

Orville

Logic

What's the threat?
Bitch, I'm on one
Yeah, you fuckin' with the wrong-, wrong one
Yeah
Yeah, yeah
Little echoes (Wrong one, wrong one)
Yeah, you fuckin' with the wrong-, wrong one
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh
Bitch, I'm on one
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, uh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh
Yeah, yeah
Ayo

Ayo, what's the deal? Mind too active, can't sit still
I kinda feel like I just took a limitless pill
I'm Captain Mercer on the beat, watch me murder the Krill
That's a sci-fi reference, nerd shit my preference
Family is the only thing that matters, bitch, I'm Stefan
I can't believe at first sight you thought I was Steve
Bitch, I'll orphan you
Shapeshift and morph into your mom
Slit your throat and make it look like she's the one that committed the crime
You know I'm too committed to rhyme since my first show in Chicago
Never throwin' shade, we keepin' it light like vitiligo
Chain around my neck glisten like El Dorado
Can't fuck bitches with baggage, you married a ho with cargo
Bitches be jumpin' ship word to Argo
If you don't understand that line, no need for an apology
You stupid motherfucker, I'm referencin' Greek mythology
I never went to college, B
And made millions while you pissed like you majored in urology
Now logically, I'm the top MC
How dare you got the nerve to bring that weak shit, neuropathy
Ain't no stoppin' me
Even if you stand on my grave, you're never toppin' me

Down, down, that's how we get down
Down, yeah, yeah, you know get down
Pick the mic up and then we get down, down
So high up that it's down

Wow, my shit so profound
Wow, y'all done bit the whole style
Wow, I don't trip, I just smile
Murderous shit, I fit the profile
Murder was the case, had that shit on sight
Play this in the whip, man, that shit gon' crank
You steady talkin' shit like your shit don't stank (Uh-huh, uh-huh)
News flash, buddy, we the shit, move right

From irrelevant back to relevant in a matter of seconds
Tired of misconceptions
Misdirected, inheaded in my direction

Intelligent and I'm tellin' it
Droppin' heavy shit that's still heaven sent
The freshest prince
Utmost, definite, deadin' it
'Fore niggas can't fathom who they effin' with
Raw, no condom, you still can't come correct with it
I represent a specialist of artist who never charted but never parted
Often regarded as the hardest, as the autumn falls in 'til the wind
I never fail, leaves do emcees too but the pros propel, don't tell
Another cup of XXL, trouble for sale
Back bustin' a couple of shells, for Durell
Logic asked me "What the deal?"
Back then it was a film per album, plus a couple mill'
Plug pulled the rug from up under my wheels
Humbly kill, stomach and pills, fumblin' bills shit
Killed the player like Jada did Will Smith
For tryna play the same game, nigga, you will quit
I still spit, like it's foot on my throat, 'til I'm a ghost
Still not a G.O.A.T. but I feel like the G.O.A.T
End of my quote, go

Bitch, I'm on one
Yeah, you fuckin' with the wrong-, wrong one
Bitch, I'm on one
Bitch, I'm on one
Yeah, you fuckin' with the wrong one, with the wrong one, one, one
Yeah, you fuckin' with-
You fuckin' with-
You fuckin' with-
You fuckin' with the wrong-, wrong one
You fuckin' with-
You fuckin' with-
You fuckin' with-
You fuckin' with-
You fuckin' with the wrong-, wrong one