

Magic, Let's Roll

[Magic]

Yeah

Didn't think I was coming back this hard, right?

Body Head, Bad Boy

Fore I leave

[Chorus: Magic]

I'ma take him out back, buck him up good

Make him respect my god damn hood

Let's Roll, They bout to call them people, tell them niggaz

Lets Roll, They bout to call them people

[8 Ball]

Fat boy hoes choose quick when I hit the door

Jealous ass niggaz frown up, can't control they hoe

My crew thick, full of boys who ain't never scared

Niggaz who be frontin, give um something for they big head

Shots of Patrone, boyz blowed from the buzz blow

Keep your demo, your fucking with my buzz joe

We getting tipsy, looking for lips that wanna wrap around

A rapper in your town, get your friends, it's going down

We strictly pimpin, poppin hot ones til the clip is empty

ESC on twenty-sixes or the black bentley

I practice ripping mics and know these cats cannot see me

I'm doing this shit so fucking sweet, I make it look easy

From the city where they sing the blues and move keys

Fuck what you heard, I'm the shit in Memphis, Tennessee

I'm coming hard, that's the only way I know to do it

I only flash down when I no I longer shoot it

[Chorus]

[Magic]

Whatcha know about

Breaking bottles and making weapons just to stay alive

Belt buckles and brass knuckles born from the nine

Swangin bows and hitting hoes, hoping niggaz see

On the end of my elbow is where you don't wanna be

Right song and right liquor, nigga getting sluck

See, we don't get crunk, my niggaz get buck

I'm a regular shit starter

Born and baptized in the purest of firewater

Shellhouse mentality, get it or get it got

Either your wit it or your not, but you know I'm bout

Jumpin off in the crowd, goin to war with the

First nigga that speak out, breakin their fuckin jaw

I'm from the mighty ninth ward of New Orleans

And a ass whippin is the only thing that I offer

Never lookin for trouble, trouble lookin for me

Since y'all asked for it, fore I leave

[Chorus]

[David Banner]

Raise my middle finger, screaming nigga, "Fuck all y'all"

I got my bullets thinking, "Shit I can't duck all y'all"

Let the hammer fall flat til your brain on the wall

They gonna have to swim through blood like fins from jaws

To the south part of Atlanta, do I let that nigga go?

Hell no, that's what that nigga get for acting like a hoe

Or a bitch or a slut, mayne go and get some nuts

Just so you can let 'em hang and get them fuckers cut

Off of your body, off of your frame, mayne stop it

Your pistol like a pussy in church, you never pop it

My finger fuck the trigger, my nigga lets get it on
I run up in your home and slap your ass with the chrome
What the fuck? you want it, go and knuckle up
I'll take those signs and leave ya laying in the dust
Or like a baby daddy, gat'll pop you in the mouth
Fuck shit, that nigga still screaming for a shout

[Chorus]