

## 24 Freestyle

Logic

Feeling this villainous vibe  
Feeling, feeling this villainous vibe

(Fight!)

Chip on my shoulder, fuck is you sayin' ?  
Swear to God our fathers were playing nigga relay the message  
Breathless, every morning was forced to skip on breakfast  
Mama told me don't let these peasants throw rocks at the king  
Pawns tend to carry on with no conscience  
Straight non-sense, pay homage or K's vomit, verbal  
Fucker wanna know Biggie was making certain while niggas was getting iffy  
Heart is bigger than derrières of Vicky and Nicki  
But fuck up and diss me, this shit will 360  
And must I mention my body count?  
It's murderous, to be humble  
Murder is to be humble?  
Ever heard of me stumble?  
I was born in the jungle where niggas belly's will rumble  
Get checked for thinking or mumble  
But y'all still stuck on rap  
Fuck all that  
I do this in my slumber, merely ventilation  
Tryna stay afloat be on a boat shit  
I swear that I'm lost inside of the spirit of Biggie back in his lumberjack  
Or Nasir with the fatigue, I felt stifled, street's disciple  
My raps are trifle, I shoot slugs for my...you get the picture  
I was raised in Miami, niggas'll smack your coofie  
Just for acting coochie, your goofy actions'll never move me  
No sir, needy no, all my homies is ready to roll  
Never the matter the chitter and chatter  
I did it cause I can machete the flow  
And comeback, here's a fun fact  
I'm not a dumb act, run that  
Little punk rat, fuck it, Pun's back  
In the middle of Little Havana  
Holding a hammer outside with pajamas  
Better watch your grammar around me  
These haters surround me, I swear it's unnecessary  
Gambino, you childish niggas could never see the shit that I do  
VMG, yes nigga VMG  
Only competition that we see is TDE

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Happy birthday to my nigga doe  
(Fight!)

Imma be the guy that rap slow, sike nah  
Dictating bitches and smoking Cubans, I'm Castro  
My life is like the movie, and I'll be the director  
And just to get a small role, got bitches acting extra  
I wrote this verse in one minute cause Bobby said that he wants rhymes  
Intelligent, but I'm getting brain from bitches that's dumb fine  
Got punchlines like prom with the, world on my palm  
I knew that we would blow up cause bitch, we be the bomb

Rattpack out to get the cheese, drop a verse get fifty Gs  
Hit the studio drunk as fuck but still drop a verse with ease  
I don't give a fuck  
Bitch you know the flow is second nature  
With no pen and paper break it down disintegrate a hater, wassup

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(Fight!)

Let's have a money conversation  
Four hundred thousand from Eminem that's a payment  
Kennedy Reagans presidential arrangement  
Please don't let this Pop kid take it back to the basement  
I'm still here screaming Beautiful Mind  
Sick of the noodles of rhyming all my cubical grind  
So I just grew and decided to put you in your spot  
Ooodles and boodles of blue bags from Louis Vuitton  
Getting money with lawyers we have a Jew of a time  
With liquor in a Poland Spring like a Junior at prom  
Yes I chose to pop charts I'm doing the crime  
And that just means I'm fucking dope to you and your mom  
Working in the summer, AC on freezing  
Working in the winter like I got no heaters  
Spring rolls at the damn four seasons  
In the Red Octobers screaming thank you Yeezus

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(Finish him!)

Feeling this villainous vibe  
Chilling with me and my Tribe  
Gotta spit this to survive  
How long have I been alive?  
Twenty-four years and counting not including my momma womb  
I'm here in the lab, and I'll be here until the tomb  
Album coming soon watch the Rattpack consume  
Aye, yo, yeah  
I've been on that real shit  
That fun shit  
Spit artillery, like a gunship  
V's up we run shit  
Don't come around with that dumb shit it's scandalous  
In the studio in Los Angeles  
At No I.D. spot hit you with the heat rock goddamn  
With Bobby on the board everybody on the floor  
Hold up let me take a breath here come more  
This a freestyle let me redirect my intellect  
Drop this shit just for fun, it's all over the internet  
Cause bitch I'm in effect  
Wait hold up, y'all did get the Memo?  
You Lumbergh rappers is Initech  
Bitch I've been a fact  
Hit you like Hiroshima then intercept  
Check it yo  
See now all the real fans know the album goin be crazy  
Spit it off the top and get dirty like Pat Swayze  
From the cover of XXL  
Fuck around and then propel  
Tour coming soon man I know the tickets finna sell

Really, coming for everybody's Achilles  
Put my own money into this album, like half a milli  
It's Logic, coming for their neck no disrespect  
I did this shit in two minutes or less  
Spent a year on the album, who knows what to expect (Sinatra)  
Spent a year on the album, who knows what to expect  
This is Logic

(Flawless Victory)  
Happy birthday to me motherfucker  
It's my birthday!

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