

# Magic, What I Gotta

Police voice:

The subject we got here is a known drug pusher

Sellin drugs in a high crime area

Have you searched him yet?

Yeah, he had money, he had a beeper on him, but uh, we got him

Chorus: Mo B. Dick & [Silkk]

I gotta do what I gotta do [gotta have money, gotta have game]

And break you off [gotta have heart, if you wanna have thangs] x2

Verse 1: Silkk the Shocker

See I'm that type of nigga, gotta do what I gotta

Like send my girl on a plane ride, taped up with keys of narcotic

But I ain't that type of nigga, thats gon' tell you what I'm gon' do

You fuck up, I'm a kill ya, and I put that shit on TRU

See I'm that type of nigga that ride with the rich, kick it with the poor

Just cuz of some shit that I used to do, and my rep

Everybody see me, all of a sudden hit the floor

Rest in peace to my nigga, go head and rest y'all head

Nigga that killed ya, I'm torturin' him, the rest, they dead

So Magic pass me them thangs and let me get 'em (let me get 'em)

Nah I ain't lookin' for you dog

But I'm a fuck you up if you wit 'em (so don't be with 'em)

Now see, I'm that type of nigga, that's gon' ball 'till they fall (fall)

Dollar bills will stay stackin' and gold and platinum on the wall (wall)

Yeah, I'm that type of nigga but I'm wrong cuz I know I'd hit her (hit her)

Right before I leave and drop some of my flows

So when he come on home, you can kill her

Now either you with me dog look , or you oppossed to my shit

Nigga like the ice up on my tank, so fuck it I froze my wrist (stupid)

Now either way you wanna do, choose, let's take it, a chance

Now we can do it how you want to, what you wanna do, we can dance

So don't trip just drop the beat and I'm a drop the heat (heat)

And if this rap shit slow down go to the dope game bitch and cop a key

Whatcha wanna do

Chorus x 4

Verse 2: Magic

I got to be real with ya, I'm that type of nigga that really don't give a fuck

My hobbies was totin' tecks Jack and my first words were give it up

It was hard to maintain, couldn't see myself workin' this 9 to 5

I'd rather be hustlin' on the corner with my niggas, gettin' high

Chancin' my own life, I'm strapped, got a pocketful of bud

But I wouldn't have it no other way, my daddy done raised a thug

I never rooted for the good guys, I was always for the bad (bad)

I guess that's why I got Master P's pictures posted around my pad

My ghetto heroes was drug dealer, killers and cap peelers

I didn't do too bad for myself cuz, now Magic makin' millions

Me and Silkk unbeatable team we can't be stopped (can't be stopped)

We ain't got nothin' to prove to nobody (nothin')

Fuck wit' us, you get popped

It's a brand new generation, and we the children of the future

So I'm gon' do what I gotta do because that's what I'm used to

Either you with me or you against me, ball or nigga fall

But I'm a No Limit Soldier, so I'm comin' for it all

Chorus x 4