

# Magic & Bird

DJ Clue

Chorus

Haven't you heard  
Platinum makes the amateurs swerve  
Nature, Noreaga like Magic & Bird  
Call a timeout, make a quick sub  
Pull ya rhyme out, and rip it up  
Nigga rip it up!

Nature:

I shook hands wit many killas  
Some did it for fun  
It's like a rush the way it comes  
To make the innocent run  
Niggas brag abotu it  
And recapture the pain  
Just to see a young brother getting snatched from his frame  
Its many ways to do it  
Anger plays a major role  
When it's done it's done  
Don't try to save ya soul  
You'll be amazed how quick police learn the businss  
Nowhere to run young blood  
You done burned ya bridges  
A nervous wreck  
Makin ya calls collect  
Confessing ta hoes  
A man of respect  
Now a vegetable  
Scorned by the world  
For being cold-hearted  
He killed one of his own  
It's fucked up but he sold product  
No can do, he got cancelled  
I watched'em as he tried to pull out  
But he never got a chance to  
Just a little man, his bite less than his bark  
Yo he thought he had a name ti; niggas tested his heart  
Lossed stripes in the street  
At nights and sleep at the same time  
I used ta send'em ta stores and make'em rhyme  
Had a seed on the way  
Smoke weed all day  
Thunwas speedage  
Didn't think the heat would freeze'em  
I tried to tell'em  
Correct'em like convicted felons  
By the time he realized  
It's to late, a slug split his melon  
Seen'em spralled out from the fourth floor  
In the blink of an eye  
It was over the killa walked off!

CHORUS 2x

Noreaga:

A yo we thugged out, wit ILLWILL on some city shit  
Keeping it real, while ya niggas on that pretty shit

What the dealy wit?  
Know I only smoke a philly wit  
Lamma lamma  
And got a bitch in Atlanta  
And every time I fuck her, yo it's on camera  
And I'm the freak type, get head and lay meat right  
Y'all niggas burned bridges  
I coulda had y'all tight  
A yo I spit this, tellin' y'all to live wit this  
I coulda had you in the bank  
Now you lost ya rank  
You should blame only ya'self  
Ya self today  
You know me  
Hate to have to do it homey  
We used to be cool  
Now it's like you don't know me  
All that jealously shit  
Stupidity shit  
Had me thinkin' on some foul shit  
Diggin' in ritz  
Now I'm 98 what  
My niggas still have fun  
If i ain't fuckin' wit Nate, I'm fucking wit Jung  
Number 1 rule of the game  
Don't trust no one  
Likle them weak niggas  
Yo you know if they trick  
In ya face, tellin' stories  
When they lie on they dick  
While I get cake  
Live like a cookin Beat tape  
Like that old school shit that he used to make  
Yo from Kansas ta San Francis  
Niggas catch me at the club  
But i never dances  
Play the bar close  
Niggas watchin' me, I'm like a mantis  
I won't take chances  
Peep the hair on my chest  
That's what happen  
When you drinkin' rade, henney and stress  
Drink my life away. right away  
Shoot up ya Guess  
Yo it's me and Nate  
We like two of the best!

CHORUS2X

Nature:  
I got the whole anchalota  
The glamour and glitz  
My name upon the walk of fame  
Right behing Frank Sinatra  
It ain't na da  
But one for the win column  
Y'all need to stop frontin'  
Actin' like y'all big dollar  
Fraudulent fucks I stay calling ya bluff  
Causing friction  
Calling ya chickens, for a quick buff  
Rippin'em up to some Lou Rawls shit  
It ain't a game, you was hot

But you lossed it  
Change ya methods  
Renevate quick to save the extras  
Ya mic's hooked up  
But y'all brains ain't connected  
It ain't my fault ya niggas came defective  
I'm the specialist at rap  
Opposite of pessemis  
Shots more accurate than Petrovic  
When my shit drop  
Y'all niggas better check for it  
Ya gotta love it, the way I'm comin' at you  
In the purest form  
The wars on, you thought we would flop  
Well than ya thought wrong!

CHORUS2X