

Magno, Just To Get By

(*talking*)

Uh Magno, the Rookie of the Year coming soon
Collection Plate baby, holla

(Magno)

I get by, with a G a week
In other words, I get a G to speak
And put words together, vault open come and serve the cheddar
That's all, for putting verbs together
I'm slick with the ladies, Mag' never hang where them gay's be
Watch me freestyle, from the known where my ways be
I love rap, cash flow is great
Won't be long till I build, the Magno Estates
And pull up in a Lac, chrome with dayt's
That's plural, I turn all my flows into murals
On the wall somewhere, niggas stay watching my ice
My rocks, bigger than Monopoly dice
You cop it once, then I'm copping it twice
You joking my life, I'ma hog the mic homeboy till my broccoli's right
Y'all broke still, me I'm never grumpy
Cause my pockets stay lumpy, like bad Oatmeal
Niggas think I'm going pop, like a firecracker
Don't make me get out of character, like retired actors
I spit the throwdest bars, only floss the coldest cars
Dick stay between lips, like soda straws

(Hook)

I spit flows, just to get by
When I grab the mic, you know I spit fly
Feeling my high's, and my low's
I spit flows, and get do'
I do shows come back, and stack grands
I show love, to all of my fans
Never turn Hollywood, cause I learned
That God could take back, everything I earned
Just to get by, just to get by
Just to get by, just to get by
Feeling my high's, and my low's
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Never turn Hollywood, cause I learned
That God could take back, everything I earned
Just to get by

(Magno)

I keep your dame phony smiling
She hoping I'ma give her my foot long weener, like James Tony Island
Magno, bound to be that name Sony signing
Prolly next June, you gon be her ex soon
Cause she after the green, she love my flow
Even though I'm complicated, like Aviril Levine
But uh, that's out of the question
If a nigga talk down, I'm throwing bullets straight out of the Wesson
Fuck y'all I tuck y'all, like a back of a shirt
Fuck around and find yourself, in the back of a hearse
I'll make a hospital trip, start clapping your nurse
That's my style you don't like me, I'm attacking you first
My crib got golden gates, like San Francisco
Magno the kid, that got more cookies than Nabisco
Ice on my pinky, is the reason that my fist glow
My sick flow, is the reason Magno flip do'
Do I trick no, but I give the chicks dick no
They love to give me head, but they never get licked low

Cause I make hoes faint
When I pull up in that deuce and a quarter, fresh Macco paint, I get by

(*talking*)

Uh yeah, Magno ya heard
It's the Rookie of the Year, uh
Back on the block with it
Straight spitting mayn, no chorus
Taking it right back to hip-hop baby
This how we do it, uh
Banging greens feel with it, licking green East
Cashmore Garden, got fam over there baby
Acres Home, 5th Ward what's up
Uh, putting it down, Magno ya heard, holla