

# Magic hour

## Tommy Pulse

AZ:

yea, poet, politician, player when neccessary

this is AZ, im ya host for the evening,

its magic hour, how we gon do this

no stress we on the sands in tahiti

bare chest you bastards 30 grand on the pinky

respect finnesse rumors like the hands in grafitti

grey goose mixed with grape cran and the kiwi

its truth hoes galore pros go clothes galore

take paper till they close the door

either or gonna hustle or hustle on tour

done seen it all nothin left than to stumble or mourn

the sex, is fantazin' flow, campaigns him

dough, cant change him courts, cant arraign him it sports

titanium force iranian taught i came to inforce

all the bangers support

caught ya bang at ya fort

torch and tangle ya thoughts

scorch and stand if you're short so of course

its the chillin conversate kneel its the lamalate

millions im tryina chase iller from out the gate

get it right my feelings is not awake

ducati bikes is shipped from outta state

the pressure is on the blunts is lit

my presence is strong its real im amongst the mix

the wessen is long i move like im on some shit

so testin is wrong cos once guns is drawn thats it

the beef the rap the game is done

we leap we yap we smack we bang them guns

we beef with vests we strapped we came to come so

peace to that hes back nigga one

CL smooth:

yea chairman of the board man, black leader, the mecca don, el presidente

ladies and gentlemen

all i do is bring the light to a dead game the moment i came

under my umbrella my flag my name

if the ship leavin the port, cruise to the resort  
you cant be serious baby, this is sport  
got to make my rounds hit walls for this pack  
till its ma and A steppin outta both sides of that maybach  
we can eat lovely just dont interupt me  
and mix all this checkmate with they quiet money  
i can see it all bubblin the move is no troublin  
ima give you the plug in to Sosa  
they all love C.L no jail for homie  
only gotta tell me one time dont fuck me tony  
just buy weight fly straight and keep me right  
and i dont care what i spend on security  
it helps me sleep at night see nothin sharp as me  
you takin it there you cant compare  
to the initials engraved in my office chair  
the boss is here deep in the game  
cant do it the same gotta bring a strong leash for ya dame  
i pop up speakin of cheddar me and son peakin together  
cant feel its the real deal and lettin the meat ball  
meet the berretta smellin like fresh cut leather  
odd colour corbs sasparilla the curtains drawn  
the seats vanilla let em see heat forever  
takin that seat in powers all you want in this magic hour

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