

Magno f/ Deetha Savor

"Magno and Deetha Savor Flow"

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(*talking*)

Magno ya heard, aka Magnificent mayn
CEO of Wildlife Records, just wanna let everybody know
The New Print all flows is in sto's now, go knock it off
mayn
You want a copy from the net, wildliferecords.com
Go catch it mayn, but uh for now we finna get down to
business
You know I'm saying, DJ OP what it do baby Killa Tone
Ha-ha, finna go ahead and get it crunked up, you know
I'm saying
Houston stand up baby, yeah-yeah

[Magno]

It's Magno, man I'm straight from Houston
Me dropping whack shit, man I'm straight refusing
That's the reason, why my weight be moving
You wanna hate you losing, this thang'll give your face
contusions
In Miami, my dates be Cuban
My bodyguard is Haitian, that's just in case anybody
starts hating
We turn em, into patients
They fam in the lobby, or the hospital pacing
I'm the thoedest, I'ma make you hear it
Since my rhymes give me cake, I'ma bake the lyrics
When I drop, first day crack a thousand make the
majors look
Using move they wife, open housing hits they
neighborhood
Sometimes it gets arousing, when a hater would
Trying to stop my shine, or stunt my growth
Like I won't cock this nine, or jump they folk
Then giggle with my feet up, watching Jimmy Kimmel
Mag' thoed, but the rest be stracking
I keep a gal and a side hoe, like Jessie Jackson
I don't try to act hard, like the rest be acting
I'm a Greenspoint rookie, still in vest be Jacklin
When I bust open the door, it's like Nestle cracking
What's up to Acres Home, where them techs be
crapping holla

This the North, birds chirp and we spitting raps
And we don't wear church shirts, with a fitted cap
We on the block, tall tee with a du-rag
Swanging in that new Jag, trunk banging that new Mag'
I don't care, for the reputation this fool has
I'm just trying to rap, with the dedication that Screw
had

(*talking*)

Now if y'all want DJ OP, to play Deetha I
Y'all gotta get louder than that
They want ya Deetha, they want ya

[Deetha Savor]

Think you skating on this ice, like the tongues of a dyke
The panties in my glass, bitches know what I like
I get ass in that Jag, scoot over for your friends
I got sucker twin at Mag', it's over for them
Fly if you like, but I got hollow friends
That'll get deep inside you, like you high off the life
Heinekein or Bud Light, I import my domestics
Make sure your ass is speedy, that's how we get down
in Texas
Holding covers, of the Vibe and the Source
I stroll through the hood, never married though I've
been through divorce
Makeshift attitude, took a course
On how to easy bake the dope, dough rising bitches
got me in court
Half violent half striving, for some fucking import
That re-sample one that, that make you pay for the bag
And they ain't never ever, gotta speak to this man
Never ever's too soon, I'd just assume be glad
Fuck with ya, and I'll pray for hope missing
The good that spoke wisdom, pay the thug protection
My investment cop an Expedition
When rims spin around in these circles, like gravity
switching
Fucking paging that paper, means we surely missing
I got cash now, they kiss my black ass now
When the lights dim down, they still spot the cash cow
(Wildlife selling, like some McDonald's hash browns)

(*talking*)

Ha-ha, straight 'em up mayn
That's how we do it, Wildlife records 2004 and beyond
ya heard
Wildliferecords.com, Magno-Deetha Savor, CEO's of
Wildlife
Holla at ya boy mayn, DJ OP what it do baby
Killa Tone, holla at ya boy mayn we eating tracks for a

snack

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