

Gaithersburg Freestyle

Logic

Suicide my doors, fuckin' all these hoes (Yo, they call me DJBossPlayer)
All my chains, they glow, killin' all these shows, yeah (The hottest DJ in College Park history)
Suicide my doors, fuckin' all these hoes (Right now, I'm bringin' you the chosen one out of Gaithersburg, Maryland)
All my chains, they glow, killin' all these shows, yeah (Eighteen projects over ten years)
Suicide my doors, fuckin' all these hoes (We're takin' it back to the basement)
All my chains, they glow, killin' all these shows, yeah (Big Lenbo, C Dot Castro)
Suicide my doors, fuckin' all these hoes (The one and only 6ix and the motherfuckin' GOAT)
All my chains, they glow, killin' all these shows, yeah (Logic, it's 2011, y'all! Yeah, uh)

Back to the beats, back to the streets, back with the heat
Motherfucker don't rap indiscreet (Back to the— back to the—)
Back to the beats, back to the streets, back with the heat
Motherfucker don't rap indiscreet
I pack heat, drop bars at U Street
Float like a genie and I'm droppin' bars at Bohemian
Bitches are here to be screamin', Bobby in the basement, dreamin'
Me and my homies, we schemin', tryna get a dollar, we fiendin', ah
I'm just tryna get it for the EBT, bitch, real niggas never switch
I run the game like a Switch, used to bus tables just for the tips
Now these bitches beggin' me for the tip of my dick
Watch out, I punch and roll over the kick
I got more stories than Slick
I got more stories than Rick
Motherfucker, take your pick

Pick me out of that lineup
Did the crime, yup, now my time's up
Got out the box and I got in my bag
Now all of these bad bitches try and fuck
'Cause I'm pullin' up in the "what the fuck is that?"
Comin' from where I'm from, gotta tuck the strap
Knuck if you buck, if you bust, I'm bustin' back
No one I trust enough, 'cause my love is tapped
Say that she want it to last, good luck with that
Bitch, I just want the racks, can't text you back
'Cause my thumbs are too numb, I've been thumbin' through cash
You niggas is bums, you rummage through trash
Throw a couple ones in your cup, then I dash
I'm one of one, but not the one that you wanna try to run up
Run up and I get you done up
When the summer come, you know I'ma sun up
Swear I'ma son a son just for the come-up
Need another lump, been fuckin' these blunts up
Looked at the gun just for fuckin' my fun up
Pumpin' your gums, motherfucker, just shut up

Who fuckin' with that? I'm ready to bat
All about peace, so I stay with a gat
I stay strapped, but not for no money
I'm takin' it back, no takin' it from me

You know it's a fact, I stay with the honeys
Up in that Impala, you wanna just holler
I stay with the bread, I stay with the toast
You motherfuckers out here doin' the most
We do it for real, you front for the post (Yeah)
Y'all niggas is gross

Man, fuck all that other shit that nigga talkin' 'bout (Talkin' 'bout)
Don't try to catch me and Vic', I'ma chalk 'em out (Blaow)
Beefin' is beefin', it ain't shit to talk about
I want the smoke, you want the smoke (Smoke)
I got a hundred-round drum in the chop'
And this shit get to rockin' when I get the load (Brrt)
I might just run up a hundred
And book me a nigga and really pull up to his show (Go)
You niggas must be mistaken
The fuck is you takin', you thinkin' 'bout robbin' me? No (Bitch, no)
I'm with my youngins and we gettin' money (Money)
This shit really nothin', I got it, you want it (Phew)
It's comin' in bricks
Smokin' three-hundred to ship
I got your house on my wrist (Phew)
I'm newly rich, so I might bounce in a minute (Minute)
She call me "Babe" and I'm in it (In it)
I really get it, all of this money I'm spendin'
I act like this shit ain't no limit (Woah)
Bitch, I'm with the gang, I'm rollin' with gods (Gods)
Just look in my eyes, you see that I'm high (High)
I'm rollin' with slime (Slime), you might see a .9 (.9)
I really come put this fact shit on your mind
The shit that I'm drinkin' three-hundred a line
But you gotta suck it, you not even tryin' (Mwah)
Meet me in a second, I'm pressin' for time
Hold up, shorty boy gon' go die, bitch (Yeah, hm)

Who real as they come? (Who real as they come?)
Been here a minute, but still isn't done
The stable be killin' shit, killin' the rhyme
Can't handle my business, my feelings are done
Came out the mud, so the ceilin' is none
3-0-1 where I'm from
Make a wrong turn, get killed with the pump
Young ADÉ, they know my name
In 2011, had Phil in the front
Now I'm in back of the back, my hat to the back
With your other half and some 'yac
She throwin' it back like Manning, I'm plannin' on givin' her back
Now how you gon' act? Do it too big, can't minimize that
I live in iMacs, I'm gettin' my scratch
Life is a bitch, make her sit in my lap, I finished my rap