

Kickstyle

Logic

As you can see, I am proficient in the art of takin'
Your takin' is no match for my KickStyle
Come at me with everything you have
Prepare yourself
Hahaha, this that real hip-hop shit
Maryland state of mind whenever we rhyme
Ayo, JMARS, set it the fuck off, homie (Vinyl Days, yeah)

Come the applause, thank you
I love that you feelin' it's like withdraws
Aim to do more than just please, more like to ease
Painful everyday like them, our people been strugglin' to wait through
I'll deliver, piece on the platter to the hateful
See me shine in they face and then they somethin' less-so grateful
To be alive before it's off the table
Like Etern Assassin, like it's Cable and Kane
So to take this shit in the vein or you gon' meet that fable
I got time to kill any more of you, if you got too much pride anneal
Before I don 'em, I'll make it humble, but darker than Satan, hol' up
Please don't think no part of this language is anger for you of hell
Probably say that I'm just poppin' off
Out the mouth I say, of course, as I reshape the earth like I was God
Spit what's real, I couldn't pass facade
Shop out my seal, since I was a mass informant
Inside my mother's abdomen, uh
Grip by forces when my ass was born
Stubborn, his ass is a song, 'til they told my shoulder
At a psychic, guess this why I'm outta pocket more
My birthin' doctors was bad as healin' as Aquaphor
That still ain't stop me
Might turn your shoppers if Tory handles sorts
I swing at these beats, I'm eatin' sashimi that I can muscle, really
I do humbly receive, this melody
The 10-11 sentence can be with my cutlery, uh

RattPack, shit, motherfucker, y'all know what's up (Uh)
It's Vinyl Days, JMARS (Yeah)
Logic, Big Lenbo, the motherfuckin' veteran, set it off (Uh, uh)

It's Leon the Teflon, vaguer born
Microphone madness, one step beyond
Turn around and look at that gate we've been on
RattPack, nigga, now we never switch form
And I'm right back, nigga, like I've never been gone
Fuck calm, ring the alarm like tennis arm
When I grab the mic, you know I drop bombs
Jump off stage, get baked like Fronz
Never vs. us, fucked up, trust us
Y'all see before the gust
Throw arms, dead mics on sight
The arsonist, apart from this
Life as you know it, come from the lowest
Driven and we stow it, cold-blooded, they all know it
All seen it, probably seen it, can't reach us

Follow me on the journey, it's me and Bar
To the start of this book for the fame, came, life is smart

When the flame was a spark, had nothing to lose
Everything to gain when this shit wasn't a game
So you came with your heart feel the pain in your veins when you talk
Never seen the light of day but we stay with perfect game in the dark
Playin' games leave you layin' in the chalk
Want beef, then we bringin' it a la carte
Nigga, wait on College Park

Bobby Boy Records, motherfucker
RattPack all day, real all the time, you know what it is
Y'all ain't ready for that College Park shit though (Hahaha)
We them mailin' boys, homie
Eat a dick