

Dad Bod

Logic

Yeah, yeah

Hahaha

Ayy

Chillin' with the homies at the crib
Bumpin' Pac Div, this the life I live, you ain't know about it
Hit the studio with No I.D
Make a couple platinum records in that bitch and then I dip up out it
On the 101, my wife text me
Talkin' 'bout, "You gotta get home, feed your son," girl, don't trip about it
Walk up in with apple sauce and broccoli
Little Bobby, better eat your greens, boy, don't give me lip about it

I'm a dad, this my life
This the type of shit I write
I was hungry in the basement, now that boy, he full of life
Smoking dope, high as a kite
Only when that babysitter at the crib, though
Take my shorty to Nobu and dig up in her rib though, ayy, yeah
(Take my shorty to Nobu and dig up in her rib though, yeah)
'Cause back in my day it was food stamps
And I love my wife like I am Chance
I bet you'd rap about the shit me and him rap about
If you had ever made it out, but you ain't never had the chance
Uh, uh, circumstance
Uh, uh, way of life
Uh, uh, my decisions
Uh, uh, made 'em right

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I've upgraded while they waited, will they love it, will they hate it?
Who gives a fuck though?

Rappers praying they next, this shit is cutthroat

I'm livin' on another planet

My manic depression make me constantly wanna panic

I'm stressing on stage, pretendin' everybody undressing

I think I'll never learn my lesson, but fuck it all, it doesn't matter

Ayo, I'm on a lyrical, poetic rhetoric

Lyrical miracle, satirical shit

If you don't like my conscious rap, you won't like my material shit

Love him or hate him, everybody know Logic can spit

Used to be up to date on that rap political shit

But nowadays I'm up to my elbows

And every single inch of my body in my baby's shit

I could tell you more about diapers than modern rappers in cyphers

I used to be about the B-Rabbits and Mekhi Phifers

Hit the stage, grip the mic and murder you like a pro-lifer
But I'm done now, I got a son now
Fuck the rap game, I'm done now

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They say that that boy done changed
He don't rap about his everyday life, he ain't the same
Goddamn, already had a hard life once
Am I supposed to recreate it every album for you cunts? Okay
You want to hear about my everyday
I wake up, I wake my son up, then I feed him
And lead him into his car seat
Drive up the street down to Target
Don't do hard drugs or beat my wife
But the paparazzi still wanna start shit
I don't answer their questions, I leave 'em in the dark, bitch
Then I walk through the automatic doors
A couple fans spot me but, shit, I ain't on tour
I ain't trying to ignore her
But I head to aisle four 'cause my drawers stank as fuck
And I need some new drawers
Then I spot some more fans, stan hella hardcore (Can I have a picture?)
Asking for a pic and I say sure
Scratch my dick and shake his hand
Shaking uncontrollably, he tells me I'm the man
Now I'm headed to aisle three for some Bounty paper towels
I also grab some wet wipes to clean the shit from my bowels
A really hot girl walks by with a fat ass
But I'm just wondering if Hefty really holds the most trash
Forgot my card at home, thank God I brought some cash
Then I grab some Preparation H for the critics up my ass
Head to aisle five for some Sgt. Smash cereal
Is this want you wanted, everyday life material?
I'm not a kid anymore and be sure shit's boring
Made it out the basement, now my bank account soaring
Most exciting part of my life is probably touring
Don't get me wrong, I love fans in every single city
But hotels suck and the Internet is shitty
I mean, why rap about everyday shit
When I could murder punch lines and sound dope like this?

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Hello, no one is available to take your call
Please leave a message after the tone
Bro, call me back

We couldn't get the fuckin' Super ... sample cleared again, so fuckin' annoying, bro
But honestly, I just say that we chop up the Toro y Moi joint
That we were gonna put on Ultra 85
And just like flip, fuckin' freak the shit outta that joint
I think it could be crazy
Call me back, I'ma chop it up on the MPC
Here I go