

Vince Staples, MAGIC (FEAT. MUSTARD)

Feeling like I'm floating to the ceiling, is it magic?
Baby tell me why you're disappearing, is it magic?
I won't ever tell 'em how I did it, it was magic
Can you imagine? Money in the mattress

Love the way I stack it
I can make it rain blue hundreds, can you catch it?
If somebody come thru bluffin' I'mma blast 'em
And tell the police I don't know what happened

If I gave a fuck about a citch, I'd always be broke
I'd never get to pull up in a benz with my LOCs
Growing up, we was poor so we hopped off that porch
With a gun tryna blow, tryna kick down your door

But that's old news. Spreading love now
Sick of police lights, sick of gun sounds
Niggas bread ain't up so they come foul
But it's handshakes, hugs when I come 'round. Wow

Funny style, hate to see a nigga smiling
Hundred miles and runnin' through the public housing
Moving mountains, for who I was stomping down with
Gunning down shit, sitting in the back of Crown Vics

So janky, know the niggas down the street still hate me
Hope lil baby know that she can't play me
Dumb hoe, love costs but the game free
Dumb hoe

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Crip and Blood shit
That's the only thing I've ever been in love with
So I hope you know we never going public
Hands full so I can't hold grudges

Nah, I be thuggin
Jumping out the back seat bustin'
Everybody we be beefing with be saying that they bleeding shit
But see us and they don't do nothing

Aww, put it on the dead LOCs
They know I been 'bout it 'bout it since the get go
If I hit the corner clickin, better get low
You ain't wit it nigga, what you from the set for? Huh?

I just wanna be successful
You will never ever see me with my head low
Mama met my daddy then they had me in the ghetto
Handed me a .38 and told me I was special. Norf

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See, when you come from nothing
Then make it into something, I call that luck
But when you come from where we come from
I call that magic
And when you get two niggas from different sides of the city
To do something like this,
I guess you could call that magic
Getting off of section 8, welfare
Now it's Rolls Royces, private jets
That's magic
Let me know what's magic to you