Pat Riley on the bench callin' plays, I just score (I just score, I just score)  
Callin' plays, we just score (I just score, yeah)  
Word to Hev, word to Dilla  
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