

# Mission Control

Logic

Now, now, yeah, yeah (Woo)  
Let's fucking go! (Now, now)  
Come on (Ah, ah)  
Yeah  
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 dismission, 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 sattelite 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