

## Future ATL "Magic"

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Off top I'm bossed up  
You ain't talking money don't talk us  
I'm steady stacking that guap up  
Ball harder den you when I'm locked up  
You type of nigga dat pop up  
When niggas rolling that kush huh  
Got mine growing like grapevines  
In the backyard, come look, bro  
I pull up, hop out  
bad hoes just pop out  
hating nigga better watch out  
still riding with dat glock out  
my style so mean til it's hostile  
aint aggressive dawg come check it dawg  
Spend a couple of mills, no stress at all  
Big bank roll no checks at all  
FYI im flexin yall  
game A1 professional  
You small ball like golfballs  
I basketball, go ask your broad  
Tell her legs open says me  
Abracadabra, she wet for me  
Like ta-da, voila  
Gucci , Louie , Stravers, Prada, AHH!

Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot  
Leavin' Magic  
Two bad b\*tches & i got 'em out of magic  
The way I make that work -disappear call it magic  
Sipping on the purple and the yellow drinking magic .  
wala! magic, walla! magic, wala! magic, wala! magic  
Fishtailin' out the parkin' lot  
Leaviwn' Magic  
Sipping on the purple and yellow drinking magic.

On my way to Aspen, i forgot to do my taxes  
Call up my accountant, he gone make it to magic  
Had to get a driver just to drop me at the airport(For  
What??)  
The way i smoked the blunts man i burned 'em up like  
Newport(Smoke up)  
\$50,000 on a superstar's attire (Design!)

KE & Young Future bringin' them the fire  
All this damn cash make a b\*tch wanna retire  
Gotta drop a half a brick you wanna put me on a flyer  
'Cuse me but my lingo crazy  
See these diamonds ain't none of 'em forgave me  
Two bad b\*tches wanna f\*ck me the greatest  
Aye Young G in a brand new Mercedes  
Turn out the lot imma do a 180  
For the haters imma gone 'head & do a 360  
Drinkin' on Sprite got lean all day  
Imma Astronaut N\*gga better church my pimpin'

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Billionaire boy that's true inspiration  
Learned the Astronaut Kid no such thing as limitation  
Flyin' down 20 in the mothaf\*ckin' spaceship  
Just left Magic in the mothaf\*ckin'dayship?  
Two b\*tches trailin' in a platinum Infiniti  
Gotta thing for me, don't wanna sing for me, they like  
my energy, imma embassy  
I know tricks like Cris Angel  
Ion trick but i could make you famous  
you could disappear from yo past life  
You a real(?) no outta sight  
Im Pluto talkin', Jimmy walkin' when you walkin'  
I used to be fly but now im hawkin'  
I was an Earthlin' now im SiFi  
While i, i stay High]  
My b\*tches on they high horse  
I double back like two cups  
& pull out in that new Porshe

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