

It's Magic

Paul Wall

Yeah

Yes

We do this with no apology

Paul Wall, Termanology

With hands down one of the best, true, I gotta be

Fools running 'round here front, no, probably

While I'm breathing, all of my roses now, honor me

Boy, you still in the hood? I be in the new spot

I go to the dealership, you be in the used lot

This is what separates me and you clearly

And one, two mic check one, two you hear me?

This is not a test

I mix it up with the best

If this was military, have medals all on my chest

Cory Penn in the flesh and the talk never rests

When I could smack you like old boy did for far less

Do this for no clout

Show you what it's all about

And for the record, you can keep my wife's name out your mouth

Do you wanna press charges with their ass off top?

And he kept it one hundred, my brother Ziploc

I gotta let 'em know

I gotta let 'em know

Paul Wall, baby

Ay, ay

Turn up the decibel and move back the decimal

I come through, times ten, epitome of professional

Eating a psilocybin edibles, smoking vegetables

Back it up like some vegetable and split it like a sectional

Flow impeccable, every verse is a spectacle

Couldn't see me with spectacles

The Wall is impregnable

When you write your top five, make sure my name's legible

A walking NFT, my presence is collectible

The payments early, that means we on schedule

Actual factual, you keep it hypothetical

High evaluation, we the upper pedestal

CL and Statik, this a long way from Reginald

Quite incredible how I impress the skeptical

Fortitude intestinal, I'm thorough to the skeletal

The level that I'm on is inaccessible

My title's incontestable

So get off of my testicles

Said, it's magic

'Ology

Paul Wall, baby, CL

Here we go

I hit that booth like it's nothin', I got that stupid production

She in my crew, then we fuckin', I got her loose and she bustin'

I'm makin' loot with her cousins, they all loopy and thuggin'

'Cause I'm addicted to cash, the only boo I be cuffin'

And I be Blueberry puffin', them eggs be movin' in dozens

I don't have stupid discussions, I hold a Ruger, it's Russian
The homie Stat', he be diggin', he got that stupid percussion
I'm on that stoop with a Dutch and no, I ain't movin' for nothin'
You follow rules, it's disgusting, I just be do what I wantin'
Carry a tool like I'm huntin', I eat your food like a muffin
I really come from the hood, really come from the gutter
My daddy beat me up bad and I put that on my mother

Yeah, I'm truly a G, shining through your TV
When I be doing my thing, I charge a beautiful fee
In the coupe or a V, state troopers can see
They mad that I'm still shining, wanna shoot me for free
Making music with that Stat', told him, "Loop up a beat"
Pistol whip you in your mouth, have you chewing your teeth
Do the stallion dance, might shoot at your feet
Might bag a few grams, might move you a key
Always murdered the beat, every verse I release
Making bangers with Paul, now we 'bout to repeat
They say my pen is elite, from the pen' to the streets
Give me a pen and the pad, now pay attention, it's deep
This shit is magic

Magic