

Self Medication

Logic

You must remember me
You must remember me (Let's go)
Ayy, now you know, now you know (You must remember me)
Yo, now you know, now you know
Ayy, now you know (You must remember me)
And if you don't know, now you know
Now you know, now you know, now you know (You must remember me)
Now you know, now you know, now you know
Now you know (You must remember me)
And if you don't know, now you know

I just copped an MPC60 from Japan
As I'm rappin' through this SM7 that's in my hand
Got a quarter-pound of buddha, I'm smokin' it by the gram
If I don't know you, then you know I'm dappin' you up with the left hand
Don't nothin' come close to samplin' ill shit
Not even self-medication, no matter how good the sip
Not the best weed or the things money can buy
When I fire up the program, feel like I can fly
Smokin' dope, listenin' to endless samples on vinyl
My flow primal, it ain't mixed, it ain't the final, but it's still ill
And it still will destroy you decoys
We do this shit in real life, y'all a bunch of motherfuckin' e-boys
We do this shit for MCs, the DJs, the B-Boys that destroy the track
Spent most of my days just tryna avoid the wack
Put it on wax, relax, count stacks, get racks, spit facts
Pop the VHS in, we ain't restin', I'm a beast
The best in the east, capiche? Food for thought, this is the feast

Let it flow, let it go, you ain't know
Now you know, you ain't know, now you know, you ain't know, now you—

Let it flow, let it g— g— g— g— g— go
You ain't know— know— know
Now you know— kno— kno— kno— kno— kno— know
You ain't know— know— know
Now you know— like—
Now you know, you— you— you— you— you— you— you
You ain't know
You ain't know— kno— kno— kno— kno— kno— kno— kno— know (Ayy)

Y'all old news (What?), I'm the fresh prince (Yeah)
Beast mode on the mic is how I X men (Oh)
It's cocaine when I write from the king pen (Yeah)
And this syrup, your borough gon' lean in
To listen to me, I make 'em uncomfortable
My family was the opposite of the Huxtables
I learned how to fuck from my babysitter
It's sick, but I admire the man in the mirror, oh
This Rap 101, learn from it (Woo)
I act up, twelve steps, Ivana Trump it
And you can't stop the big fish if you gut it
But tryna stop me, you and your boys better cut it (Hahaha)
Ayy, I'm on fire, nigga, F-U
You better protect your neck, with the vest too
And when Logic and Redman on the show
It's problems, bro, you ain't know, now you know

Let it flow, let it g- g- g- g- g- go
You ain't know- know- know
Now you know- kno- kno- kno- kno- kno- know
You ain't know- know- know
Now you know- like-
Now you know, you- you- you- you- you- you- you
You ain't know
You ain't know- kno- kno- kno- kno- kno- kno- kno- know

And today
Is the only day
And now
Is the only time
We have (We have)
We have (We have)
We have (We have)
We have (We have), no- now you know

You ain't know (Now you know)
Now you know (Now you know)
You ain't know (Now you know)
Now you know (Now you know)
You ain't- You ain't know
No- Now you know
You- You ain't- You ain't- You ain't know
No- Now you know (Know)

Damn, this campus big as fuck
Haha, yeah, so are you
Ayy, Charles Hall is right there
Ayo, ayo, 6ix
Ayy, what up?
Ayy, bro, hop in, hop in, man
What's good?
What up? (Ayy, what up, 6ix?)
What's up, my hairy Indian nigga?
Oh, man, fuck you, Castro, what's up, dawg?
What's good, Lenny, Logic?
D.C., here we come
I got some Jamo and an ounce, where the bitches at?
Nah, where the beats at?
Man, in my computer at my dorm room, like, shit, boy
Ayy, let me roll the blunt, though
Ayy, don't fuck that shit up, you can't roll for shit
Oh, shit, it's BossPlayer (Ayy, fuck all y'all, I got the jet)
Ayy, Boss, what's good, man?
(Yo, I'm at Bohemian Cavern now doin' sound check)
(I just wanna make sure they have the right setlist for tonight)
Bet, read it off, what you got?
("All I Do", "Mind of Logic", "Beggin'", "Are You Ready", "Stewie Griffin")
("Young Sinatra" one and two, "Back and Forth", "Just Another Day")
("Stain in the Game", and "Nothing But a Hero")
Yeah, sounds perfect
(Okay, bet, how far are y'all?)
Uh, we're still in Maryland
But we should be in D.C. in like forty-five minutes
(Okay, perfect, see you then)
See you soon, my beautiful black-ass African nigga
(Ayy, fuck you, Castro)
I'm just fuckin' with you
(Alright, yeah, whatever, man)
(Y'all drive safe, okay?)

Alright, peace out, bro