

Magic

"Creepers"

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(*talking*)

Yo come on, I'm doing this shit for my nigga Mac
I'ma keep shit hot and popping, till you back home baby
For my niggaz in the South, these niggaz don't
understand

[Hook - 2x]

You wan' creep with the creepers, ride with the riders
Dance with the devil, the cut throat connivers
Nothing before fam, we keep this tight like pliers
Fuck with us, we'll set this bitch on fire

[Magic]

Look, you got a couple issues need fixing
From now on in the billboard charts, your shit's missing
No name, no dissing
That's not my style, I only beef with my fist
And I only fuck with a few, and that's my crew
Cause they gon wild out, and do the same shit I do
We smoke humps, when we locked up
We stay locked up, because we known to tear the block
up
9th Ward, is the cave I dwell in
When I fell in, I became a two time felon
Trying to switch negatives, to the positive
I chose rap, cause that's where the money is
I'm bout to do this, like the dope game
Increase the product, got every CD shelf stocked up
Cause I'm a hustler, drug smuggler
Head buster, I'm a no good motherfucker
I'm here to flush out, the cast-aways
Rappers riding all the shit, they did yesterday
Cause it's a new era, mo' cheddar
My pockets street, so my rhymes got better
You think a Southern nigga, can't rap
But that's a paying not fact, so they sent me to handle
that
You got a grudge, against Master P
Because he got more loochie, than you coward
niggaz'll ever see
Plus he got me, the annihilator

Probation violator, there's none greater
You ain't gon spend, seventeen on my shit
And feel played, cause they only got a couple hits
My album, you won't believe
I work so damn hard, my hair line's receding
I'm like Jada, kiss the game goodbye
Let's push the weak to the side, let the strong niggaz
ride

[Hook]

[Magic]

Grab a seat, nigga take a listen
Am I the nigga, that you should be dissing I think not
My flows run deeper, like the Mississippi
Go against this nigga, it won't be pretty
You need a prescription, to cop this
And a hundred niggaz, with hundred round clips won't
try and stop this
Lyrically, I'm so versatile
I could rap on a Frank Sinatra track, and rock the crowd
So think, before you speak
Cause New Orleans niggaz, don't beef we creep and uh
Like we creeping, to the top of this food chain
Southern niggaz took a spot, in this rap game
We ignorant, because we never had fortune
We'll share the game, but y'all take a smaller portion
We always, in motion
Getting rid of us, is harder than getting rid of abortions

[Hook - 2x]

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