

# Paul Rodriguez

Logic

Wow, I can't believe this motherfucker Logic's making me do this right now  
So I came over, we were supposed to watch 500 Days of Summer  
I brought some Macallan 18, I brought some Jordan SBs, and 6ix turns over and says, "Hey, I think I got a beat for Ultra 85."  
He plays it, Logic goes crazy, and next thing you know, history's made  
I'm Paul Rodriguez and I approve this message  
Heh heh heh, ayo, this that Tony Hawk Pro Skater soundtrack type-beat  
Welcome to Ultra 85! (Woo!)

What's up, what's happenin', bitch, we live  
Probably thought you'd never see the day of Ultra 85  
It's been a minute, but baby, yeah now we in it  
What's that? The past, the present, the future, and yes the beyond  
I know you thought it was over, but you know it, now it's on  
I was scared for years to try to do this album  
How you follow up a classic, what's the outcome?  
Failure and tragedy, now everybody's mad at me  
Cause I ain't make a carbon copy of my last shit  
Fuck the past, we past it  
Boy snappin' like he elastic, listen  
Feel the freedom, you can take 'em out the field and lead 'em  
But you can't make 'em drink, bitch I'm being me, the fuck you think this is?  
I am, I mean I, I mean it's everything that they said I wasn't  
We cookin' but ain't no oven, they say they hate me, I love 'em  
Come now boys, sound the alarm, we brothers in arms, fuck that beef shit  
Y'all riding away, fuck that weak shit  
Fuck all the shit they be talking about, we practice what we preach  
We walking it out, no ain't no doubt, no no, I'm on the grind like Rodriguez  
according to what he says  
This shit don't happen overnight, they said Logic wouldn't be nothing  
What an embarrassing oversight, yeah sure, you right  
I'm keeping it tight like in that pocket like that '95 Roots Datskat Skibidi-  
hoop-bop-bop-bop-bop, stay with the gat  
So don't test me, better arrest me  
Used to want hip-hop to love me  
'Cause when I was a child both of my parents would neglect me  
I talk about it in therapy often  
How in this game, you gotta have thick skin, she said let it soften  
Be yourself unapologetically 'cause in this world that damn right there don't happen often  
I'm smoking 'til I'm coughing, self medicate to the coffin, 'cause in the end we all six feet  
So I'ma be catching wreck to the day I die on these 6ix beats  
You emcees better retreat  
Cut off my legs below my knees and still can never defeat me  
Black and white like 88 pianos  
Lord of the Rings, my right hand look like Thanos  
Hairline like Fantano's rockin' a yellow flannel  
Y'all can't see me like Metal Gear Solid with the camo  
This the freest I've ever been, critics don't let him in  
I graduated from the bullshit, pass me the letterman  
Me and my entire team focus on being better men  
Logic in the thirties, but he rappin' like he in his Prime  
Goddamn, we're the veteran  
This is braggadocio at his finest  
We been through a lot of shit but deal with it then put it behind us

The rhyme is the illest  
Let's take a look at the skillest  
Yeah, I'm the motherfuckin' greatest  
I'm confident, never cocky  
Don't talk to me 'til you made it  
Debated all you want  
But we know this shit is off the hook  
Slidin' on this bitch like Paul with the Nolly flip the crook  
Motherfuckers don't know nothin' bout the hustle, bitch, I wrote the book  
I'm a prodigy, I leave them shook ones that know me know how much it took  
Back rank checkmate with the rook, I feel like Magnus  
Logic on this beat is murder, bitch, I'm toe taggin' this  
Ultra 85, this the catalyst, that real rap shit  
Lo-Fi, boom bap on that trap tip, now watch the hat hit  
That SV and 96 at the shelter, goin' batshit, no Bruce Wayne  
Oh yeah, you know this rap game produced pain like I did Fahim's album  
I made so much fuckin' money, should call this the green album  
They used to be laughin' at him, now they outback after the show rappin' at  
'em  
You lazy motherfuckers ain't doin' shit, up and at 'em  
Oh man, get after it, get at it, don't none of y'all want this static  
Why you actin' dramatic? This ain't no Gangsta Grillz  
I know you up in your feels, cause all the legends in the game respect me, I  
keep it real  
I remember tellin' Funk Flex, "people call me a tryhard"  
He said, "you know why, dawg? 'Cause they tried and couldn't do it"  
So that's what is it, yeah, and every time they see you winnin' they have to  
relive it  
Oh yeah, now come now boy, forget it, we with it  
I'm goin' crazy committed, that shit they talkin' omitted  
We takin' it back for these hip-hop heads like fitteds  
Said it, I did it, yes I said it and did it  
If you hatin' on Logic then we all know you ain't hit it  
I provided various people with jobs like I was Steve  
Kill the beat then let them grieve, I kill the beat then let them grieve  
Tell me the reason I'm ripping it up in a microphone 'til I can't breathe  
This is deeper than the things you can achieve  
This is deeper than the chain around your neck  
This right here 'bout catching rep  
And murdering it every single time you put me in your deck  
This that TASCAM-four-track straight to cassette  
We independent now, putting major labels in debt  
Bitch I've been wet, no PCP, you know we be free  
Fuck the algorithm right now, I need that reparation  
They call Logic the voice of a generation  
Sipping scotch, face in a blunt  
Sometimes I talk about the real shit, other times I stunt  
Sometimes depression takes a hold and rips away everything that I want  
We finally eatin' but I'm still hungry  
I know you feel it, you hear it, the passion  
Swoopin' like an assassin, gats blastin' like it's regular fashion  
I'm driven, you better fasten your belt, spit heat 'til your face melt  
I'm one-of-one, these other rappers were made on conveyor belts  
Watch yourself, Logic wildin', man, I'm not myself  
This for Nas, this for RZA, this for Jay, this for Mos, this for Thought  
This right here for Kanye, even when he be wildin' out  
Man, I listened to y'all when I was broke and I ain't had shit  
Y'all were there for me even more than my dad, shit  
I can say the same for Drizzy Drake, Kenny and Cole  
'Cause we a family, this hip-hop tree is all I know  
And you listen and are invited to help it grow  
I can't believe it, used to wish I could achieve it  
Never thought the day would come that I would see it

