

Magno, Holdin' That Nine Flow

(*scratching*)

[Magno]

Magnificent, I'm married to the streets for better or worse
I better my verse, cause my chedda come first
I might grab the mic, but still wet up your shirt
Then pay for your funeral, leather your hearse
I bring heat to make the world get stuffy, enough game
To park the slab come back, and put your girl on a Huffy
Yo Mag rock pearls, cause they lovely boppers-boppers
Just love how the choppers shining, twirl on a Dully
How you wanna do it, spit the tech or a jab
You got screens, but I connect the Internet in my slab
You ain't said shit, me and Mike wreck the collabs
Fuck the hate, you can show us love direct with a dab
And to let you haters know, I'm straight out the gutter
I got niggaz on my team, that'll take out your mother
Bill-sixty with the markers, my click be with the sparkles
My wallet stay fatter, than Nikki from the Parkers
Like I won't, shatter your sections
I go from being a nice guy to fuck you, in a matter of seconds
Pack a nine, just to find the haters
And I'm passing shells out, like taco combined to waiters

(*scratching*)