

'95 Tip

Logic

This right here, homie
This that first take shit, you know what I'm saying? For my real heads
All my real hip hop motherfuckers, they know they're Roots shit, you know wh
at I mean?
So we gon' get it like this
Let that beat drop, Psychological

I spit fifties and shit hundreds
Do shit that's undid
Spontaneously combust in these bitches guts
I get 'em wet, no need to touch
Break their back like Dutches
Keep 'em close like the toast I clutch
Never the less
I'm never depressed
I keep feelings suppressed
One of the best but need to listen if I'mma progress
I'm ready to live, I'm ready to die, I'm ready to ride for rap
I said it on a record, now I can't take it back
Stop, I shut it down like a bloodclot
Smoke MCs, like a fuckin bumbaclot
Mic check, I come to catch wreck
Death before dishonor so I'm coming for your neck
I pop MCs like Hymens
Y'all glass posing in studs but I'm a diamond
Now recon, you need to listen
I'm never dissin'
Unless your shit is wack, I'll beat you into submission
Catch me fishin'
Cause I'm eating for a lifetime
Wisdom in my mind
I'm a star watch me shine
Fucking your bitch from behind
Record it and hit rewind
I'm nasty, construct rhymes like rhinoplasty
A hip-hop statue
Rhymes coming at you, God bless you
When I kick wisdom it never stress you or test you
Unless you a dumb ass motherfucker

(Psychological) Yeah, no want no more
Fuck it, ayo

Said this is mathematic tactics
Murder this rap shit
Intravenously inject my prophylactics
Inhale my words like a fresh batch of Vicks
Similar to black ice cause the flow so slick
What's up, rappers hear the rhyme they slit they wrists up
Do a whole 'lotta talking, no rapping like fisticuffs
Ah, yeah, (turn my headphones up)
That's all you sayin' but I'm sprayin' and I can't get enough
Raw, rugged and rough
My alter ego, Mr. Tough
I'll call your bluff
Face to face never snuff
I murder you with predicate poetic balletic shit

No mercy cause if I grip the mic they might curse me
Da Vinci flow
Then I grip the mic I'm in control
Before I manifested tendons I was rhyming as a embryo
Living in vertigo
Half of these fuckers don't know

Yeah, all day
Drop tracks like that
All nuts in
Maryland stand up, that's it
I'm out, peace, one love
Fuck if you doubt me

(You are watching a master at work)
Todd? Todd? Would you care for a glass of grape juice?
Nigga, what the fuck is juice?
I want some grape drink, baby