

Future, Magic

Tell ya Off top I'm bossed up, you ain't talking money don't talk to us
I'm steady stacking that guap up
Ball harder den you when I'm locked up
You type of nigga just pop up
When niggas rolling that kush huh
Got mine growing like grape vines
In the backyard, come look, bruh
I pull up, hop out, bad hoes just pop out
Hatin' niggas better watch out, still riding with that glock out
My style so mean it's hostile And aggressive dawg come check it dawg
Spend a couple mils, no stress at all
Big bank roll no checks at all
FYI I'm flexin ya'll game ain't won professional
You small ball like golf ball
I basketball, go ask your broad
Til' her legs open sesame
Abracadabra, she wet for me
Like ta-ra, voila, gucci louie strappers prada, ah

Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot
Leavin' magic
Two bad bitches & I got 'em out of magic
The way I make that work -disappear call it magic
Sipping on the purple and the yellow drinking magic.
Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot
Leavin' magic
Two bad bitches & I got 'em out of magic
The way I make that work- disappear call magic
Sipping on the purple and yellow drinking magic.
Voila! magic, voila! magic, voila! magic, voila! magic
Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot
Leavin' 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 gone make it do magic
Had to get a driver just to drop me at the airport (for what?)
The way I smoked the blunts man I burned 'em up like newport (smoke up)
\$50, 000 on a superstar's attire (design!)
Ke & young future bringin' them the fire
All this damn cash make a bitch wanna retire
Gotta drop a half a brick you wanna put me on a flyer
'Cuse me but my lingo crazy
See these diamonds ain't none of 'em forgave me
Two bad bitches wanna fuck me the greatest
Aye young g in a brand new mercedes
Turn out the lot I'm a do a 180
For the haters I'm a gone 'head & do a 360
Drinkin' on sprite got lean all day
I'm a astronaut nigga better church my pimpin'

Billionaire boy that's true inspiration
Learned the astronaut kid no such thing as limitation
Flyin' down 20 in the mothafuckin' spaceship
Just left magic in the mothafuckin' (dayship?)
Two bitches trailin' in a beamer outta Germany
Gotta thing for me, don't wanna sing for me, they like my energy, I'm a embassy
I know tricks like cris angel
Ion trick but I could make you famous
You could disappear from yo past life
You a real pill no outta sight
I'm pluto talkin', jimmy walkin' when you walkin'
I used to be fly but now I'm hawkin'
I was an earthlin' now I'm sifi

While I, I stay high]
My bitches on they high horse
I double back like two cups
And pull out in that new porsche