

# Future, Magic

Tell ya Off top I'm bossed up, you ain't talking money don't talk to us  
I'm steady stacking that guap up  
Ball harder den you when I'm locked up  
You type of nigga just pop up  
When niggas rolling that kush huh  
Got mine growing like grape vines  
In the backyard, come look, bruh  
I pull up, hop out, bad hoes just pop out  
Hatin' niggas better watch out, still ridin' with that glock out  
My style so mean it's hostile And aggressive dawg come check it dawg  
Spend a couple mils, no stress at all  
Big bank roll no checks at all  
FYI I'm flexin ya'll game ain't won professional  
You small ball like golf ball  
I basketball, go ask your broad  
Til' her legs open sesame  
Abracadabra, she wet for me  
Like ta-ra, voila, gucci louie strappers prada, ah

Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot  
Leavin' magic  
Two bad bitches & I got 'em out of magic  
The way I make that work -disappear call it magic  
Sipping on the purple and the yellow drinking magic.  
Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot  
Leavin' magic  
Two bad bitches & I got 'em out of magic  
The way I make that work- disappear call magic  
Sipping on the purple and yellow drinking magic.  
Voila! magic, voila! magic, voila! magic, voila! magic  
Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot  
Leavin' magic

Sipping on the purple and yellow drinking magic.  
On my way to aspen, I forgot to do my taxes  
Call up my accountant, he gone make it do magic  
Had to get a driver just to drop me at the airport (for what?)  
The way I smoked the blunts man I burned 'em up like newport (smoke up)  
\$50, 000 on a superstar's attire (design!)  
Ke & young future bringin' them the fire  
All this damn cash make a bitch wanna retire  
Gotta drop a half a brick you wanna put me on a flyer  
'Cuse me but my lingo crazy  
See these diamonds ain't none of 'em forgave me  
Two bad bitches wanna fuck me the greatest  
Aye young g in a brand new mercedes  
Turn out the lot I'm a do a 180  
For the haters I'm a gone 'head & do a 360  
Drinkin' on sprite got lean all day  
I'm a astronaut nigga better church my pimpin'

Billionaire boy that's true inspiration  
Learned the astronaut kid no such thing as limitation  
Flyin' down 20 in the mothafuckin' spaceship  
Just left magic in the mothafuckin' (dayship?)  
Two bitches trailin' in a beamer outta Germany  
Gotta thing for me, don't wanna sing for me, they like my energy, I'm a embassy  
I know tricks like cris angel  
Ion trick but I could make you famous  
You could disappear from yo past life  
You a real pill no outta sight  
I'm pluto talkin', jimmy walkin' when you walkin'  
I used to be fly but now I'm hawkin'  
I was an earthlin' now I'm sifi

While I, I stay high]  
My bitches on they high horse  
I double back like two cups  
And pull out in that new porsche