

Lost In Translation

Logic

Yeah, turn my headphones up just a little more, just a little bit

Chillin' with my homies and we vibin'
All this potion that I'm sippin', I ain't drivin'
Life a motherfucker, but we still surviving
Colored people time, but nigga we still arriving

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Life a motherfucker, but we still surviving
Colored people time, but nigga we still arriving (Aye)

I'm feelin' like Andre pre- 3k 'cause all I got is Benjamins
Y'all know the regimen, R-A-T-T-P-A-C-K
Rappin' like back in the day, yeah you heard what I say
From EBT and watching BET on my TV to platinum CD
Now I got it like that, the boy brought it like that, yeah they gon' bring i
t back
Like the illest sample from the 70's, I'm feelin' heavenly
Grew up in Maryland and now my neighbor is Beverley
Even when Bobby boy over the hill and he's 70
I'ma be packin' that weaponry, I am the greatest alive
You already know it, I don't gotta say it, this shit is telepathy
If you feel different, then step to me, 'cause I've been ballin, shot-
callin'
Droppin' heat back to back while y'all stallin'
Y'all wanna ante up, but I'm all-in
Climbing the ladder, ain't no way I'm fallin'
Come here my darling, married to the game, come now, feel the pain
But I got a side bitch and that's real, we love to make movies, I told you t
hat's 'reel'
That's just how I feel
Tell me what I, tell me what I really wanna give for a life like this
No, the boy won't fade away
Take it day-to-day, everybody wanna hate straight away
That's how we livin' in the world today
I'm Louis, you more CK, was an 'Outkast' on the come up back in the day
And now I'm more Andre post 3K, like wooh

Break it down
Break-break-break-break-break it down
Break it down
(Can I kick it?)
Break-break-break-break-break it down

Ayo, ayo, 'Fuck you' like Cee-Lo
Buck and then I reload, sippin' Pellegrino, shoot the shit like Tarantino
In the cut like Lilo with everybody we know
We all in together like we cousins in the 90's
And if you don't know 'bout that shit, then you don't know 'bout rap shit, t
hat jack shit
You ain't gotta 'Nickle-son' yeah, i said that 'Jack' shit
You ain't got a dime dog, you tried it, that's rat shit, stab you in the bac
k shit, ratchet
My style is impeccable and nobody could match it
I'm Bruce Wayne terrorizing Gotham, I'm bat shit
I'm Kim Kardashian with a hatchet, constantly reshaping this body of work, I

'm an introvert
Wonder why I smoke dope, no wonder why I can't cope
Far from evil, I'm kinda like Spike Spiegel, a cowboy paper retrieval
Bitches jumping to conclusions like Evel Knievel, best believe you, bitch I'
ll leave you (Stranded)
Tryna dap me up left-
handed, I'll leave you defeated and amputated 'til the blood coagulated
I force the crowd to throw they hands up like cannibals, my God what a fucki
n' animal
Sicker than giving brain to Hannibal Lecter, you come correct but I come cor
rector
Food for thought, but hold the lecture
Ayo I kill the pussy, yeah I make sehctib cremate
I'm an original screen play in a world full of remakes
I record my shit the first time, you need more than three takes
Lyrically I'm undefined on this fuckin' beat tape (My God)

Break-break-break-break-break it down