

Magic City Monday (feat. Future & 2 Chainz)

Jeezy

[Intro: Jeezy]

Yeah, that truck backin' up
Yeah, yeah, yeah, whoa! [Hook: Jeezy]
Bitch we ain't playin' 'bout that money
We got 'em wrapped up like a mummy
That Presidential lookin' sunny
Feel like a Magic City Monday
These niggas hatin' on a playa, holdin' their nuts on a playa
They wanna see a nigga fall out the game
Just know I stay smokin' good, steady ballin' on these suckas
Countin' paper, I suggest you do the same [Verse 1: Jeezy]
Jizzle is the name, hustlin' is the game
Bought everything on the mannequin, money like a train
Might just walk up out of Neiman's and go buy me a plane
Black drophead Phantom just to hog up all the lanes
If you don't think that's funny, then you don't know me, money
If you playin' 'bout this paper, then you don't know me, honey
The clique don't do no holsters, we standin' on the sofa
And we be in them Rolls, the ones that come with chauffeurs
Who the fuck the DJ? He playin' all my hits
Say who them niggas puttin' on? Bet they got all the bricks
Money's the agenda, we mix it like a blender
Got ten off in the fender, with steps up in the center [Hook: Jeezy]
Bitch we ain't playin' 'bout that money
We got 'em wrapped up like a mummy
That Presidential lookin' sunny
Feel like a Magic City Monday
These niggas hatin' on a playa, holdin' their nuts on a playa
They wanna see a nigga fall out the game
Just know I stay smokin' good, steady ballin' on these suckas
Countin' paper, I suggest you do the same [Verse 2: 2 Chainz]
Rest in peace Nando, car full of ammo
Abracadabra, Magic, Orlando
Hop up out the bando, hop up out the Lambo
Got my Cuban links on, they gon' need a passport
I'm doin' the dashboard, paid \$300 cash for it
Used to have the glass like it came out the backboard
Came in the backdoor, skin color rim
Man the bitch keep rubbin' on me, I'ma turn into a genie

Got that Magic City flow, got that money on the floor
I'm so close to the club, I damn near parked on the floor
It's a line at the door, niggas lyin' at the door
Hit the hotel suite and put the sign on the door[Hook: Jeezy]
Bitch we ain't playin' 'bout that money
We got 'em wrapped up like a mummy
That Presidential lookin' sunny
Feel like a Magic City Monday
These niggas hatin' on a playa, holdin' their nuts on a playa
They wanna see a nigga fall out the game
Just know I stay smokin' good, steady ballin' on these suckas
Countin' paper, I suggest you do the same[Verse 3: Future]

BRRRRRRRRR

That's that check runnin' through the machine!
I got the retail on 'em
By the time it get to you it got detail on it
We got that fishscale on it
By the time it get to you it got seashells on it
I get a rush now
Walkthrough the Rollie and bust down
After I flooded my wrist
I go jump in your bitch and then jump in a foreign
You know what I represent
Everything I whip up, yeah it gotta be foreign
We wrap it up like a mummy
Finessin' and wrappin' up dummy
I got a plug on the girl
But I know, I know you tellin'

I gotta shit on you first, cause I know you jealous
I had to jump off the porch, now I'm fully developed
Baller status, absolutely, top back, no roof
They search around for the street fare
They'll never have a clue[Hook: Jeezy]
Bitch we ain't playin' 'bout that money
We got 'em wrapped up like a mummy
That Presidential lookin' sunny
Feel like a Magic City Monday
These niggas hatin' on a playa, holdin' their nuts on a playa
They wanna see a nigga fall out the game
Just know I stay smokin' good, steady ballin' on these suckas
Countin' paper, I suggest you do the same[Outro: Future]

Super

Who you know run up the check like that?
Who you know run up the check like that?
Who you know run up a tab like that?

Hendrix! Hendrix!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>