

Unknown

"Blue Magic"

Visit "[Blue Magic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[verse 1]

so wat if u flip a couple words
I cud flip 11 birds
open ya mind
u see da circus n da sky
im ringlin bros, barnum and bailey wit da pies
no matter how u slice it up
ya muthafuckin guy
n jus like a b boy wit 360 waves
do da same wit da pot still comes back beige
whether right is our par(???)
whether powder to jar
whip it around it still comes back hard
so eaily do I W-H-I-P
my repetition wit riches
n bringin kilo business
I got creole cos
for my niggas who slipped, became prisoners
cheek taped to the visitors
u alreadii kno wat da business is
unnecessary commissary
boy we live dis shit
wanna bring da 80s back
dats okay wit me
dats where day made me at
except I dont write it no more
I write my name in da history books
hustlin n da halls
nah I dont spin on my head
I spin buckets and pots
so I cud spend(spin) my bread

[chorus]

I'm kickin it
I'm kickin it
I'm not talking about it
I'm living it
I'm kickin it
Straigh kickin it
Kick-k-k-k it boy

Don't waste your time fighting the light

[verse 2]

dis 87 state of mind dat im in
in my prime so for dat time im rakim
if it wasnt for da crime dat I was in
it wudnt be da guy it is who rhymes it is dat im in
no pain, no profit dapslyrics.com
may I repeat if u show me where da pot is
cherry m-3s with da top back
red and green gs all on my hat
north beach leathers
matchin gucci sweaters
gucci sneakers on 2 keep my outfit together
cant u tell dat I came frum a dope game
Blame Reagan for making me to a monster
Blame Oliver North and Iran Contra
I ran contraband that they sponsored
Before this rhyiming stuff we was in concert

[chorus]

I'm kickin it
I'm kickin it
I'm not talking about it
I'm living it
I'm kickin it
Straigh kickin it
Kick-k-k-k it boy

[verse 3]

Push
Money ova broads
U got it, bush
Chef, guess wat I cooked
We make alotta bread n kept it off da books
Rock star
Look, way b4 da bars my pictures were gettin took
Feds, day like wack rappers
Try as day may
day cudnt get me on da hook
DA wanna indict me
Cuz fishscales in my veins like a pisces
Da Pyrex Paco of my seed(???)
Turn one into 2 like a siamese twin
Wen it end
Imma stand as a man
Neva dyin on my knees
Last of a dyin breed
So let da champagne pop
I partied for a while now im back 2 da bloc

[chorus]
I'm kickin it
I'm kickin it
I'm not talking about it
I'm living it
I'm kickin it
Straigh kickin it
Kick-k-k-k it boy
18f5

Visit [Unknown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.