

Yo...Yo...You can lick shots in the club, I don't give a fuck w
ho you hit!

(It's Logic! As long as it's nobody that's in my clique!)

Yo! You can catch a nigga at the stoplight, and snatch him out
the whip!

(It's Logic! As long as it's nobody that's in my clique!)

Check it! If a bitch got AIDS I don't care who she sleeps with!

(It's Logic! As long as it's nobody that's in my clique!)

Yo! You can even admit, you know who the gay rapper is!

(It's Logic! As long as it's nobody that's in my clique!)

I'm the greatest scientifically inclined mind since Einstein

I write blue ribbon rhymes for Nobel Prize time

Tryin' to shine with the shit I invent

I know I ain't perfect, but I'm 99.9 percent

Which means I represent

and get deep in thoughts with philosophies

like a rolling stone gathers no moss

At any and all costs, M.C.'s get flipped, ripped, split

and tossed with lyrical brute force, of course

Y'all niggas is microsoft like DOS

Fuckin' wit' me you'll catch a free round trip to the morgue

'Cause I ain't scared of none of y'all

Word to Allah

We can go to war, with four-four's, or squashbuckle with swords

Toxicated off the La-La

On some Rah-Rah

I'll blow your stereo the fuck up if it ain't a Hi Fi

Lyrical scholar

In the physical form of Allah

Niggas'll tell you that I'm nice with the Blah-Blah-Blah!!!

With the knowledge of my forefathers

You niggas can't battle me because I'll quadruple my brain capa
city

The intellectual ath-e-lete accurately rapping so rapidly

Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically

I happily accept any rapper's offer to challenge me

Fifty M.C.'s reduced to forty nine casualties

I'll be the last man standing

With metaphors a charlie horse couldn't put a cramp in

It's the Canibus gettin' busy with Tony Touch

The fuck that I don't even give a fuck about, don't give a fuck
...what?!