

Roll Call

Logic

Smoking in London while the snow fall
In another country so pardon me for the roll call
Damn, who would've thought the fan base was this immense
On the first fucking plane to Paris so pardon my french
Shows sold out, fans in line even though it's cold out
Yeah, touring Europe getting swiss cheese
Many said I'd never attain it now I'm like, "bitch please, what up?"
Allow me to open up the verse with something so diverse
Now let the flow immerse, hold up; watch it disperse
Visions of Biggie, Big L and 2Pac just looking at me
From the gates of Heaven while the police booking at me
Open your mental while bitches give me brain with no dental
Y'all probably think I'm crazy for touching this instrumental
Shout out my cousin Ego, he know this shit's sentimental
Been doing this shit for my dogs, holding down the kennel
My ex hit me talkin bout she wanna make up
But on the real, I got no time for cover girls
Music is my main bitch, no time for other girls
I'm finna blow like Hiroshima, my demeanor get meaner
Watch me elevate to arenas
Me without the mic, that's like
Martin without the Gina, Venus without Serena
Now these thirsty bitches on the dick, we call that Aquafina
I used to bus tables until them tables turned
And everything I have obtained is everything I've earned
And everything I rap about is everything I've learned
So hopefully the listener can position a situation where they don't get burn
ed
And they can learn from my mistakes, like I've learned from the greats
To do whatever it takes, for Heaven's sakes open your mind
This shit's one of a kind, elegant and refined, irrelevant to the swine
What's the deal?
Whipping through LA in the coupe de Ville, on the real
To various people I do appeal, because of skill
So this the type of shit I'm gon keep making
That make MCs break fast like flapjacks and bacon
Rest in peace to BIG, and many other fallen soldiers
Never Hollywood, I'm grounded like a cup of Folgers, bitch I told ya
Allow me to open up your mind and mold ya
Indulge ya, within this shit I call the second Renaissance
The system broke and they sent Logic in for maintenance
All you wack rappers couldn't break change to make sense
I'm back again with another argument about how much I'm black again
Fighting for credibility from the lack of blacker skin
It's kind of funny how your pigment determines how people perceive you
That's ignant
Ain't seen my mommy in a minute
Cause growing up she called me a nigga
That would never amount to nothing
Racism from my own momma, left home because of drama
But I can make it in the rap game, look at Obama
You ain't been in my shoes, you don't know my story
You don't know what's in store, but bitch I stocked the inventory
Fuck a critic with the balls to try to tell me how I feel
You wasn't with me as a child
Never once did you feel the pain of my stomach
That manifested from the lack of meals

Headed to the soup kitchen on foot by the lack of wheels
We aim to keep it real
And hell no we ain't never missing
Came a long way from eating when government gave permission
If you think these lyrics ain't deep, you too stupid to listen
Just an outkast with a mission to spit to whoever listen
Bitch it's Logic!