Not the money, not the fame, not the cameras  
Not the chains, but the happiness  
It makes me sad that so many in the game will never truly know what happy is  
I used to think it was the streams  
Used to think it was the plaques  
Used to think it was awards  
But none of that there facts

You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is, homie (This right here)  
You know what it is-

Logic be wildin', T-  
Man right there he gon' style and you know I'm going bezerk  
Everybody want it all but don't wanna put in the work  
You want that? My heat work  
You want that? It's teamwork  
You got that? The dream work, no Pixar  
Worth a hundred million when it's all said and done  
Yeah, the basement was the kickstart  
It kicked us to the stars and beyond  
I do this for my wife, little Bobby and Leon, my son to be  
We took him to outer space then we took him to the Wild West  
I created this universe because I was depressed  
Feel like I did not have a space to call my own  
Fuck a tastemaker, gatekeeper, hip-hop's my only home  
Blacklisted by some, top ten listed by others  
This that summertime, Kool & The Gang, me and my brothers  
Taking it back like primitive, tell me now who gon' let 'em live  
Shit, like Hov said, can I live?

Ayy, check it, this that Lupe in '06  
This that Lupe last week, this that timeless flow  
You better listen when I speak, I'm at the podium snatching mics  
Like I kidnapped Jackson, lights, camera, action, blunt sweet passion  
See if you ain't get the message now, this whole song is about passion  
This is everything I got, it's everything I have to give  
If that ain't enough for y'all, man, fuck you, I'm happy  
My dick works, you name it, I got it  
I don't say that shit to brag, I say that shit to let 'em know  
Kid on welfare and food stamps really achieved the goal  
I made 30 million dollars six years ago  
This ain't about the money and the fame  
It's about the fucking flow  
The love, the music, the people, the drums  
The happy, the sad, the highs and the lows  
Let me repeat this so all of y'all out there listening know  
The flow, the love, the music, the people  
The drums, the happy, the sad, the highs, the lows  
The shit that most of these people do not know  
I'm doing this shit cause I love it and I never won't  
I make music for those who love it and not the ones who don't

Ultra 85  
Ultra 85  
Ultra 85  
Ultra 85  
Ultra 85  
Ultra 85

Welcome to the motherfuckin' future, ah yeah  
You motherfuckers better buckle up man, we going to outer space with this one, y'all

Come on, come on, come on, come on, uh-uh  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, uh  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, uh  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, uh  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, uh  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, uh  
Come on, come on, come on, come on

Knockin' - knockin' - knockin' - knockin' doors down, showin' parts around  
I'ma come through and show my wood pine  
Knockin' - knockin' doors down, showin' parts around  
I'ma come through and show my wood - show my wood  
Knockin' - knockin' doors - doors down, showin' parts around  
I'ma come through - through  
Knockin' doors down, showin' parts around  
I'ma come through and show my wood - show my wood - show my wood

Now

We're tracking you now, uh  
Airship there, we got the Aquarius III and uh, we got ya  
We're all clear here, Thomas  
Before we had an issue with one of the doors earlier, but maintenance came on down and fixed that up  
Alright, Tom, that's everything on my end, here  
You're clear for departure  
I'll tell you what's up I'm getting real sick and tired of this synthetic gravity so I hooked- oh my bad

So, you're my new partner, huh?  
Yes, sir. The name's William Kai, first officer and man of infantry, and I take it you're this vessel's new captain  
Yep, that's me. Quentin Thomas. Pleasure to meet you  
Hey, Roslyn, please tell Mission Control docking sequence was successful and the Aquarius III is now commencing separation  
Of course  
Roslyn? Did they update the fleet's AI program again?  
I know, right? Feels like as soon as you get to know them, they're on to the next  
Initiating thrusters for departure  
Munitions check  
Quantum cannons engaged  
Mission 1019 go for departure. Star date 2110. Mission Control has given access granted. Emergency systems green and fuel is 100%  
Well kid, you ready to do this?  
Well if I can be honest sir, this is my first time leaving Babel  
No shit? Well, don't worry. I brought music