

# Magic

Vince Staples

Mustard on the beat, hoe

Feeling like I'm floating to the ceiling, is it magic?  
Baby, tell me why you disappearin', this is magic  
I won't ever tell 'em how I did it, it was magic  
Can you imagine?  
Money in the mattress, love the way I stack it  
I can make it rain blue hundreds, can you catch it?  
If somebody come through bluffin' I'ma blast 'em  
And tell the police I don't know what happened

If I gave a fuck about a citch, I'd always be broke  
I'd never get to pull up in a Benz with my locs  
Growin' up, we was poor, so we hopped off that porch  
With a gun, tryna blow, tryna kick down your door  
But that's old news, spreading love now  
Sick of police lights, sick of gun sounds  
Niggas' bread ain't up, so they come foul  
But it's handshakes, hugs when I come 'round, wow  
Funny style, hate to see a nigga smilin'  
Hundred miles and runnin' through the public housin'  
Movin' mountains, fuck who I was stumpin' down with  
Gunnin' down shit, sittin' in the back of Crown Vics  
So janky, know them niggas down the street still hate me  
Hope lil baby know that she can't play me  
Dumb hoe, love cost but the game free, dumb hoe

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Crip and blood shit  
That's the only thing I ever been in love with it  
So I hope he know we never goin' public  
Hands full so I can't hold grudges, nah  
I be thuggin', jumpin' out the backseat bustin'  
Everybody we be beefin' with be sayin' that they bleedin' shit  
But see us and they don't do nothin'  
Ah, put it on the dead locs  
They know I been 'bout it-'bout it since the get-go  
If I hit the corner quick and better get low  
You ain't with it nigga, what you from the set for?  
I just wanna be successful  
You won't never ever see me with my head low  
Momma met my daddy, then they had me in the ghetto  
Handed me a thirty-eight and told me I was special, norf

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See when you come from nothing, make it into something - I call that luck  
But when you come from where we come from, I call that magic  
And when you get two niggas from different sides of the city, to do somethin  
g like this, I guess you could call that magic  
Getting off of Section 8, welfare  
Now it's Rolls Royces, private jets - that's magic  
Let me know what's magic to you, yeah