

Young Thug, Abracadabra (feat. Travis Scott)

Abracadabra

Diamonds blingin', you can't see me like I'm Casper (Yeah)
Take these bitches to Four Seasons and we wrestle (Woah, yeah)
Every motherfuckin' season I get better (Woah, yeah)
Need a ladder 'cause my money in the nose bleed (Yeah)
All this gold on me lookin' like a trophy (Yeah)
You from opp business, you don't know me (Yeah)
Your bitch ridin' my dick like she owe me (Yeah, yeah)
First **** I ever hit was for a Rollie
I put his Nikes on my kids like a goalie
She seen the drip and let me hit like Ginóbili
And I been lookin' around the city since a shawty
Ah-ha
Woo, woo
Ah-ha, eh

Mistress, mistress, tell me who my mistress is
Who the fuck is the creator of the drip and shit?
Got all these bitches on my dick, and yeah, they milkin' shit
Least we double double down 'cause we drip and shit
Just a diamond in the rough
I caught a bag, I'm not gon' tussle
Got sick and tired of showin' my muscle
I'm 'bout to take these nigga's ho
I'm makin' sure they missing
I'm listenin' I was listin'
She shut up and drip-drip
I got implants, not no fillings
Gucci, Louis shoes and Fendi
Made a million, I was straight up off a titty
Ah-ha
Woo-woo

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Abracadabra (Woo)

When the wock disappear in my Shasta (Yeah)
Way I pull up to the crib, down from NASA
She pull up drink my red, think she juggler
Bands mexican, they get faster
When (Skr̩t)
Way I drop a body, I can't crash her
When we left the room, it was a dissaster (Skr̩t)
She like her body plastic, her walls plastered
Come like money cover her with the proceeds
Gotta protect the city, this shit call most billi's
And a second man decided turn to [?]
Can't split this 50/50 with you, bitch you silly (Let's go)
I ain't gon' front, I been back at it (-ack at it)
I ain't tryna- (Phew-phew, phew)

Don't need no in-
Please lock it down, with speeds rolling with the clique
Me, I make the magic with the brown one with the hips, yeah

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We got London on the Track
Metro
Woo, woo
Ah-ha
Ah-ha, eh