

Ghost in the Machine

Logic

All the time
All the time
All the time, Rattpack, what up?
All the time
All the time
All the time, Rattpack
Back in the basement, homie
Way b- way before the first placement, homie
Back in the basement, homie
Way b- way before the first placement, homie

Yeah
Time is a drug and the shit is finite
So that's why I write
About my present now, so clean
Grounded like a mezzanine
Record raps like I'm a machine
Word to major homie
What's ya flavor, homie?
College Park days, rocking Swaver, homie
Anonymity was free but now they all know me
Fuck the money that I got
Fuck the money that I got
Fuck the rollie that I got
Fuck the fame
Take it all away, now tell me, what I got?
First and foremost, my health, secondly, that's my family
I got tact, I got heart, I got it all but a Grammy
I got people that love me and some people that can't stand me
But no matter what they say I know I am me
I'm a champ like N.O.R.E. in "Nothin'", way down in Miami
No, the game could never ban me
I'm a renegade like Em and Jay
Might as well be honest with what you say
'Cause no matter how you feel them fuckin' people finna hate you anyway
This for the kid in a dorm room, with a dream of his own
These haters that try and drown you, they won't leave you alone
But never give up the sight, always remember to fight
You never know what could happen, your life could change overnight
It happened to me, I ain't kidding
Way back in them days, man
Playing Call of Duty online, rockin' with FaZe Clan
I'm a millionaire with a dad bod and a couple grays, man
So keep it real all the time
And remember who you am, who you am

East side, west side, we ride, we die all for this
Oh my, my, I know why I can't fall for this
All my life I tried, I cried, got pride in this
All my life I'd hide, I stayed inside for this
Tell me what you know about forty days, forty nights
No lights, all for this
Tell me what you know about sleeping outside
No ride in the wintertime, all for this
Tell me what you know about commas in the bank
Lookin' in the mirror, yeah, I did all of this

Yeah, I'm just tryna do what makes me happy
Living by truth, was cut from a different cloth, played by different rules
Had to find a way to cheat the status quo
Still with the static though
Played the corner like Avante Maddox where the addicts go
Wasn't my habits though, I was on a different wave
Played the sidekick to get it, did the Scottie Pippen phase
These days I play it like LeBron
Business cards say I got a white side, I ain't Hasan
Nah, this is educated black playing with me
Get you smacked for a while, been on these Kuvings sipping Azul
But my energy still miles with the yak
I'm sharp as Shannon, you skip cause you skipping facts
I tip my hat to anybody black that made it out the hood
Got they whole family living good from off of rap
We don't get as many options to live as opulent
Bar Harbor shop, take the crew to Nobu while found blue occupancy
A long way from Briggs Chaney, well rolling up bush was my vice like Dick Chaney
I was living insanelly, for the money I couldn't attain mama couldn't tame me
She get it now, I count up on her kitchen counter
Two thousand, three thousand, four
Gotta fix her kitchen floor, here go three thousand more
Feel good to step up, make up what she can't afford
Keep it a buck, this is what it's all for sure