

BLACKWHITEBOY

Logic

Ooh ooh hoo hoo hoo
It's crazy how some people could hear this and think they know what to say
But they don't know what to say
Nuts
This right here though?
This?
(Huh, yeah yeah, there we go)
Bars
(Yo, that's what I'm fuckin' talkin' about)
(Yeah, uh)

Still in the game with ya
Wettin' fools like when the rain hit ya
Music, movies, and families, I'm a lane switcher
Ready to get ya now
My flow make you rethink your whole fuckin' style
Nick Cannon on these motherfuckers, Bobby goin' wild
As a youngin', as a child, I was dreamin' for this
Fiendin' for this, listen, lean in with this
I'm the definition of a try hard
The lyrical miracle God
Do anything just for the applause
All up in your face with some shit you can't avoid
Yeah that's black white boy, finna push you into the void
I ain't got nothing but time like I'm Christopher Lloyd
And I ain't got time to diss you
I'd rather dismiss you and sell more records than you did in your first week
with a reissue
Claiming you the greatest, but is you?
I do this for Kenny, do this for Cole, do this shit for the GZA and the whole
clan, fo' sho'
I do this for Mos', do this for Thought, do this for Dilla on the for real'a
But don't let me start showin' love, cause I won't be able to stop
Made fifty million when I went pop
But everybody know when Logic pick up the mic, bars drop
I respect this generation, but I need the hardest bars you can provide
I'm taxing you with inflation
Bobby Boy in the cut like a mason
I got verses like Freddy, Jason
Fuckin' amazing, yeah

You have to do it again, so people don't think it's a fluke
You have to do it again, one more time, let's go

Yo, you are walking hand-to-hand with a real one
I'm still one
I'm tryna slice open my veins just to feel somethin'
Spill my blood on the page, blood on the leaves
Blood flowing down my arm from the heart on my sleeve
We keep it real all the time, boy you best believe
I love rap and had to leave, meanwhile the media like to perceive
That I was never welcome and these record labels thieves
Sample Tribe Called Quest and have to pay Lou Reed
A hundred percent
Pick up the mic and imma vent
Fuck all that shit

Yo, ay fuck rap, let's dead it
Everything that I could rap about, already said it
I'd rather give you these melodies
Kill the game so many times it's no longer a felony
What the fuck is you telling me, you ain't selling me
Do what you used to do and do it over and over
How 'bout you suck my dick and accept it's over
It's a new chapter, in the country, whippin' a Raptor
The realest I've ever been, it's far from SAG-AFTRA
Really used to give a fuck but now it's just laughter
Happily ever after, prolly not, but I have to have hope
Used to obsess over being dope
But the industry too cut-throat
They less focused on the talent and more focused on the upvotes
One album on the champed and the next I'm the villain [?]
Do the thing we like, or else it's "fuck you and your feelings"
I was spread thin, just about ready to let the led in
Breaking down on stage, that shit I can't evade
I open up about my feelings, they call me a faggot
Fuck you, I had it
Mentality was shattered
Wanna know why I retired?
Cause I was uninspired
And everything was "Fuck you, pay me"
Speak my mind, they turn around and wanna play me
Try something different, then they say I'm not the same me
You can never tame me
I'd rather fail trying something new than doing the same shit every day
Fuck you (haha)
It's Logic