

Favela

Logic

Okay
Take one-thirteen
I just wanna say, yeah, this is crazy
Right
Okay, this is, uh, starting on line one with Thomas
On 5th of October, here we go

Heavy is the neck that wears the chain
Grippin' the grain, tryna maintain
Feelin' this weed through the blood to my brain
Writin' these lyrics in the back of the train
Tryna sustain through the pain
Been smokin' and drinkin' a little more than I should
And I would do better, but I'm human
Eyes on me like I'm Truman
Escape through the page, contemplatin' my age
Poetic justice for those who trust us
I ain't tryna beat 'em, no, we just us, watch the gat bust
We get bread, you get crust
Love is a must, world we live in is fucked up
Switch the position on another mission, now peep the diction
It's far from fiction, far from accessible
Want beef? End up a vegetable
A hundred and fifty thousand people is at the festival
Black proud and louder than decibels
Bullshit, no, I'm not susceptible, it's not acceptable
The bitch in me is undetectable, I'm too respectable
Conceptual, my albums be, in the studio 'til 'round about three
Never paid a fee, you fuckin with me? Get it for free
Now let it breathe, murderin' it with ease
Peep the prestige, I spit degrees, your shit freeze
If I had a penny for my thoughts, then I'd be Elon Musk
Rappin' from dawn 'til dusk, you know in Dilla we trust
Hits never went to my head, I was never concussed
Givin' no fucks, bumpin' Busta Genesis
Waitin' for the first of the month and all of its benefits
Life been a bitch, chillin' with Mad Eleven, tryna get richer
Rather get richer, fuck the paper talkin', bigger picture
Comin' to get ya, now let me hit ya with that throwback
The illest memories, PS3 when grenades was gettin' thrown back
Modern Warfare 2 at the favela
Was my escape when I wasn't scrubbin' floors like Cinderella
No glass slipper, pass me the mic, I go Jack The Ripper
I'm sicker than COVID-20, fuck all the money
I'm doin' it how I've been doin', ain't nobody takin' it from me
Grew up five hundred and fifteen miles from Seven Mile
But this beat got me feelin' slummy, dummy, ayy, listen
I never passed tenth grade, but I still get the rent paid
You fake, I be real like Cypress Hill
Fake motherfuckers, I can see through you
My game strong, y'all weak like five plus two
Bust the door, then rush through
Gettin' this bread 'cause the people fuck with it
Your whole shit's stale, wouldn't feed ducks with it
I make firm decisions like a legislator
My briefcase Italian leather, my loafers is alligator
My bank account is greater, but none of them numbers define me

Fuck rap, put it behind me, don't try me, y'all too grimy
Smokin' cigs after dark, we call that Nick at Nite
Spark the blunt, watch the Bic ignite, fuck your life
Think you could body me, bitch? You couldn't even limb me
Smokin' dope like a chimney, I been me

Fuck, fuck, fuck
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck rap
Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-
Dilla we trust
Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-
Dilla we trust (Yeah)