

Mission Control

Logic

Now, now, yeah, yeah (Woo)
Let's fucking go! (Now, now)
Come on (Ah, ah)
Yeah
Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Yeah yeah, ayo, ayo (Now)

Open up the rhyme book and read the composition
I can truly give a fuck about the competition
I'm in another atmosphere, I'm on another mission
Yeah, you know that boy Logic put pen to page like a petition
You a bitch, always switching up your whole position
I can see it in your face like an esthetician
Food for thought, this the highest caliber nutrition
Everything come out my mouth, that's my own cognition (Now)
I got out the hood, then got money in addition
I remember when that boy ain't had no pot to piss in
They wouldn't let me in, so I never asked permission
Tour is like a war, I'm getting minimum fought, no permission (Oh)
Uh, hit the ignition and peep the emission
Self-medicate like a clinician, more than a musician
My flow rare like a first edition
Report for dismissal, everything I ever thought of, it came to fruition
King of the transition
We never switchin', peep the acquisition, no omission
Your lyrics drier than the prohibition
Prepare for collision
I'm higher than the satellite that's on an orbiting mission

I remember we didn't have any permission (No permission)
Never forget we on a motherfuckin' mission (We on a mission)
I remember that they didn't even wanna listen (They ain't listen)
Now we cookin', we ain't even in the fucking kitchen (What we cookin'?)
I remember we didn't have any permission (No permission)
Never forget we on a motherfuckin' mission (We on a mission)
I remember that they didn't even wanna listen (They ain't listen)
Now we cookin', we ain't even in the fucking kitchen (What we cookin'?)

Now
Now
Yeah, yeah

Gucci