

Magic

"Never Slippin'"

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Listen, I wouldn't give a fuck if I get Ross Perot rich
You'll never catch me slipping, that's on the one, nigga
I keep shit tight 'cause I'm a solid nigga, you heard me
Even when I'm smoking on some doe-doe or sipping on
some mo-mo
I always keep the 4-4, what, what

You fucking with niggaz, that's 'bout chilling
You fucking with niggaz, that's 'bout killing and
digging a lot of holes
You playing with grown men, that'll beat you to mush
No matter the money or power, you could be touched

Ashes to ashes, nigga, dust to dust
You shorten your own life when you fuck with us
See, I was nurtured by the bosom of the block
That told me in a heated situation, grab the glock and
pop

Until it stops and never turn back, you understand
Soon as you feel remorse, them niggaz got the upper
hand
You'll never catch this nigga slipping
My peripheral vision, one big up on your own intentions
so

So even when you catch me smoking on the doe-doe
Or sipping on a taste of mo-mo
I never leave the crib without the fo'-fo', that's a no-no
Somebody leaving with a bo-bo up in they go-go

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Repetitive niggaz I go against, they don't have a
chance
They won't survive, they'll tell you I'm a hell of a man
I devour the weak and dissessemble the strong
So called rappers with song after song

When will the world understand that I can't be stopped
It won't be as easy as it was with Pac
I'm smarter now, took a situation and learned
Can't trust a nigga 'cause niggaz'll get you burned

Watch paparazzi, a lot of stories'll turn
Trying to get you killed, behind the same money you
earn
Shot my dog, scared of the power that he possessed
But it ain't over nigga, guess who's next

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Give me a reason, I'll open fire like it's kill-a-nigga
season
You heathens don't deserve breathing
I suck the life out of your body with every word that I
speak
And when I'm finished, I'm hoping that that you
deceased

I keep my enemies close, watch they moves, I ain't no
fool
Just because I dropped out of school
It's called common sense and street smarts
Too much heart'll get you tossed in the park, nigga,
lost in the dark

I live the laws of my land, where it's kill or be killed
So don't question if this pistol in my hand is real
Don't question if the stories that you heard are real
Just understand, nigga, this is how I was born for real

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