

# Magic

## Future

Off the top I'm bossed up  
You ain't talking money don't talk to us  
I'm steady stacking that guac up  
Ball harder than you when I'm locked up  
You the type of nigga that pop up  
When niggas rolling that kush, huh  
Got mine growing like grapevines  
In the back yard, come look, bruh  
I pull up, hop out, bad ho just pop out  
Hating nigga better watch out  
Still riding with that Glock out  
My style so mean til it's hostile  
And aggressive dawg, come check your dawg  
Spend a couple of mill, no stress at all  
Big bank roll, no checks at all  
FYI I'm flexing y'all, game A1 professional  
You small ball like golf balls  
I basketball, go ask your broad  
Tell her legs open sesame  
Abracadabra she wet for me  
Like ta-da, voila, Gucci, Louie, Stravers, Prada

Fishtailing out the parking lot leaving Magic  
Two bad bitches and I got 'em out of Magic  
The way I made it work, disappear, call it magic  
Sipping on the Purple and the Yellow, drinking Magic  
Voila, magic, voila, magic, voila, magic, voila, magic  
Fishtailing out the parking lot leaving magic  
Sipping on the Purple and Yellow, drinking Magic

On my way to Aspen, I forgot to do my taxes  
Call up my accountant, he gon' make it do magic  
Had to get a driver just to drop me at the airport  
Way I smoked the Blunts man I burned 'em up like Newport  
Fifty thousand dollars on superstar attire  
K.E. and Young Future bringing them fire  
All this damn cash make a bitch wanna retire  
Gotta drop a half a brick you wanna put me on a flyer  
Excuse me but my lingo crazy

See these diamonds ain't none of 'em fugazi  
Two bad bitches wanna fuck me the greatest  
AOG in a brand new Mercedes  
Turn out the lot I'mma do a 180  
For the haters I'mma go ahead do it 360  
Drinking on a Sprite got Lean all in it  
I'm a astronaut nigga better trust my pimping

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Billionaire boy that's true inspiration  
Learn to astronaut kid no such thing as limitation  
Flying down 20 in the motherfucking spaceship  
Just left Magic in the motherfucking basement  
Two bitches trailing in a Beemer out of Germany  
Got a thing for me, don't want a thing from me  
They like my energy, not my Embassy  
I know tricks like Criss Angel  
I don't trick but I could make you famous  
You could disappear from your past life  
You'll reappear, no outta sight  
I'm Pluto talking, to Jimmy walking, when you walking  
I used to be fly but now I'm hawking  
I rose on Earth and now I'm satisfied, while I  
I stay high, my bitches on they high horse  
I double back like two cups  
And pull out in that new Porsche

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