

## Logic On The Beat

Logic

Yeah it's Logic on the beat so I'm fresh to the T  
Got lines like a cokehead, repping MD  
On stage where I'm living  
In the booth where I'm driven  
Yeah the flow's so wet that I keep a bitch drippin'  
Hand me the mic and I guarantee I'mma be rippin' it  
Automatic static yes I keep the extra clipping it  
A small town boy with a big city swag on  
My CSI tip, tap a bitch and then I bag her

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Cheese like Gary dough like Pillsbury  
When I'm tryna get so much style, yes very  
Got something for the club  
Got something for the street  
Got something for them hungry MCs tryna eat  
Jumping on the track and you know the mic I'mma slaughter  
I'm the type of guy that you don't want around your daughter  
All 9s and dimes I get 'em all the time  
Flying coach with Louis V and we sipping fine wine  
Gucci women, dimes I swim in  
36C Vicky sees yeah she's feeling

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Get 'em all, get 'em all, pick it all up  
Stack up your funds like a million bucks  
Across the pond, they all know us  
International...whoaaaa!  
Driving my car to a foreign place  
Lookin' at me, now they know my face  
We want it all now, we got it all yes  
Look at that...

Thought I was gone, homie I'm right back  
I'll be chilling where I'm chilling and be clowning where I'm at  
Such a, lazy boy, psycho get crazy boy  
I'm a freshman in the game they wanna, haze me boy  
Never (looking at, looking at, looking at me)  
Just a fly young brother staying repping MD  
(Looking at, looking at, looking at me)  
Steady getting green I ain't talking 'bout the trees  
Jump on the track, homie you ain't seeing me  
License to kill, registered at the D.M.V  
Just got the title most underrated MC  
But it's aight this ain't the last you finna hear from me  
Just the beginning I'm Michael Phelps when he's swimming  
I'm the rookie Barry Bonds in the very first inning  
In other words, homie I'm steady chillin'  
But all these other MCs form and they grillin'

Most people drop tracks but me I spill 'em  
Stain in the game try to scrub me I will still in  
Yes you know I get it like a bad bitch I hit it  
Middle finger to the critics cause I'm sick just admit it  
Charge me as a wack rapper but I was acquitted  
Judge me on my skin color but my father is a brother  
Finally heard the flow and now you know I'm unlike any other

"Get 'em all, get 'em all, pick it all up  
Stack up your funds like a million bucks"