

# Black Magic

Styles P

You  
Wha, wha yeah  
It's like a team over here daddy  
One for all, and one for one let it flow, flow, flow ah 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  
'cause I don't want to forfeit first  
I could even bust my gun and do some office work  
But I still want to off this jerk (shit)  
I can't leave it out my rhymes (why)  
'cause it be part of my dreams, to see 20 Porches 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 bottom line 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 want to 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  
'cause all I really want (what)  
Was a gun and blunt, a lil money and some keys to a toy

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 want to 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 over stand 'em  
I'm the flowin' phantom, til we blowin' random  
And to my corner niggas holdin' cannons  
That want the money and jewels and everything 'cause 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