

## 5 Hooks

Logic

Five hooks, man

Ayo, this shit only got like five hooks on it, dawg

All lyricism, ho

I was like, "Yo, I'm pickin' up that pen, I'm goin' fuckin' crazy"

I don't give a shit, dawg

Yo, we finna, ayo, ayo, fuck Raquel though, fuck that bitch

It's what you all been waitin' for, ain't it?

This No Pressure shit kinda got us reacquainted

I'm happy you could join me in this universe I painted

Such a beautiful feeling, I really can't explain it

I hit the stage and like a thousand bitches fainted (Nigga, you ain't shit)

Damn, that boy, he back at it again

Droppin' bars when I pick up the pen, so let's begin

No I.D. my mentor, but it's time for the story's end, yeah

Ayy, I'm tryna do shit different now (Woo)

I love this BPM, but this a different style (Woo)

I never been this happy before, this a different smile

Hey, yeah, this that barbecue music

Life is a blessing and a curse depending how you use it

Some days I'm happy, some days I'm fucked up

Some days I tell the voice in my head to shut the fuck up

Yeah

Motivated by paper and pussy, always been a passion

Whippin' that Chevrolet Impala, my speakers blasting

Hungry like I'm fasting, who the illest? Just ask 'em

Louis Vuitton rhyme, relevantly old-fashioned

Like we (Like we), like we always do it this time, homie

I go for my homie, I gots to shine, homie

All I do is grind, homie, all I do is rhyme

I provide for mine, homie, uh, uh, y'all know me (Yeah, yeah, y'all know me, yeah)

I started with just a dollar and a dream

Like Jermaine in '09, know what I mean?

Fresh on the scene like a first take

I dropped my first tape then felt the earth shake

But let's accelerate

Dropped the second tape, 2011, and now we elevate

Def Jam wanna sign me, it's time to celebrate

But little did I know, I had so much further to go

Let's take a trip down memory lane

Logic arrived and he fucked up the game, simple and plain

Never scared to do it different, no two albums sound the same

I got tracks with Wu Tang and 2 Chainz, Killer Mike and Gucci Mane

Rap shit, trap shit, you know I do it with no shame

Spit the illest yoga flame, always go against the grain

I was fly before the fame, before I could afford a plane

Touch down like Notre Dame to get as high as my strain

2014 release day, I need morphine

Def Jam under shipped me, not a CD on the rack

RattPack had to ask 'em to unbox it in the back

What the fuck is that? Honestly, it sound like a fable

Fast forward, 2020, I'm the face of the label and I am

Who gives a fuck about the leak when you got the well?

Watch me excel, propel, then ghost the fuck out like Dave Chappelle

You the illest, pray tell, I'm like God before Lucifer fell, I raised hell

Had bars when I was broke 'cause I couldn't raise bail  
But now my bars gold 'cause I'm Wall Street, broker  
Money like I sell coca, livin' La Vida Loca shit  
That ain't a line just to flex, just to let you know you next  
If you put your mind to it, you can do it  
Trust me 'cause I been through it, now get to it, ain't nothin' to it

Actually living your life is exponentially different from just being alive