

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...whoaaaaa!
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"