

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