

Slave II

Logic

East side, west side, we ride, we die, everyone knows
Everyone knows, everyone knows
East side, west side, we ride, we die, everyone knows
Everyone knows, everyone knows

Tell me what you know about forty days, forty nights, no lights, all for this

Tell me what you know about sleeping outside, no ride in the wintertime all for this

Tell me what you know about commas in the bank
Lookin' in the mirror, yeah, I did all of this
Ex you out, get solved with this... everybody know I...

I'm a slave
I'm a slave
You a slave
You a slave
I'm a slave for this shit
I'm a slave
You a slave
I'm a slave
You got to slave for this shit

Walk inside of Def Jam
Step on the president table and dap 'em up with the left hand
Cause I'm countin' money with the right
In a different city every night
And I'm sellin' records like it's white
It's another day, another flight
Paris in the morning, what elegant night
What a beautiful sight
Now tell me who be fuckin' with me, alright?
Everybody know I'm livin' this life
Everyone know that I got the baddest wife
This shit right here, everybody gonna like
Hold up, I know, I know what I like
Tell me why everybody in the pipe
Cause I'm the only one doin' it right
I'm a Rap Genius like Rob Markman
Spent a couple of million on my new apartment
Down in Manhattan, that's a multi-million dollar view
And I got it from rappin'
Damn near everyone nabbin' on the boy, heh, shit
I'm not a mad rapper, but what?
I'm angrier than Kanye
Angrier than Kanye when he talkin' about clothes
That's a fashion line
And my last album went number one
So what that mean?
I did better than you, you, you
Sold way more than that pop bitch
And I dare Def Jam to drop this
I just drop hits
Check the Instagram fam
I got fifty-thousand people in the crowd, singin' out loud
Every word, that's every lyric
You can hate, shit, just stop actin' like you don't hear it

This shit right here for the party
That album that comin', that's shit for the spirit, woo!

5-Oh-triple-Oh