

Mama/Show Love

Logic

[Part I: Mama]

[Intro: Logic]

Mama, look at me now
Mama, look at me now

[Verse 1: Logic]

I got the juice, coming for you and I'm bringing the noose
Leaving 'em hanging, my shit banging
Second that I came in the game, I'm aiming
Hold up, wait a minute, break it down for the laymen
(Do-do-do-do-do-do)
I'm killin' everybody, I'm the MC that the MCs study
Look up to me, little buddy (Do it like me, little buddy)
Save yo money, don't think about a Beamer
'Til ya sellin' out arenas, and you're ballin' like a
Ballin'-ballin'-ballin'-ballin'-
Everybody wonder what it be like
Now it what it seem like, now it what it dream like
Go like green light, somethin' what a fiend like
Do it for the drug and we do it for the love
And we do it for the high that we get, when we ride in the whip
And somebody pull up on you and they vibe-vibe-vibing your shit

[Chorus: Logic & YBN Cordae]

Mama (Yeah, uh), look at me now

[Verse 2: YBN Cordae]

Mama look what you created, now I'm super faded
And I'm truly hated 'cause I'm real rich
But she too elated 'cause she knew we made it
Got the Louis sueded on some trill shit
I be coolin', nigga, making stupid figures
But the truth is realer than the fake shit
Know they shoot the killers and produce the triggers
I go two gorillas on some BAPE shit
Look at all the fame and the fortune, the pain and extortion
The Range and the Porsches, the same, but it's gorgeous
Mama called me, said your name on the Forbes list
Thank God your daddy never paid for abortion
But sharing clothes, good times, I'ma cherish those
Now I'm stuck doing Paris shows
Embarrass hoes on carousels, I'm careless though
I bear the toe, don't tear your soul (My god)

[Chorus: Logic]

Mama, look at me now

[Verse 3: Logic]

Ayy, I'm the one that's where you're from
They get it done, I'm killing them without a gun
Take it in, rake it in like a leaf from a money tree
Keep it goin', keep it goin', get the money, get the money
When it's sunny, 'cause when them clouds come
I can promise it's depression
That's when you learn your lesson
Thought you was cut out for this, your profession

Go be the best and all of that, nah fuck all of that
No one call him back, yeah, no falling back
Breaking down on stage, break it down the page
Breaking down your age
Like, like now, all you do is compare, compare, compare Comparing yourself t
o the world
And you losing yourself to the world
And you're losing yourself to your money, your fame, and your fans
You have bigger plans, you is in demand, they don't give a (Damn)
Spend all your money on bullshit and drama
Had zeros and zeros, and commas on commas
On commas, on commas, on commas (On commas)

[Chorus: Logic]
Mama, look at me now (Me now)

[Part 11: Show Love]

[Verse 4: Logic]
Ayy, ayy, bitch, get the fuck off my dick
Everybody better, I'ma talk my shit
Put him on my back, and then I walk my shit
Fuck around, flick my wrist, get it like this
I got more plaques than I know what to do with
Believed in myself when nobody else knew it
Goddamn, I been through it
Goddamn, I been through it
You ain't got class, bitch you been truant
I am the truest, no need to ask
Back it up, girl, now back that ass
Bobby get bitches 'cause bitches love Bobby
And all of the bitches say Bobby delicious
To say I love bitches completely fictitious

[Interlude: Logic]
'Cause I, I respect women
But let's be real, man, there's some bad bitches out there

[Verse 5: Logic]
Man, I'm just playing
She flipped the reefer, don't know what I'm saying
I'm pushin' 30, my, I'm pushin' 30, my man (It's time to have fun)
Shoutout that boy Gambino, shoutout that boy K. Dot
Shoutout that boy young Drizzy, all y'all been doing a lot
Why the rap game so scared to show love?
I don't know but I am not
That shit right there, I'm Black Thought
Y'all bring it back to the roots
Yes, I most definitely got the juice
Yes, I got love for the game
Don't do this shit for the fame
It's how we people the same
Don't care what set you claim
Shoutout that boy YG, Nat King Cole and JID
Everybody know I be in the club V.I.P (Huh)
Psych, not me
Too many people to name, but know I got love for you all
If you need me, I got you, I promise, I got you, just give me a call
Hip hop, we a family, but the hype beast wanna ban me
'Cause I am me, speak love, not hate, so they don't understand me
2019 better get that Grammy
Give me my props where props is due
Why everybody wanna come stop you?

Maybe they mad that they not you
When you piece that peace and love
Make them wanna come through, pop shots at you
That's no love, fuck that, show love
Don't buck back like a bitch