

Homicide

Logic

Son, you know why you the greatest alive?
Why dad?
Because you came out of my balls, nigga!
Hahahahaha!

Fuck rap
Bustin' like an addict with a semi-automatic
Who done had it, and he ready for anybody to buck back
Hold up, catch a vibe, ain't no way in hell we leavin' nobody alive
Leave a suicide note, fuck that
Bobby feelin' villainous, he killin' this
I'm comin' for your man and his lady and even the baby
I'm feelin' like I'm, chika-chika-chika, Slim Shady with rabies

I'm foamin' at the mouth, ain't nobody takin' me out
Every single rapper in the industry, yeah, they know what I'm about
And I dare you to test me
'Cause not a single one of you motherfuckers impress me
And maybe that's a little bit of an exaggeration
But I'm full of innovation
And I'm tired of all of this high school "he's cool, he's not" rap shit
Can a single one of you motherfuckers even rap? Shit
No, this ain't a diss to the game, it's a gas to the flame
Nowadays, everybody sound the same, shit's lame
Like a moth to the flame, I'ma reel 'em in and kill 'em
Know you feelin' lyricism when I'm spillin' it, I'm feelin' myself
Yeah, yeah, Bobby Boy, he be feelin' himself
Mass murder like this can't be good for my health
When I rap like this, do I sound like shit?
Well, it don't really matter, 'cause I'm killin' this shit
Yeah, I'm killin' this shit
Oh yeah, oh yeah, I'm killin' this shit
Bobby, how many times you been killin' this shit?
Find another rhyme, goddamn, nigga, shit

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Chika-chika-chika-chika, Slim Shady

There's nowhere to hide, we call this shit genocide
Hit 'em with that (Do-do-do) and they die
We gon' leave 'em crucified, we call this shit genocide
I got bitches, I got hoes, I got rare designer clothes
No, we ain't fuckin' with that
Yeah, there's a time and a place
But if you ain't comin' with the illest of raps
Callin' yourself the greatest alive
Then you don't deserve to do that
No, no, oh no, no, please do not do that
You gon' get smacked
You gon' make Bobby attack

You gon' make Bobby Boy snap
You gon' make Bobby Boy snap (Bobby Boy!)

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Jigga-jigga-jigga-jigga-jigga like JAY-Z
Jig is up, you fuckers who didn't write anything
Are getting washed now, liga-liga-liga, like bathing
Young Hova, I know hitters like Yankees
Gun toters that pull triggers like crazy
Unloadin', leave you shot up in your Rover
Your body goes limp and slumps over
Like A-Rod in a month lull, but he just homered
Hold up, I said rover because now your Rover is red
Like Red Rover, so you know what I meant
But I roll over my opponents instead
Makin' dog sounds 'cause I gotta keep breakin' these bars down
I'll go slow for the speds
But when I go (Roof!) like the Doberman said
I still think the (Roof!) would go over your head (Haha)
Beast mode, motherfuckers 'bout to get hit
With so many foul lines, you'll think I'm a free throw
Figured it was about time for people to eat crow
You about to get out-rhymed, how could I be dethroned?
I stay on my toes like the repo, a behemoth in sheep's clothes
From the East Coast to the West, I'm the ethos and I'm the G.O.A.T
Who the best, I don't gotta say a fuckin' thing, though
'Cause MCs know
But you don't wanna hear me spit the facts
Your shit is ass like a tailbone
Or you're trapped in your cell phone
Or my chicken scratch, or my self-loathe
I don't want to fuckin' listen to you spit your raps someone else wrote
Used to get beat up by the big kids
Used to let the big kids steal my big wheel
And I wouldn't do shit but just sit still
Now money's not a big deal
I'm rich, I wipe my ass with six mill'
Big bills like a platypus
A caterpillar's comin' to get the cannabis
I'm lookin' for the smoke but you motherfuckers are scatterin'
Batterin' everything and I've had it with the inadequate
Man, I can see my dick is standin' stiff as a mannequin
And I'm bringin' the bandana back, and the fuckin' headband again
A handkerchief and I'm thinkin' of bringin' the fuckin' fingerless gloves back
And not giving a singular fuck, like fuck rap
I sound like a fuckin' millionaire
With a Derringer with a hair trigger
'Bout to bear hug a fuckin' terrier, the Ric Flair dripper
Y'all couldn't hold a candle at a prayer vigil
When I vent, they compare me to a fuckin' air duct
I'm about to bare knuckle it, nah, fuck it
I'm gonna go upside their head with a Nantucket
Abraca-fuckin'-dabra

The track is the blood, I'm attracted, I'm attackin' it
What? Dracula, fuck that shit
I'm up, back with a thud
Man, stop

Look what I'm plannin', plannin', I'm plannin'
To do all this while ya panickin'
And you're lookin' and starin' at mannequins
And I'm goin' to Fanagans
Tryin' to get up a plan against
All of the blana-kazana-ka-fam-bam-bannigans
While of all the bana-kazanika Hanna in a cabana
You're in a cab-? I'm in a cabana and a Janet
I'm in a cabana chantin' all this stand up banter
While you don't got the stamina, you're lackin' the stamina
You're lackin' the stamina while you're divorcin' Harrison Ford
And I'm in a Porsche on the floorboards
While I'm world tourin'
You usin' way too many napkins
Papkins, Lapkins and Chapki-
You using ChapStick and napkins while I'm bapkin'
Flappin' around like a bapkin'
Flamminababbitapannitajampkin
Dammit my can of p-