

# Magic

Yung Gravy

Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
It's Jason Rich, baby  
Bum bum bum bum bum bum bum  
Oh baby

Gravy get near, your bitch disappear  
I call that shit magic (Oh)  
She was your b, now she with me  
Ain't that shit tragic (Baby)  
Gravy get close, you get comatose  
That shit automatic (Oh)  
I'm casting spells, you takin' Ls  
Shit is fantastic  
Pull up on a bitch and get steamy  
Think I'm Houdini lookin' like a genie (aye)  
Got that sauce Fettuccine  
Gravy so creamy  
Wrist so gleamy (Ooh, ooh)  
Shit (Shit), I'm in it (I'm in it)  
Eatin' that God damn spinach  
With a bad bitch, she Finnish (Bad bitch)  
Gravy get near, your career get finished

I'm like, "Open Sesame" (Sesame)  
Now your bitch right next to me (Next to me)  
Pipe up, that's my destiny (Destiny)  
Call that shit finessery, baby  
Oh, that's a flex  
Do a little trick, now your bitch is your ex  
Heard my voice now she tryin' to have (Oh)  
Flexin' ain't too complex, baby  
Ala-ka-fuckin'-zam  
I'm like Bitch, "Who is your man's?  
Abracadabra with these hands  
Hit your bitch with the Shazam

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That shit automatic (Oh)  
I'm casting spells, you takin' Ls  
Shit is fantastic  
Pull up on a bitch and get steamy  
Think I'm Houdini lookin' like a genie (aye)  
Got that sauce Tortellini  
Gravy so creamy  
Wrist so gleamy (Ooh, ooh)  
Shit (Shit), I'm in it (I'm in it)  
Eatin' that God damn spinach  
With a bad bitch, she Finnish (Bad bitch)  
Gravy get near, your career get finished

So sorry, that I had to end it  
Gravy serve it up like I'm playin' fuckin' tennis

Twenty eighteen I'll be running for the senate  
Gravy took your bitch, that's a fuckin' epidemic  
Hear the bird call and your bitch come-hither  
Your bitch hit my line and the goods get delivered  
Pull up and I splash like a motherfuckin' river  
Wrist so cold make a grown man shiver

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