

Magic

"No Limit"

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[c-murder]

Say magic, snoop bro

The whole world know we bout it, you know what I'm saying

We millionaries, but uh, lets show everybody what no limit is

Where we from, you know what I'm saying

(chorus)

I'm from the motherfucken n-o l-i-m-i-t

You niggas cant fuck with me (4x)

[c-murder]

Nigga I'm c-murder, known to get rowdy in the clubs

Sell tapes to my niggas in the hood selling drugs

I'm a tru member, cause I'm tru to da game

Ask p, I got tru blood running though my veins

I'm a soldier, leutenant, all my tank dogs run

Nigga jump, bitch I'm comin to get all ya'll

Hustling is a habit, dope is a hobby

Still faced with charges of a motherfucking robbery

From the east to the west, coming downsouth killers

Leaving tapes like weight, only thug niggas feel us

I'm a motherfucking rider, full of tatoos

And I represent the projects, cali-0 1-2

A nigga get killed, for running out the crackhouse

A nigga like me smoke weed untill I pass out

I'mma represent (why) cause I'm in the tatoos

On my arm read motherfucking no limit

(chorus 4x)

[magic]

You niggas want it hard, shit, you best beleive that we got it

I'm with c-murder and snoop, so you know we getting rowdy

We run the south all the way up to the westcoast

Collaborated, giving y'all the best of both

Picture the power, ain't nobody stopping this clique

So don't even try it, cause ain't nobody can fuck with
this shit
We some bad motherfuckers, on the way to the top
See we can't be stopped!
Can you blame us, the fucking world can't tame us
We handled our business, now we all fucking famous
C-murder was the case till life or death
Now skys the limit, cause mr. magic is next
Recongize the real, and you tell me who's the gimmick
You gotta be a soldier to ride with no limit
I'm finished, but before I go
I got love for california like I got love n.o.

(chorus 4x)

[snoop dogg]
I'm born and raised in the 2-1-3, the 3-1-0
The 5-6-2, but now I represent the 5-0-4
For sure, see ain't no limit to this
We do it up all night and we keep it trump tight
Do what we have to, it will be a tragedy
Tell 'em quit fucking with your dawg magic
Shit, I'm bout to get drastic on they bitch ass
And send all your fake ass soldiers to a casket fast
On the dip up state, holler at my homeboy
Hook it out, on the homie billy bathgate
Now heres a toast to the coast where they represent
the most
Gangsterish niggas I know get the money and then
they get ghost
And slide to another location
Living downsouth, in the house, for my summer
vacation
I'm blasting on sight, I'm ashing all night
And ain't no limit till I get my motherfucking paper right

(chorus)

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