

# Magno, Old School Beat

(Magno)

It's Magno on a old school beat, 22's on a old school fleet  
You ain't a Cadillac Mag, I could tell by them hoes you meet  
Girls love me cause the flow's unique, it's no competition  
Don't even try to rap Mag, we rock fitted's now  
Throw away that snap back, if it's a Mag track then you know that's money  
That's a hardwood classic, not a throwback dummy  
In Denver Colorado, with a Colfax honey  
Like a nose I got a flow that's runny, yeah  
You know me, I'm down to choke and beat a hater  
That's if I lose my cool, like a broke refrigerator  
Y'all niggas think y'all muffle, till I break y'all face into pieces  
Like a jigsaw puzzle, hoes ease my brain like a cheap psychiatrist  
I got they voice breaking up, like cingular wireless  
I cock back, and let that weaponry go  
Your flows tacky, outdated like That 70's Show  
Magnificent that kid, that's destined to blow  
Collecting the do', put that Smith-N-Wess to your throat  
Either take a deep swallow, or three hollows  
Choose wisely, I treat you cats like Ron Isely  
Left between the sheets, when I bust that 3-8  
Got your mom's crying a river, like Justin T-lake  
So go ahead, just admit I'm best  
'Fore I put this chrome to your pipe, like an emission test  
You ain't even 'pose, to been a roller  
Dealing with Mag, chiefs get bagged like groceries at Kroger's  
I got the cutest broads, I pull up with model chicks  
That's taller, than NBA shooting guards  
But Magno's, playing the point  
I assist her with dick, and then we blazing a joint  
I keep on displaying the point, that I'm the coldest  
I'm the joystick, I control this  
That's why your ex, still wanna page  
My album gon sell, like X pills at a rave  
The Rookie of the Year, gon make a mill in a day  
If it don't, I'm making mills from the game  
I never beg for pennies, think different  
Better scramble, like some eggs at Denny's  
I got that chrome and that lead, to tempt me  
I'ma squeeze, till your head is empty  
Magnificent spit that real, and make a jerk nervous  
People sleeping on your flows, like church service  
Cause you worthless, who messing with Mag  
Keep talking, you'll be missing a dad  
Matter fact you'll be missing a moms, you get abused for joking  
My balls so big, they could be used for bowling  
And I don't mean to seem ferocious  
My click exterminate, but I don't mean for roaches  
I got lines, like a operator  
Might go to Oakland, and just cop the Raiders  
You just don't know man, I'll pop a hater  
You got some do' man, but my knot is greater  
Then nod your head, in a slow bob  
I hate working, but I will take a blow job  
It's Magno, I keep wrecking the flow  
That's why your boy, collecting the do'  
I step in the room ice chain, Mike got the ice mouth  
You might see us on T.V., the ice house  
A street flavor, we got that street flavor  
haters wanna hate, but them stats beat haters, yeah