

Rick Ross

"Magic"

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Ross:

shawty told me, the way I keep pulling that money out
that bag..
it's like magic baby
Don't f*ck with a magician you feel me??
I'm gonna make that 600 pop off,
I'm gonna make that ghost pop up,
That drop here is gonna pop up and that the top gonna
come down you feel me?
Rubber band on my hundo,
800 grand for my condo,
Your girl love my convo,
Stood in line for my concords,
Encore, she gave that b*tch a encore,
Fucked me like a freshman but that ass just so
sophomore,
Say she out that g'lock Atlanta,
So what's your GPA? (Oohh)
I'm in my chevy bangin like I'm outta East LA,
Them bricks be jumpin fast, call me a chick filet,
Yo girl I got her ass, just like I did today,
If you dreamin live it! We young n*ggas livin,
YSL duffle, already know what's in it,
I see no limits, make 'em say UGGHH!
I see no n*ggas with this 100 round drum!
Peelin out the club you know I handle mine,
Takin all these hatin n*ggas b*tches everytime (ha)
Had to pop the trunk pull out the chopper like its magic
(magic)
50 grand on my lap, poof ..like it's magic

Chorus:

Fish tailin out the parkin lot leave 'em magic,
Two bad b*tches and I got 'em outta magic,
The way I make the work disappear call it magic
Sippin on the purple and the yellow drinkin magic (lean)
Vuala..magic, Vuala..magic, Vuala.. magic, Vuala
magic
Fish tailing out the parkin lot leavin magic
Sippin on the purple and the yellow drinkin magic

Future:

On my way to Aspen I forgot to do my taxes (hold on)
Call up my accountant he gon' make it do magic (you good)
Had to get a driver therr to drop me at the airport (for what?)
Way I smoke the blunts man I burn 'em up like newports (smoke up)
Fifty thousand dollars on the superstar attire (design)
KE and young future bringin them fire,
All this time damn cash make a b*tch wanna retire (turn it up),
Gotta drop half a brick you wanna put me on a flyer,
Excuse but my name go crazy,
See these diamonds ain't none of them forgave me,
Two bad b*tches wanna fuck me the greatest,
A young G and a brand new mercedes,
Turn out the light I'm gonna do a 180,
For the haters I'm gon go ahead do a 360,
Drinkin on the sprite gotta lean all day,
I'm an astronaut nigga betta church my pimpin

Chorus

Billionaire boy that's a true inspiration,
Learn the astronaut kid no such thing as limitation (space)
Flyin down 20 in a mothaf*ckin spaceship (take off)
Just left magic in the mothaf*ckin basement,
Two bitch chillin in a beemer outta Germany,
Gotta a thing for me, they wanna sing for me,
Like my energy, I'm a embassy,
I know tricks like Chris Angel,
I don't trick but I could make you famous,
You could disappear from your past life,
You a real ?? now go outta sight,
I'm Pluto talkin, Jimmy walkin,
When you walkin, I used to be fly,
But now I'm hawkin,
I was a earthlin,
But now I'm satisfied,
Why lie? I stay high,
My bitches on that high horse,
I double back like two cups,
I curl out in that new porsche (skiiiir)

Chorus

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