

Styles, Black Magic

(feat. Angie Stone)

[Angie Stone in background]

You...

Wha, wha yeah

It's like a team over here daddy

One for all, and one for one (let it flow, flow, flow... ahh yeah...)

If it aint that then it aint right

If you be knowin that, you'll be aight

[Verse 1]

My heart goes out to the homeless and poor

and my niggas in the bing that didn't go to the board

wit a 25 to L on your back the shit is too cold

and for the kids that didn't get they school clothes

For the gods that lost they earth

The world's a song you'll get it back you just lost your verse

It's P verse the demons, that's why I'm feenin for weed

Cuz I don't wanna forfeit first

I could even bust my gun and do some office work

But I still wanna off this jerk (shit...)

I can't leave it out my rhymes (why)

cuz it be part of my dreams, to see 20 porsches murk

Three houses for the family, two for the niggas

When I die I was true to the niggas (true soldier)

and I never practice voodoo

But it's like Black Magic how I spit this fluid to niggas

[CHORUS: Angie Stone]

How do you move on his way

When taking all this stress and pain

There's gotta be a better way

There's gotta be a better way yeah

If I should give up hope today

P won't you help me find my way

All I really want...

Is to live my life so we can just get high yeah, yeah

[Verse 2]

Ask God when he stoppin the pain

A fiend got a shoelace on his arm and he poppin his vein

and the needle look dirty but I'm close to reaching thirty

and the only thing I know it's a profit to gain

I might cry but I'm still cold

I might be cold but I still cry

and bottomline I'ma still die

I can see the doors openin now

I can see the ghost floatin around

That's why P come down with the potenest sound

spit the shit that'll open the ground (crack the ground)

My third eye got a horoscope (see it all)

So if you wanna know my horoscope, listen to the bars I wrote

Build and destroy

Come through the strip wit, bricks of the girl and keys of the boy

Cuz all I really want (what)

Was a gun and blunt, a lil money and some keys to a toy

[CHORUS]

[Verse 3]

My whole life been a sacrifice

So if my nigga need my help he aint never gotta ask me twice

I'm the nigga you could kick it wit

You gotta spot you wanna rob I'm the nigga you could stick it wit
I'm in the studio, I'm droppin pain on the beat
I'm famous indeed, but those is two differences
They tryin to understand me, but I overstand 'em
I'm the flowin phanthom, til we blowin random
and to my corner niggas holdin cannons
that want the money and jewels and everything cuz we so demanding
To the hoes that think I'm handsome
that know a gangster when she see one ma, yeah money that's the anthem
Callin niggas like that's the ransom
you could take 'em you could leave 'em but your man aint a happy camper
If P flowin then that's the cancer
Holiday the hottest shit point blank dog that's the answer

[CHORUS x2]