

## Styles "Black Magic"

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You

Wha, wha, yeah  
It's like a team over here daddy  
One for all, and one for one  
(Let it flow, flow, flow, ahh yeah)  
If it ain't that then it ain't right  
If you be knowin' that, you'll be aight

My heart goes out to the homeless and poor  
And my niggas in the bing that didn't go to the board  
Wit a 25 to L on your back, the shit is too cold  
And for the kids that didn't get they school clothes  
For the Gods that lost they earth  
The world's a song, you'll get it back, you just lost your  
verse  
It's P verse the demons, that's why I'm feenin' for weed  
'Cuz I don't wanna forfeit first  
I could even bust my gun and do some office work

But I still wanna off this jerk  
(Shit)  
I can't leave it out my rhymes  
(Why)  
'Cuz it be part of my dreams to see 20 porsches murk  
Three houses for the family, two for the niggas  
When I die I was true to the niggas  
(True soldier)  
And I never practice voodoo  
But it's like 'Black magic' how I spit this fluid to niggas

How do you move on his way  
When taking all this stress and pain  
There's gotta be a better way  
There's gotta be a better way, yeah

If I should give up hope today  
P won't you help me find my way  
All I really want is to live my life  
So we can just get high, yeah, yeah

Ask God when he stoppin' the pain

A fiend got a shoelace on his arm and he poppin' his  
vein  
And the needle look dirty but I'm close to reaching  
thirty  
And the only thing I know it's a profit to gain  
I might cry but I'm still cold  
I might be cold but I still cry and bottomline I'ma still  
die  
I can see the doors openin' now  
I can see the ghost floatin' around  
That's why P come down with the potenest sound

Spit the shit that'll open the ground  
(Crack the ground)  
My third eye got a horoscope  
(See it all)  
So if you wanna know my horoscope, listen to the bars I  
wrote  
Build and destroy  
Come through the strip wit, bricks of the girl and keys  
of the boy  
'Cuz all I really want  
(What)  
Was a gun and blunt, a lil money and some keys to a  
toy

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My whole life been a sacrifice  
So if my nigga need my help he ain't never gotta ask  
me twice  
I'm the nigga you could kick it wit  
You gotta spot you wanna rob, I'm the nigga you could  
stick it wit  
I'm in the studio, I'm droppin' pain on the beat  
I'm famous indeed, but those is two differences  
They tryin' to understand me, but I overstand 'em  
I'm the flowin' phanthom, til' we blowin' random  
And to my corner niggas holdin' cannons

That want the money and jewels and everything  
'Cuz we so demanding to the hoes that think I'm  
handsome

That know a gangster when she see one ma  
Yeah, money that's the anthem  
Callin' niggas like that's the ransom  
You could take 'em, you could leave 'em  
But your man ain't a happy camper  
If P flowin' then that's the cancer  
Holiday the hottest shit point blank, dog, that's the  
answer

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