Porta one

Logic

(Funkmaster Flex)
Oh, we gotta fuckin' flick the camera on and shit (Funkmaster F
lex)
Let it spin around and see the room (Funkmaster Flex)
We should literally put that shit right here and just let it sp
in
Around the room, you know what I mean?
But, anyways

Yo, I come rough, tough like an elephant tusk
I'm that motherfucker Tarantino, Dawn Till Dusk
Hit the homie Mac Demarco, like "What up, my man?"
I need some raw shit and he recommended the tuscan
I'm talkin' hip-hop shit straight to tape
He did the Salad Days demos on it and it sounded great
Any real musician listenin' can relate
I feel like the RZA recording in '88
Prince Rakim, I fuckin' blow like Herashim'
I'm on the scene, never flippin' scripts like a pharmacist
I am quite the opposite, talk shit, get hit quick
Give a fuck what you talkin' 'bout, y'all can suck my dick
This that DOOM shit, J. Dilla, Madlib, MadGic comin' soon, shit
I get the pussy wetter than her masseuse hit, y'all
Ayo, ayo, y'all play games, more cap, I don't cap
I do this for the love of hip-hop, I don't rap
Open up your chest like the immense slide
Who the best? Don't give a fuck but don't test my mic
It's Logic

Haha, ayo-yo, I rips it hardcore like porno flick bitches
Passin' like turntables, beatbox and floppy biscuits
A young Tom movin' with me and it's risky business
I delivered more gangsta to game than Father Christmas is
Like a yellow jacket, teens with those little ratches
Spin your head back like you taste scratch up out the scratches
Smack defamer, the rappers say what brings, decapitate you
Leave your cow stain like Gerico activator
Sold blow, sold drank, voice blow like cold drink
Boomerang it back to the track, push your hair back
You need more than Rogaine, no pain, no game
Like Patti LaBelle say, but me and Logic, no thing
Vinyl Days, Vinyl Days leave your mind astray
Even with application maps, they can't find a way
Blah, the pure hip-hop tracks, Marty Mall, Biz Markie
BDP, Eric B., Kool G Rap, and Large B, please, ha